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THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF MOLIÈRE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE MISER,	1
MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC,	107
THE MAGNIFICENT LOVERS,	191
THE CITIZEN WHO APES THE NOBLEMAN,	253
PSYCHE,	359

L'AVARE.

COMÉDIE.

THE MISER.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

(THE ORIGINAL IN PROSE.)

9TH SEPT. 1668.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

I. THE MISER, Act v., Scene 3, . . . *Frontispiece.*

II. MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, Act ii., Scene 9, *Page* 154

III. THE MAGNIFICENT LOVERS, Act iv., Scene 2, . . ,, 238

IV. THE CITIZEN WHO APES THE NOBLEMAN, Act iii., Scene 19, ... ,, 320

V. PSYCHE, Act iv., Scene 3, ... ,, 408

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The Miser was first represented on the 9th of September 1668, and was played nine times, though not consecutively. Two months afterwards, it was performed again, after it had been represented at Court; and then it was acted eleven times. It was evidently not a success. And this is the more astonishing, because the murder of the *lieutenant-criminel* Tardieu and of his wife—two noted misers, who had been assassinated in their own house three years before—was as yet not forgotten, and the author could therefore calculate upon a kind of curiosity to know how misers were represented on the stage, as well as on the intrinsic merit of the piece. Yet Molière's play is crowded with general traits, and not with particular allusions. He had to paint a vice as hateful in reality as it is disagreeable to be depicted on the stage; and he succeeded in doing this, whilst enlivening many scenes with the aid of funny characters or ridiculous incidents.

It has been said that *The Miser* did not succeed so well as Molière and his literary friends expected, because it was written in prose; but several of Molière's prose-plays had already been represented in former years, and had met with great and deserved success. It has even been reported that Racine, who had quarrelled with Molière, remarked one day to Boileau that he was the only one who was laughing during a representation of *The Miser*, whereupon Boileau replied, "I have too high an opinion of you to believe that you were not laughing yourself, at least inwardly."

Molière's comedy is based on Plautus' *Aulularia*, of which we shall give an outline.[1]

"Euclio, a miserly old Athenian, has a daughter named Phaedra, who has been ravished by a young man named Lyconides, but is ignorant from whom she has received injury. Lyconides has an uncle named Megadorus, who, being ignorant of these circumstances, determines to ask Phaedra of her father in marriage for himself. Euclio has discovered a pot of gold in his house, which he watches with the greatest anxiety. In the meantime, Megadorus asks his daughter in marriage, and his proposal is accepted; and while preparations are making for the nuptials, Euclio conceals his treasure, first in one place

[1] Riley, *The Comedies of Plautus*, I., *Aulularia*, p. 374.

and then in another. Strobilus, the servant of Lyconides, watches his movements, and, having discovered it, carries off the treasure. Whilst Euclio is lamenting his loss, Lyconides accosts him, with the view of confessing the outrage he has committed on his daughter, and of announcing to him that his uncle, Megadorus, has cancelled his agreement to marry her in favour of himself. Euclio at first thinks that he is come to confess the robbery of the treasure. After much parleying, his mistake is rectified, and the matter is explained; on which Lyconides forces Strobilus to confess the theft; and (although the rest of the play in its original form is lost) we learn from acrostic argument that Strobilus gives up the treasure, and Lyconides marries the daughter of Euclio, and receives the gold for a marriage-portion. The Supplement, written by Codrus Urcens, supplies the place of what is lost."

Plautus' comedy has had many imitators before Molière. Lorenzino de Medici, the murderer of the first Duke of Florence, Alexander, worked up Terence's *Adelphi* with Plautus' *Aulularia*, and his *Mostellaria, or, the Haunted House*, and formed of the whole a comedy called the *Aridosio*, which was cleverly translated in French by Pierre de Larivey, in 1579, under the title of *The Spirits*. The miser Séverin believes his house infested by evil spirits, and therefore thinks it safer to hide a purse, containing two thousand crowns, in a hole outside. His anxiety is very amusing to know where to hide his money, and at last he cries out, "Good Heavens! it seems that everyone gazes at me; the very stones and wood look at me. He! my little hole, my darling, I recommend myself to you. Now then, in the name of Heaven and of Saint Anthony of Padua, *in manus tuas, domine, commendo spiritum meum.*" In spite of his pious invocation, Désiré, who wishes to be his son-in-law, and who had seen him hide the purse, steals it, but a long time elapses before the miser finds it out, and when at last the robbery is discovered, he breaks out in a rage. The miser's brother comes to tell him that his money is found again, but he does not believe it. Finally, his daughter is married to Désiré, and his son Urbain to Féliciane, a girl whom the latter had seduced, and whose father, a Protestant, comes expressly from La Rochelle, to give her a splendid dowry, and to be present at the wedding.

Although Molière owes several scenes to the Italian play of Lorenzino de Medici, he is more indebted to Plautus, from whom he borrowed the idea of making the miser his chief character. He also took some scenes from Ariosto's *I Suppositi* (*The Fictitious Characters*), and from several of the *commedia dell' arte*, such as *L' Amante tradito* (*The betrayed Lover*), *La Cameriera nobile* (*The noble-born Ladies-maid*), *Le Case svaliggiate* (*The robbed House*), *Il dottore Bachettone* (*The bigotted Doctor*), and also one scene from *The Fair Female Plaintiff*, a comedy by Boisrobert. *The Miser* is one of the comedies of Molière, which contains more imitations or reminiscences than any other of his plays;

and yet his genius has so welded the whole that Goethe has declared that it possesses extraordinary grandeur, and is in a high degree tragical. This is chiefly because Molière clearly brings out the consequences of extreme avarice, which is, that all family ties are thereby destroyed, all human feelings eradicated, and all natural affections effectually rooted up. Horace had already observed this in his Eighth Satire; but Molière develops it with great force and energy, and shows how the miser cares only for his money, and considers his children as his enemies, how the son takes up loans at any price, and how the daughter has an intrigue with her lover, disguised as a steward.

J. J. Rousseau considered that though it is wrong to be a miser, and to lend money at an usurious interest, yet it is more wrong for a son to rob his father, to be wanting in respect to him, and, when his father gives him his malediction, to reply, "I want none of your gifts." The critic appears to have forgotten that Molière's duty as a dramatist was to exemplify the consequences of vice, and to show to the spectators that a miserly father must produce a spendthrift son, and that a parent who neglects all his duties will be punished by the insolence and want of feeling displayed by the very children whom he has neglected.

Molière's miser moves in rather a fashionable sphere; he has horses, a carriage, several servants, and even a steward. Of course, his position in society compels him to keep them, and therefore the contrast is all the stronger between the pangs caused by his avarice, and the necessity which obliges him to keep up a certain appearance. He has horses, but they starve; servants who are neither clothed nor dressed; a steward whom he does not pay, and who seems a meaner fellow than he is himself. He wishes to give an entertainment; but it must cost him nothing, just as he desires his daughter to be married, without giving her a dowry. His falling in love—and of course even misers can feel an inferior sort of love—deepens only the more the traits of his avarice, and in the end he prefers *les beaux yeux de sa cassette* to those of the object of his affections.

There exists a Chinese comedy, called *Khanthsian-non (The Slave of the riches which he guards)*, which depicts a miser from his earliest youth until his death. His end, above all, is characteristic. His son has bought for the sick man twopence-halfpenny's worth of pease-pudding, instead of one farthing's worth, as his father had told him. The dying man observes the sum which his son has disbursed, which makes him very uneasy; and when, finally, he is at his last gasp, he advises his son to bury him for economy's sake in an old horse-trough which is behind the house; to cut him in two if his body should be too long; and, above all, because his bones are rather hard, not to use his own axe, but to borrow his neighbour's. This is a frightful example of "the ruling passion strong in death."

In the first volume of the translation of "Select Comedies of M. de Molière, London, 1732," this play is dedicated to his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, in the following words :—

SIR,

The Refin'd Taste you are so well known to have in the Publick Diversions, and the peculiar Encouragement, which You have given to Theatrical Entertainments, have embolden'd the Translators of the following Work to implore Your Favour and Protection.

It is intended, SIR, to publish all the Comedies of *Molière* in the same manner in which the *Miser* now appears to Your ROYAL HIGHNESS ; and tho' we are very sensible that it cannot be of the least Advantage to Your better understanding of the Original Author, yet, as it may prove very serviceable to our present Dramatick Writers, and assist 'em in producing Entertainments more agreeable to Nature, Good Sense, and Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's Taste, we humbly hope that you will not look on it as an useless undertaking.

It may be thought perhaps a malicious, and ill-grounded Suggestion, to insinuate that those amongst us, who presume to write for the Stage, are either unacquainted with *Molière*, or ignorant of his Language ; but I fear Your ROYAL HIGHNESS has too frequently experienc'd the one, and from thence very naturally concluded the other. The present Productions of the Theatre are most of 'em such crude unmeaning Rhapsodies, so foreign to Truth, Vertue, and Politeness, and so void of all the Rules both of Poetry and Grammar, that the Authors of 'em may justly be suspected of Ignorance in the living Languages as well as in the Dead. But Your ROYAL HIGHNESS wants no more to be informed of their Defects, than of *Molière's* Perfections ; as You know how to taste and enjoy the one, so You as readily can see thro', and contemn the others, tho' You are led, by the abundance of Your Candour and Good-nature, not entirely to reject 'em. *Moliere*, SIR, has been translated into most of the Languages, and patroniz'd by most of the Princes in *Europe ;* but if we have been capable of doing him as much Justice in our *Version*, as we have been prudent enough to do him in the choice of a *Patron*, he'll be more happy in speaking *English*, than in all the rest ; and we shall be esteem'd as good Guardians of *Moliere's* Fatherless Muse, as we really are, SIR, *Your* ROYAL HIGHNESS'S *most obedient and most devoted humble Servants*,

THE TRANSLATORS.

Several English dramatists have partly borrowed from Molière. The first was Mr Shadwell, who added above eight new characters to the French play, called it also *The Miser*, and had it acted at the Theatre Royal in 1671. In the Preface he states :—

"The foundation of this play I took from one of Molière's, called L'Avare ; but that having too few persons, and too little action for an English theatre, I added to both so much, that I may call more than half of this play my own ; and I think I may say without vanity, that Molière's part of it has not suffered in my hands ; nor did I ever know a French comedy made use of by the worst of our Poets, that was not bettered by them. It is not barrenness of wit or invention, that makes us borrow from the French, but Laziness ; and this was the occasion of my making use of L'Avare . . . The great haste I made in writing made me very doubtful of the success of it, which was the reason that at first I did not own it, but concealed my name."

But Shadwell is not satisfied with this, and in the Prologue says:—

"French plays, in which true wit's as rarely found,
As mines of silver are on English ground: . . .
But stay, I've been too bold; methinks I see
The English Monsieurs rise in mutiny,
Crying, Confound him! does he damn French plays,
The only pieces that deserve the Bays?
France, that on Fashion does strict laws impose,
The universal monarchy for clothes,
That rules our most important part, our dress,
Should rule our wit, which is a thing much less.
But, Messieurs, he says, farther to provoke ye,
He would as soon be author of *Tu Quoque*
As any farce that e'er from France was sent . . .
For our good-natured nation thinks it fit
To count French toys, good wares; French nonsense, wit."

I can understand the bitterness of the burly old Whig dramatist against France. I can even find an excuse for his not understanding French wit,—for the plea may be brought forward of want of appreciation by dispensation of Providence,—but surely it is too much to say what he states in the Preface, that the worst English poets better every French comedy which they use. His lofty idea of his own and his professional brethren's dramatic capacities, and their pretended independence of French wit, whilst, at the same time, they pilfer the grandest conceptions, as well as the smallest trifles, of Gallic dramatists, has come down to a much later time, and is perhaps not unknown even in the present day.

Voltaire remarks on Shadwell's preface, "that if a man has not wit enough to conceal his vanity better, he has not wit enough to do better than Molière."

Fielding's play, *The Miser*, professedly taken from Plautus and Molière, was acted at Drury Lane Theatre on the 17th of February 1733. It was dedicated to Charles, duke of Richmond and Lennox, and in the Preface he speaks of dedicating Molière to his Grace, and calls himself a translator. In the prologue it is said:—

"To-night our Author treats you with Molière,
Molière, who nature's inmost secrets knew;
Whose potent pen, like Kneller's pencil, drew.
In whose strong scenes all characters are shewn,
Not by low jests, but actions of their own.
Happy our English bard, if your applause
Grant has not injur'd the French author's cause.
From that alone arises all his fear;
He must be safe, if he has sav'd Molière."

This is a very discriminating praise of Molière's play. In all the scenes which Fielding has imitated from Molière, he has nearly literally followed him. The chief difference is that, in Fielding's play, the servant

man and maid have more scenes allotted to them than in the French comedy; that the maid, Lappet, in connivance with Mariana, succeeds in getting a bond of ten thousand pounds from Lovegold, the miser, to be forfeited, in case he should refuse to marry the young lady; that the latter frightens him, by giving the most extravagant orders to different tradesmen, who make their appearance, and by ordering a repast on a most elaborate scale; that, finally, Lovegold endeavours to bribe Lappet to swear a robbery against Mariana, who, like a regular English girl, has far more spirit, and is far more active—I would nearly have said is more intriguing—than her French prototype. It has been justly said of Fielding's *Miser* that "it has the value of a copy from a great painter by an eminent hand." We have given in the Appendix one scene of Fielding's translation, as a specimen of his handicraft.

The Miser has been translated by Michael de Boissy, 1752, but it has never been performed.

Mr Edward Tighe also made of *The Miser* a farce in one act, whilst James Wild, prompter at Covent Garden Theatre, reduced it to three acts, and had it played in the year 1792.

In 1856, Engelbertus Saegelken published at Bremen the thesis, *De Molleriï Fabulâ Avari*, which he defended for his degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and which was dedicated to the Rector of the University of that town. His object is to find out and examine in how far Molière has followed Plautus' *Aulularia;* the points of resemblance and of difference between Euclio and Harpagon. He compares the first Scene of the first Act and the fourth Scene of the fourth Act of Plautus' comedy with the third Scene of the first Act and the same Scene of the third Act of Molière's *Miser;* states that the Latin dramatist holds to the unities, but not the French one, and discusses Schlegel's dictum that Molière has brought all the genuine features of avarice into one man—as if the miser who buried his treasure in the ground was of the same kind as he who makes money by usury. Saegelken thinks this is not a fair indictment against Molière, and concludes by giving the opinions of some learned critics.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HARPAGON, *father to Cléante and Elise, in love with Mariane.*[2]
CLÉANTE, *Harpagon's son, Mariane's lover.*
VALÈRE, *son of Anselme, Elise's lover.*
ANSELME, *father to Valère and Mariane.*
MASTER SIMON, *agent.*
MASTER JACQUES, *cook and coachman to Harpagon.*
LA FLÈCHE, *Cléante's valet.*
BRINDAVOINE, LA MERLUCHE, } *Harpagon's lacqueys.*[3]
A MAGISTRATE[4] AND HIS CLERK.
ELISE, *Harpagon's daughter, Valère's sweetheart.*
MARIANE, *Cléante's sweetheart, beloved by Harpagon.*
FROSINE, *a designing woman.*
MISTRESS CLAUDE, *Harpagon's servant.*

The scene is in PARIS, *in* HARPAGON'S HOUSE.

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[2] This part was played by Molière himself. His dress was a cloak, breeches and doublet of black satin, ornamented with coarse black silk lace, hat, wig, and shoes. *Harpagon* is derived, according to some commentators, from the Latin *harpago* a hook, itself formed from a Greek word ; hence a man with crooked fingers, to which everything sticks ; the Latin word is twice used in the *Aulularia*. Luigi Grotto, the author of *Emilia* (see Introductory Notice to *The Blunderer*, Vol. I., page 3), had already given the name to a miser. But may the word *Harpagon* not be connected with *harpon*, a harpoon, and *harper*, to seize with the nails, from the old high German *harfan*, to seize ?

[3] *Brindavoine* means literally "oat-stalk," and *la Merluche* "stockfish ;" both lacqueys being probably so named on account of their emaciated appearance.

[4] The original has *Commissaire*, see vol. II., *The School for Husbands* page 9, note 5.

THE MISER.

(*L' AVARE*).

ACT I. SCENE I.

VALÈRE, ELISE.

Val. Eh, what! charming Elise, you are growing melancholy, after the kind assurances which you were good enough to give me of your love! Alas! I see you sighing in the midst of my joy! Tell me, is it with regret at having made me happy? And do you repent of that engagement to which my affection has induced you?[5]

El. No, Valère, I cannot repent of anything that I do for you. I feel myself attracted to it by too sweet a power, and I have not even the will to wish that things were otherwise. But, to tell you the truth, our success causes me uneasiness; and I am very much afraid of loving you a little more than I ought.

Val. Eh! what is there to fear, Elise, in the affection you have for me?

El. Alas! a hundred things at once: the anger of a father, the reproaches of my family, the censure of the world; but more than all, Valère, the change of your heart, and that criminal coolness with which those of your sex most frequently repay the too ardent proofs of an innocent love.

[5] The engagement Valère mentions is a reciprocal marriage promise, signed by himself and Elise only the day before; hence his joy. He explains this fully, Act v., Scene 3.

Val. Ah! do not wrong me thus, to judge of me by others! Suspect me of anything, Elise, rather than of failing in my duty to you. I love you too well for that, and my affection for you will last as long as my life.

El. Ah! Valère, every one talks in the same strain. All men are alike in their words; their actions only show them to be different.

Val. Since actions only can show what we are, wait then, at least, to judge of my heart by them; and do not search for crimes because you unjustly fear, and wrongly anticipate. Pray do not kill me with the poignant blows of an outrageous suspicion; and give me time to convince you, by many thousand proofs, of the sincerity of my affection.

El. Alas, how easily we are persuaded by those we love! Yes, Valère, I hold your heart incapable of deceiving me. I believe that you truly love me, and that you will be constant. I will no longer doubt of it, and I will confine my grief to the apprehensions of the blame which people may utter against me.

Val. But why this uneasiness?

El. I should have nothing to fear, if every one could see you with the eyes with which I look upon you; and in your own person I see sufficient to justify me in what I do for you. For its defence, my heart pleads all your merit, supported by the help of a gratitude with which Heaven has bound me to you. At every moment, I call to mind that supreme danger which first made us acquainted with each other; that wonderful generosity which made you risk your life in order to snatch mine from the fury of the waves; those most tender attentions which you lavished upon me after having dragged me out of the water, and the assiduous homage of that ardent affection, which neither time nor obstacles have been able to discourage, and which, causing you to neglect relatives and country, detains you in this

spot, keeps your position unrecognised, all on my account, and has reduced you to assume the functions of servant[6] to my father, in order to see me. All this produces, no doubt, a marvellous effect on me, and quite sufficient to justify, in my own eyes, the engagement to which I have consented; but it is not perhaps enough to justify it in that of others, and I am not certain that the world will enter into my sentiments.

Val. Of all that you have mentioned, it is only by my love that I pretend to deserve anything from you; and as for the scruples which you have, your father himself takes but too good care to justify you before the world; and the excess of his avarice, and the austere way in which he treats his children, might authorise stranger things still. Pardon me, charming Elise, for speaking thus before you. You know that, on that subject, no good can be said. But in short, if I can, as I hope I shall, find my relatives again, we shall have very little difficulty in rendering them favourable to us. I am impatient to receive some tidings of them; and should they be delayed much longer, I will myself go in search of them.

El. Ah! Valère, do not stir from this, I beseech you; and think only how to ingratiate yourself with my father.

Val. You see how I go about it, and the artful wheedling which I have been obliged to make use of to enter his service; beneath what mask of sympathy and affinity of sentiments I disguise myself, in order to please him; and what part I daily play with him, that I may gain his affection. I am making admirable progress in it; and experience teaches me that to find favour with men, there is no better method than to invest ourselves in their eyes with their hobbies; than to act according to their maxims, to flatter

[6] The original has *domestique*, which at that time meant simply, "belonging to the house of," and was not considered humiliating.

their faults and to applaud their doings. One needs not fear to overdo this complaisance; the way in which one fools them may be as palpable as possible; even the sharpest are the greatest dupes when flattery is in the question; and there is nothing too impertinent or too ridiculous for them to swallow, if it be only seasoned with praises. Sincerity suffers somewhat by the trade which I follow; but, when we have need of people, we must suit ourselves to their tastes; and since they are to be gained over only in that way, it is not the fault of those who flatter, but of those who wish to be flattered.[7]

El. But why do you not try to gain the support of my brother, in case the servant should take it into her head to reveal our secret?

Val. There is no managing them both at once; and the disposition of the father and that of the son are so opposed to each other, that it becomes difficult to arrange a confidence with both. But you, on your part, act upon your brother, and make use of the affection between you two, to bring him over to our interests. He is just coming. I go. Take this opportunity of speaking to him, and reveal our business to him, only when you judge the fit time come.

El. I do not know whether I shall have the courage to entrust this confidence to him.

SCENE II.

CLÉANTE, ELISE.

Clé. I am very glad to find you alone, sister; I was dying to speak to you, to unburden myself to you of a secret.

El. You find me quite ready to listen, brother. What have you to tell me?

[7] M. Génin has observed that this part of Valère's speech is written in blank verse.

Clé. Many things, sister, all contained in one word. I am in love.

El. You are in love ?

Clé. Yes, I am in love. But before going farther, I know that I am dependent on my father, and that the name of son subjects me to his will ; that we ought not to pledge our affection without the consent of those to whom we owe our life ; that Heaven has made them the masters of our affection, and that we are enjoined not to dispose of it but by their direction ; that, not being biassed by any foolish passion, they are less likely to deceive themselves than we are, and to see much better what is proper for us ; that we ought rather to be guided by the light of their prudence than by the blindness of our passion ; and that the ardour of our youth often drags us to dangerous precipices. I tell you all this, sister, that you may save yourself the trouble of telling it to me ; for, in short, my love will not listen to anything, and I pray you not to make any remonstrances.

El. Have you pledged yourself, brother, with her whom you love ?

Clé. No ; but I am determined to do so, and I implore you, once more, not to advance any reasons to dissuade me from it.

El. Am I then so strange a person, brother ?

Clé. No, sister; but you are not in love ; you are ignorant of the sweet empire which a tender passion exercises over our hearts ; and I dread your wisdom.

El. Alas ! dear brother, let us not speak of my wisdom ; there is no one who does not fail in it, at least once in his life ; and were I to open my heart to you, perhaps I would appear less wise in your eyes than yourself.

Clé. Ah ! would to Heaven that your heart, like mine . . .

El. Let us first finish your affair, and tell me who it is whom you love.

Clé. A young person, who has lately come to live in this neighbourhood, and who seems to be made to inspire love in all who behold her. Nature, sister, has created nothing more amiable; and I felt myself carried away the moment I saw her. Her name is Mariane, and she lives under the protection of a good motherly woman who is nearly always ill, and for whom this dear girl entertains feelings of friendship not to be imagined. She waits upon her, condoles with her, and cheers her with a tenderness that would touch you to the very soul. She does things with the most charming air in the world; a thousand graces shine through her every action, a gentleness full of attraction, a most prepossessing kindness, an adorable simplicity, a . . . Ah! sister, I wish you could have seen her![8]

El. I see much, brother, in the things you tell me; and to understand what she really is, it is sufficient that you love her.

Clé. I have learned, secretly, that they are not too well off; and that even their careful way of living has some difficulty in making both ends meet with the small means at their command. Imagine, dear sister, the pleasure it must be to improve the condition of her whom we love; to convey delicately some small assistance to the modest wants of a virtuous family; and then conceive how annoying it is to me to find myself, through the avarice of a father, powerless to taste that joy, and to be unable to show this fair one any proof of my love.

El. Yes, I can conceive well enough, brother, what must be your grief.

[8] Auger, one of the commentators of Molière, makes the just remark, that the love of Cléante for Mariane is not only based upon her personal attractions, but upon her kindness, her simplicity, her gentleness. So in *The Rogueries of Scapin* (see Vol. VI.), Molière, following the Roman dramatist Terence, makes Octave fall in love with Hyacinthe, when he sees her shedding tears at the death of her mother.

Clé. Ah! sister, it is greater than you can believe. For, in short, can anything be more cruel than this rigorous meanness that is exercised over us, this strange niggardliness in which we are made to languish? What good will it do us to have means, when we shall no longer be of an age to enjoy them, and if, to maintain myself, I am now obliged to run in debt on all sides; if I, as well as you, am obliged to crave daily the aid of tradesmen in order to wear decent clothes? In short, I wished to speak to you to help me to sound my father upon my present feelings; and should I find him opposed to them, I am resolved to go elsewhere, with this dear girl, to enjoy whatever fortune providence may have in store for us. I have endeavoured to raise money everywhere for this purpose, and if your affairs, sister, are similar to mine, and if our father runs counter to our wishes, we shall both leave him, and emancipate ourselves from that tyranny in which his insupportable avarice has so long held us.

El. It is true enough that every day he gives us more cause to regret the death of our mother, and that . . .

Clé. I hear his voice; let us go a little farther to finish our confidences; and afterwards we will join our forces to attack the ruggedness of his temper.

SCENE III.

HARPAGON, LA FLÈCHE.

Har. Clear out of this immediately, and let me have no reply! Get away out of my house, you consummate cheat, you true gallow's bird!

La Fl. [*Aside*] I have never seen anything more vicious than this cursed old man; and I really think—I speak under correction—that he has got the devil in him.

Har. You are muttering between your teeth!

La Fl. Why are you sending me away?

Har. It well becomes you, you hang-dog, to ask me my reasons. Out with you, quickly that I may not knock you down.

La Fl. What have I done to you?

Har. You have done so much to me that I wish you to get out.

La Fl. Your son, my master, has ordered me to wait.

Har. Go and wait for him in the street, then; but do not remain in my house, planted bolt upright as a sentry, taking notice of everything that goes on, and making the best use of it. I will not have a spy of my concerns eternally before my eyes, a wretch, whose cursed eyes watch every one of my actions, covet all I have, and ferret about everywhere to see if there is ~~nothing~~ something to pilfer.[9]

La Fl. How the deuce could one manage to rob you? Are you a likely man to have aught stolen from you, when you lock up everything, and keep guard day and night.

Har. I shall lock up whatever I think fit, and keep guard as long as I please. A nice pass it has come to with these spies, who take notice of everything one does. [*Softly, aside.*] I quake for fear he should suspect something about my money. [*Aloud.*] Ah! are you not just the fellow who would think nothing of ~~bruiting~~ blabbing the tale about that I have money hidden in my house?

La Fl. You have money hidden?

Har. No, you scoundrel, I do not say that. [*To himself.*] I am bursting with rage. [*Aloud.*] I ask whether you would not, from sheer malice, ~~bruit~~ blab the story about that I have some.

[9] This is imitated from the first scene of the first ac of Plautus' *Aulularia*, where Euclio, the miser, drives out the female slave, Staphyla.

La Fl. Eh ! what does it matter to us whether you have any or not, as long as it comes to the same thing to us ?

Har. [*Lifting up his hand, to slap La Flèche's face.*] You are arguing the matter ! I will give you something for this reasoning on your ears. Once more, get out of this.

La Fl. Very well ! I am going.

Har. Wait : you are not taking anything away with you ?

La Fl. What should I take from you ?

Har. I do not know until I look. Show me your hands ?

La Fl. Here they are.

Har. The others.[10]

La Fl. The others ?

Har. Yes.

La Fl. Here they are.

Har. [*Pointing to the breeches of La Flèche.*] Have you put nothing in there ?

La Fl. Look for yourself ?

Har. [*Feeling the outside of La Flèche's pockets.*] Those wide breeches are just fit to become receivers for things purloined, and I wish one of them had been hanged at the gallows.

La Fl. [*Aside.*] Ah, how a man like this well deserves the thing he fears ! and how much pleasure I would have in robbing him !

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[10] This is again imitated from Plautus' *Aulularia* (Act iv. Scene 3), when Euclio asks Strobilus, the servant of Lyconides, whom he suspects of having robbed him, to show him his third hand. Chappuzeau, in the comedy of the *Riche Vilain*, printed in 1663, has also borrowed this trait from Plautus ; but he makes the servant Philipin reply to the miser, "Have I a dozen of hands ?" In Tomkis' play *Albumazar the Astrologer* (Act iii. Scene 8), performed in 1616 at Trinity College, Cambridge, and an imitation of an Italian Comedy by Porta, Ronca answers Trinculo, who questions him in a similar manner, "Think you me the giant with an hundred hands ?"

Har. Eh ?

La Fl. What !

Har. What are you muttering about robbing !

La Fl. I am saying that you feel carefully everywhere to see if I have robbed you.

Har. That is what I mean to do. [*Harpagon fumbles in La Flèche's pockets*].

La Fl. [*Aside*] May the plague take avarice, and all avaricious people !

Har. What ! what are you saying ?

La Fl. What am I saying ?

Har. Yes ; what are you saying about avarice and avaricious people ?

La Fl. I say may the plague take avarice and all avaricious people.

Har. To whom are you alluding ?

La Fl. To avaricious people.

Har. And who are they, these avaricious people ?

La Fl. Villains and curmudgeons.

Har. But whom do you mean by that ?

La Fl. What are you troubling yourself about ?

Har. I am troubling myself about what concerns me.

La Fl. Do you think that I am speaking of you ?

Har. I think what I think ; but I wish you to tell me to whom you are addressing yourself when you say that.

La Fl. I am addressing myself . . . I am addressing myself to my cap.

Har. And I might address myself to the head that is in it.[11]

La Fl. Will you prevent me from cursing avaricious people?

[11] The original has, "*Je pourrais bien parler à ta barrette.*" In the Middle Ages, the front of the hood was called *barrette*, on account of the different ornaments which formed bars there. Hence *parler à la barrette* was a familiar term for scolding, and even for striking one.

Har. No: but I will prevent you from jabbering, and from being insolent. Hold your tongue!

La Fl. I name no one.

Har. I shall thrash you if you say another word.

La Fl. Whom the cap fits, let him wear it.[12]

Har. Will you hold your tongue?

La Fl. Yes, against my will.

Har. Ah! Ah!

La Fl. [*Showing Harpagon a pocket in his doublet*] Just look, there is another pocket; are you satisfied?

Har. Come, you had better give it up without my searching you.

La Fl. What?

Har. What you have taken from me.

La Fl. I have taken nothing at all from you.

Har. Assuredly?

La Fl. Assuredly.

Har. Good-bye, then, and go to the devil.

La Fl. [*Aside*] That is a pretty dismissal.[13]

Har. I leave you to your own conscience, at least.

SCENE IV.

HARPAGON, *alone.*

There is a hang-dog of a valet who is very much in my way; I do not at all care to see this limping cur about the place.[14] It is certainly no small trouble to keep such a large sum of money in one's house; and he is a happy man who

[12] The original has "*Qui se sent morveux, qu'il se mouche*," "He that has a cold, let him blow his nose."

[13] This is again borrowed from the *Aulularia* (Act iv., Scene 3).

[14] I have already observed that Molière (see *The Love Tiff*, Vol. I., page 111, note 2), took advantage even of the physical defects of the members of his troupe, in writing parts for them; hence the allusion to the lameness of Béjart, his brother-in-law. For Béjart, see Introductory Notice to *The Impromptu of Versailles*, Vol. II., page 290.

has all his well laid out at interest, and keeps only so much by him as is necessary for his expenses. One is not a little puzzled to contrive, in the whole house, a safe hiding-place; for, as far as I am concerned, I distrust safes, and would never rely on them. I look upon them just as a distinct bait to burglars; for it is always the first thing which they attack.

SCENE V.

HARPAGON; ELISE *and* CLÉANTE *conversing together at the farther end of the stage.*

Har. [*Still thinking himself alone*] For all that, I am not quite sure if I have done right in burying in my garden these ten thousand crowns, which were paid to me yesterday. Ten thousand golden crowns in one's house is a sum sufficient . . . [*Aside, perceiving Elise and Cléante*] O, Heavens! I have betrayed myself! The excitement has carried me too far, and I verily believe I have spoken loud, while arguing to myself. [*To Cléante and Elise*] What is the matter?

Clé. Nothing, father.

Har. Have you been there long? [15]

El. We were just coming in.

Har. You have heard . . .

Clé. What, father?

Har. There . . .

El. What?

Har. What I said just now.

Clé. No.

Har. Yes, you have.

El. I beg your pardon.

Har. I see well enough that you overheard some words.

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[15] See Appendix, Note A.

I was talking to myself about the difficulty one experiences now-a-days in finding money, and I was saying how pleasant it must be to have ten thousand crowns in the house.

Clé. We hesitated to speak to you, for fear of interrupting you.

Har. I am very glad to tell you this, so that you may not take things the wrong way, and imagine that I said that I myself had ten thousand crowns.

Clé. We have no wish to enter into your concerns.

Har. Would to Heaven that I had them, ten thousand crowns!

Clé. I do not think . . .

Har. It would be a capital affair for me.

El. These are things . . .

Har. I am greatly in need of them.

Clé. I think . . .

Har. That would suit me very well.

El. You are . . .

Har. And I should not have to complain, as I do now, about the hard times.

Clé. Good Heavens! father, you have no need to complain, and we know that you have wealth enough.

Har. How! I have wealth enough! Those who say so surely tell a lie. Nothing could be more false; and they are but a pack of rascals who spread all these reports about.

El. Do not put yourself in a rage.

Har. A strange thing, that my own children should betray me, and become my enemies.

Clé. Is it becoming your enemy to say that you have wealth?

Har. Yes. Such talk, and the expenses you indulge in will be the cause that one of these fine days people will

come and cut my throat, in my own house, in the belief that I am stuffed with gold pieces.[16]

Clé. What great expenses do I indulge in?

Har. Expenses? Can anything be more scandalous than this sumptuous attire, which you exhibit about the town? I scolded your sister yesterday; but this is much worse. This cries aloud to Heaven for vengeance; for, take you from top to toe, there is enough to ensure a handsome competency.[17] I have told you twenty times, son, that all your manners displease me; you are furiously aping the aristocracy; and to go dressed as you do, you must rob me.

Clé. Eh! how rob you?

Har. How do I know? Where can you get the means of keeping up such an appearance?

Clé. I, father? it is because I play; and, as I am very lucky, I put my winnings on my back.

Har. That is very bad. If you are lucky at play, you should profit by it, and lay out the money you win at decent interest, that you may provide for a rainy day.[18] I should much like to know, leaving all other things aside, what the good can be of all these ribbons with which you are decked out from head to foot, and if half-a-dozen tacks are not sufficient to fasten your breeches. Is it at all necessary to spend money upon wigs, when one can wear hair of home growth, which costs nothing! I would bet that your wig and ribbons cost far more than twenty pistoles; and twenty

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[16] The original has *cousu de pistoles.* See *The Blunderer,* Vol. I., page 12, note 7.

[17] In the original, *une bonne constitution.* The *constitution* was a contract by which he who borrowed money promised to pay a certain sum every year to the lender.

[18] Harpagon does not blame Cléante for gambling, so long as the latter wins; he simply regrets that his son does not make better use of his gains.

...oles, at a little more than eight per cent, bring in ...teen livres, six pence, and eight groats a-year.[19]

Cle. You are perfectly right.

Har. Let us leave the subject, and talk of other things. [*Perceiving that Cléante and Elise interchange glances*] Eh! [*Softly, aside*] I believe that they are making signs to each other to rob me of my purse. [*Aloud*] What mean those gestures?

El. My brother and I are arguing who shall speak first. We have each something to say to you.

Har. And I have something to say to you both.

Clé. It is about marriage that we wish to speak to you, father.

Har. And it is also about marriage that I wish to converse with you.

El. Ah, father!

Har. Why this cry? Is it the word, or the thing itself that frightens you, daughter?

Clé. The way you may look at marriage may frighten us both; and we fear that our sentiments may not happen to chime in with your choice.

Har. A little patience; do not alarm yourselves. I know what is good for you both, and neither the one nor the other shall have cause to complain of what I intend to do. To begin at one end of the story [*To Cléante*], tell me, have you noticed a young person, called Mariane, who lodges not far from here?

Clé. Yes, father.

Har. And you?

El. I have heard her spoken of.

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[19] The original for "a little more than eight per cent" is *au denier dou...* but the legal interest was, at the time Molière wrote *The Miser*, ...ve per cent. Harpagon speaks also of *sous*, and *deniers*.

Har. How do you like that girl, son ?

Clé. A very charming person.

Har. What do you think of her countenance ?

Clé. Very genteel, and full of intelligence.

Har. Her air and manner ?

Clé. Without doubt, admirable.

Har. Do you not think that a girl like that deserves to be taken notice of ?

Clé. Yes, father.

Har. That it would be a desirable match ?

Clé. Very desirable.

Har. That she looks as if she would make a good wife ?

Clé. Undoubtedly.

Har. And that a husband would have reason to be satisfied with her ?

Clé. Assuredly.

Har. There is a slight difficulty. I fear that she has not as much money as one might reasonably pretend to.

Clé. Ah ! father, money is not worth considering when there is a question of marrying a respectable girl.

Har. Not so, not so. But this much may be said, that if one finds not quite so much money as one might wish, there is a way of regaining it in other things.

Clé. Of course.

Har. Well, I am very glad to see that you share my sentiments ; for her genteel behaviour and her gentleness have quite gained my heart, and I have made up my mind to marry her, provided she has some dowry.

Clé. Eh !

Har. What now ?

Clé. You have made up your mind, you say . . .

Har. To marry Mariane.

Clé. Who ? You, you ?

Har. Yes, I, I, I. What means this ?

Él. I feel a sudden giddiness, and I had better go.

Har. It will be nothing. Go quickly into the kitchen, and drink a large glassful of cold water.

SCENE VI.

HARPAGON, ELISE.

Har. A lot of flimsy sparks, with no more strength than chickens. Daughter, this is what I have resolved upon for myself. As for your brother, I intend him for a certain widow, of whom they spoke to me this morning; and you, I will give you to Mr Anselme.

El. To Mr Anselme?

Har. Yes, a staid, prudent, and careful man, who is not above fifty, and whose wealth is spoken of everywhere.

El. [*Making a curtsey*] I have no wish to get married, father, if you please.

Har. [*Imitating her*] And I, my dear girl, my pet, I wish you to get married, if you please.

El. [*Curtseying once more*] I beg your pardon, father.

Har. [*Imitating Elise*] I beg your pardon, daughter.

El. I am Mr Anselme's most humble servant [*curtseying again*]; but, with your leave, I shall not marry him.

Har. I am your most humble slave, but, [*Imitating Elise*] with your leave, you shall marry him not later than this evening.

El. Not later than this evening?

Har. Not later than this evening.

El. [*Curtseying again*] This shall not be, father.

Har. [*Imitating her again*] This shall be, daughter.

El. No.

Har. Yes.

El. No, I tell you.

Har. Yes, I tell you.

El. That is a thing you shall not drive me to.

Har. That is a thing I shall drive you to.

El. I will sooner kill myself than marry such a husband.

Har. You shall not kill yourself, and you shall marry him. But has such boldness ever been seen! Has ever a daughter been heard to speak to her father in this manner?

El. But has any one ever seen a father give away his daughter in marriage in this manner?

Har. It is a match to which no one can object; and I bet that every one will approve of my choice.

El. And I bet that no reasonable being will approve of it.

Har. [*Perceiving Valère in the distance*] Here comes Valère. Shall we make him judge betwixt us in this matter.

El. I consent to it.

Har. Will you submit to his judgment?

El. Yes; I will submit to what he shall decide.

Har. That is agreed.

SCENE VII.

VALÈRE, HARPAGON, ELISE.

Har. Come here, Valère. We have elected you to tell us who is in the right, my daughter or I.

Val. You, Sir, beyond gainsay.

Har. Are you aware of what we are talking?

Val. No. But you could not be in the wrong. You are made up of right.

Har. I intend, this evening, to give her for a husband, a

man who is as rich as he is discreet; and the jade tells me to my face that she will not take him. What say you to this?

Val. What do I say to it?

Har. Yes.

Val. Eh! eh!

Har. What?

Val. I say that, in the main, I am of your opinion; and you cannot but be right. But on the other side, she is not altogether wrong, and . . .

Har. How is that? Mr Anselme is a desirable match; he is a gentleman who is noble,[20] kind, steady, discreet, and very well to do, and who has neither chick nor child left him from his first marriage. Could she meet with a better match?

Val. That is true. But she might say to you that it is hurrying things a little too much, and that you should give her some time at least to see whether her inclinations would agree with . . .

Har. This is an opportunity which should be taken by the forelock. I find in this marriage an advantage which I could not find elsewhere; and he agrees to take her without a dowry.

Val. Without a dowry?

Har. Yes.

Val. In that case, I say no more. Do you see, this is altogether a convincing reason; one must yield to that.

Har. It is a considerable saving to me.

Val. Assuredly it cannot be gainsaid. It is true that your daughter might represent to you that marriage is a

[20] This is a hit at the men who pretended to be of noble birth and were not so. Molière repeats this attack in the fifth Scene of the fifth Act, page 90.

more important matter than you think; that it involves a question of being happy or miserable all one's life; and that an engagement which must last till death ought never to be entered upon except with great precautions.

Har. Without a dowry!

Val. You are right. That decides it all, of course. There are people who might tell you that on such an occasion the wishes of a daughter are something, no doubt, that ought to be taken into consideration; and that this great disparity of age, of temper, and of feelings makes a marriage subject to very sad accidents.

Har. Without a dowry!

Val. Ah! there is no reply to that; I know that well enough. Who the deuce could say anything against that? Not that there are not many fathers who would prefer to humour the wishes of their daughters to the money they could give them; who would not sacrifice them to their own interests, and who would, above all things, try to infuse into marriage that sweet conformity, which, at all times, maintains honour, peace, and joy; and which . . .

Har. Without a dowry![21]

Val. It is true; that closes one's mouth at once. Without a dowry! There are no means of resisting an argument like that.

Har. [*Aside, looking towards the garden*] Bless my soul! I think I hear a dog barking. Most likely it is some one with a design upon my money. [*To Valère*] Do not stir; I am coming back directly.

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[21] The "without a dowry" is as lucky a dramatic hit as "The poor man" of *Tartuffe*, or, "What the devil was he going to in that galley?" of *The Rogueries of Scapin* (see Vol. VI.) In Plautus' *Aulularia* (Act ii. Scene 2), old Megadorus asks for the hand of young Phaedra, Euclio's daughter, who three times repeats that he has no "marriage portion" to give her.

SCENE VIII.

ELISE, VALÈRE.

El. Are you jesting, Valère, to speak to him in that manner?

Val. It is in order not to sour his temper, and to gain my end the better. To run counter to his opinions is the way to spoil everything; and there are certain minds which cannot be dealt with in a straightforward manner; temperaments averse to all resistance; restive characters, whom the truth causes to rear, who always set their faces against the straight road of reason, and whom you cannot lead except by turning them with their back towards the goal. Pretend to consent to what he wishes, you will gain your end all the better; and . . .

El. But this marriage, Valère!

Val. We will find some pretext to break it off.

El. But what to invent, if it is to be consummated this evening?

Val. You must ask for a delay, and pretend to be ill.

El. But the feint will be discovered, if they call in the doctors.

Val. Are you jesting? What do they know about it? Come, come, with them you may have whatever illness you please; they will find you some reasons to tell you whence it proceeds.

SCENE IX.

HARPAGON, ELISE, VALÈRE.

Har. [*Aside, at the further end of the stage*] It is nothing, thank Heaven.

Val. [*Not seeing Harpagon*] In short, our last resource is flight, which will shelter us from everything; and

if your love, fair Elise, be capable of acting with firmness . . . [*Perceiving Harpagon*] Yes, a daughter ought to obey her father. She ought not to look at the shape of a husband; and when the great argument of *without a dowry* is added to it, she must be ready to accept what is given to her.

Har. Good: that is well spoken.

Val. I crave your pardon, Sir, if I am a little warm, and take the liberty of speaking as I do.

Har. How now! I am delighted with it, and I wish you to take an absolute control over her. [*To Elise*] Yes, you may run away as much as you like, I invest him with the authority which Heaven has given me over you, and I will have you do all that he tells you.

Val. [*To Elise*] After that, resist my remonstrances.

SCENE X.

HARPAGON, VALÈRE.

Val. With your leave, Sir, I will follow her, to continue the advice which I was giving her.

Har. Yes, you will oblige me. By all means. . . .

Val. It is as well to keep her tight in hand.

Har. True. We must. . . .

Val. Do not be uneasy. I think that I shall succeed.

Har. Do, do. I am going to take a little stroll in town, and I shall be back presently.

Val. [*Addressing himself to Elise, leaving by the door, through which she went out*] Yes, money is more precious than anything else in this world, and you ought to thank Heaven for having given you such an honest man for a father. He knows how to go through life. When any one offers to take a girl without a dowry, one should look no

estate is ample, solid, secure, and undoubted, and free from all encumbrance, a binding and correct bond shall be executed before a notary, the most honest man to be found, and who, for this purpose, shall be chosen by the borrower, to whom it is of the greatest importance that the instrument shall be regularly drawn up."

Clé. There is nothing to object to that.

La. Fl. "The lender, in order not to charge his conscience with the least scruple, will only lend his money at a little more than five and a half per cent."[23]

Clé. At a little more than five and a half per cent? Zounds! that is honest enough. There is no reason to complain.

La. Fl. That is true. "But as the lender has not the sum in question by him, and as, to oblige the borrower, he is himself obliged to borrow it of some one at the rate of twenty per cent.,[24] it shall be agreed that the said first borrower shall pay this interest, without prejudice of the rest, seeing that it is only to oblige him that the said lender takes up that loan."

Clé. What the devil! what Jew, what Arab is this? This is more than twenty-five per cent.[25]

La. Fl. It is true, that is what I have said. It is for you to see to that.

Clé. What can I see? I want the money, and I am bound to consent to everything.

La. Fl. That is the answer which I made.

Clé. There is something else still?

La. Fl. Nothing but a small matter. "Of the fifteen

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[23] In the original *au denier dix-huit*, which means at the interest of one groat for every eighteen lent, or a little more than five and a half per cent.

[24] The original has *au denier cinq*.

[25] In the original *au denier quatre*.

thousand francs required, the lender can count down in cash only twelve thousand; and, for the remaining thousand crowns, the borrower will have to take them out in chattels, clothing, and jewelry, of which the following is the memorandum, and which the lender has set down honestly at the lowest possible price."

Clé. What does this mean?

La. Fl. Listen to the memorandum. "First, a four-post bed, elegantly adorned with Hungary-lace bands, with hangings of olive coloured cloth, with six chairs, and a counterpane of the same; the whole in very good condition, and lined with a shot taffetas, red and blue. Item: a tester for this bed, of good Aumale, pale rose-coloured serge, with large and small silk fringes."

Clé. What does he want me to do with it?

La. Fl. Wait. "Item: Tapestry hangings, representing the loves of Gombaud and Macée.[26] Item: a large walnut wood table, with twelve columns or turned legs, which draw out at both sides, provided with six stools underneath it."

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[26] In all probability, the loves of Gombaud and Macée formed a sort of comic pastoral, which must have been very popular in former times, and doubtless had become rather antiquated when La Flèche spoke of them. Still they are mentioned as a representation of rustic gallantry in Brittany, as late as 1795. In the inventory of goods left by Molière, and taken after his death, we find "some Flanders hangings representing a landscape" (*de verdure*), and valued eight hundred *livres*, which seems to be the same as those valued eleven hundred *livres*, mentioned in the marriage contract of M. de Montalant with the daughter of Molière, and where, however, in speaking of these hangings they are said to be adorned "with some small figures." In the inventory taken after de Montalant's death, on the 15th of September 1738, we find "some Antwerp hangings, valued five hundred and fifty *livres*, representing the history of Perseus and Andromeda," which may have belonged to Molière. In the first Scene of the first Act of *Love is the best Doctor* (see Vol. III., page 202), M. Guillaume advises Sganarelle to buy for his daughter "a beautiful set of hangings, with landscape, or some figures in them." I owe this note to the late M. Soulié, *Recherches sur Molière*, p. 270.

Cléante. What have I to do, Zounds . . .

La Flèche. Only have patience. "Item: three large muskets inlaid with mother-of-pearl, with the necessary rests.[27] Item: a brick furnace, with two retorts, and three receivers very useful for those who have a turn for distilling."

Cléante. I am going mad.

La Flèche. Gently. "Item: a Bologna lute with all its strings, or nearly all. Item: a trou-madame table,[28] a draught-board, with the game of mother goose, restored from the Greeks, very agreeable to pass the time when one has nothing else to do. Item: a lizzard's skin of three feet and a half, stuffed with hay: a very pretty curiosity to hang at the ceiling of a room. The whole of the above-mentioned, really worth more than four thousand five hundred francs, and brought down to the value of a thousand crowns, through the discretion of the lender." [29]

Cléante. May the plague choke him with his discretion, the wretch, the cut-throat that he is! Has one ever heard of similar usury? Is he not satisfied with the tremendous interest which he demands, but must needs force me to take for the three thousand francs the old lumber which he picks up? I shall not get two hundred crowns for the whole of it; and nevertheless I must make up my mind to consent to what he wishes; for he has it in his power to make me

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[27] The soldiers used formerly a forked stick, which they stuck with the point in the ground, on which fork they rested their heavy musket, in order to aim better.

[28] In the original *trou-madame*. Ash in his dictionary says: "Trou-madame—a play in which a bowl is thrown so as to pass through a range of holes at a distance properly numbered for the game."

[29] The idea of this list is taken from a comedy of Boisrobert, called *la Belle Plaideuse*, and played in 1654; but the servant Philipin informs his master Ergaste, that, to make up the fifteen thousand francs which the latter wishes to borrow, the lender gives only one thousand crowns cash, and the rest in "monkeys, very fine parrots, and twelve large cannons."

accept anything; and the scoundrel holds me with a knife to my throat.

La Fl. Without offence, Sir, I see you exactly in the high road which Panurge took to ruin himself: taking money in advance, buying dear, selling cheap, and eating his corn whilst it was but grass.[30]

Clé. What am I to do? See to what young people are reduced by the cursed stinginess of their fathers, and then people are surprised when sons wish their fathers dead.

La Fl. One must confess that yours, with his stinginess would incense the steadiest man in the world. I have, Heaven be praised, no very great inclination to be hanged, and, among my colleagues whom I see dabbling in many trifling things, I know well enough how to get cleverly out of the scrape, and to keep as clear as possible of these little amenities which savour more or less of the rope; but, to tell you the truth, he would, by his way of acting, give me the temptation to rob him; and I verily believe that, by doing so, I would commit a meritorious action.[31]

Clé. Give me this memorandum, that I may have another look at it.

SCENE II.

HARPAGON, MASTER SIMON; CLÉANTE *and* LA FLÈCHE *at the farther end of the stage.*

Sim. Yes, Sir, it is a young man who is in want of money; his affairs compel him to find some, and he will consent to all that you dictate to him.

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[30] Rabelais in his *Pantagruel* (Book iii. ch. 2) says that Panurge was "burning the great logs for the sale of the ashes, borrowing money before-hand, buying dear, selling cheap, and eating his corn, as it were whilst it was but grass."

[31] These words of La Flèche denote that he intends to steal the miser's money-box (see Act iv., Scene 6), but more to play the latter a trick than as a seriously planned robbery.

Har. But think you, Master Simon, that there is no risk to run? and do you know the name, the property, and the family of him for whom you speak?

Sim. No. In reality I cannot well inform you about that, and it is only by chance that I have been recommended to him; but he will himself explain all these things to you, and his servant has assured me that you will be satisfied when you shall know him. All that I am able to tell you is that his family is very rich, that he has already lost his mother, and that he will engage himself, if you wish it, that his father shall die before eight months are over.

Har. *That is something.* Charity, Master Simon, enjoins us to be agreeable to people when we can.

Sim. That needs no comment.

La Fl. [*Softly, to Cléante, recognising Master Simon*] What does this mean? Master Simon who is speaking to our father?

Clé. [*Softly, to La Flèche*] Can any one have told him who I am and are you perhaps betraying me?

Sim. [*To Cléante and La Flèche*] Ah, ah! you are in great hurry! Who told you that it was here. [*To Harpagon*] It is not I, at least, Sir, who have given them your name and your address; but, in my opinion, there is no great harm in this; they are discreet persons, and you can here come to an understanding with one another.

Har. How?

Sim. [*Pointing to Cléante*] This gentleman is the party who wishes to borrow the fifteen thousand francs of which I spoke.

Har. What, hangdog, it is you who abandon yourself to these culpable extravagances.

Clé. What! it is you, father, who lend yourself to these shameful deeds! [*Master Simon runs away, and La Flèche hides himself.*

SCENE III.

HARPAGON, CLÉANTE.

Har. It is you who wish to ruin yourself by such cen-surable loans?

Clé. It is you who seek to enrich yourself by such criminal usury?

Har. Can you dare, after this, to appear before me?

Clé. Can you dare, after this, to show your face to the world?[32]

Har. Are you not ashamed, tell me, to practise thi sort of excesses, to rush into these dreadful expenses, and t dissipate so shamefully the property which your paren have amassed for you by the sweat of their brow.

Clé. Do you not blush to dishonour your station by th trade you are engaged in; to sacrifice glory and reputatio to the insatiable desire of piling crown upon crown, and t surpass, in matters of interest, the most infamous trick that were ever invented by the most notorious usurers?

Har. Begone out of my sight, scoundrel! begone out my sight!

Clé. Who, think you, is the more criminal—he wh buys the money of which he is in need, or he who stea money for which he has no use?

Har. Begone, I say, and do not break the drums of m ears. [*Alone*] After all, I am not so vexed about thi adventure; it will be a lesson to me to keep more tha ever an eye upon his proceedings.

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[32] Molière has borrowed also from Boisrobert's play, mentione before, the primary idea of this scene.

SCENE IV.

FROSINE, HARPAGON.

Fro. Sir!

Har. Wait a moment: I shall be back directly to speak to you. [*Aside*] I had better go and take a look at my money.

SCENE V.

LA FLÈCHE, FROSINE.

La Fl. [*Without seeing Frosine*] The adventure is altogether funny! He must have somewhere a large store of furniture; for we could recognise nothing here from what is in the memorandum.

Fro. Eh! is it you, my poor La Flèche! How comes this meeting?

La Fl. Ah! ah! it is you, Frosine! What brings you here?

Fro. The same that brings me everywhere else; to fetch and carry, to render myself serviceable to people, and to profit as much as possible by the small talents of which I am possessed. You know that in this world we must live by our wits, and that to persons like me, Heaven has given no other income than intrigue and industry.

La Fl. Have you any dealings with the master of this house?

Fro. Yes. I am arranging some small matter for him, for which I expect a reward.

La Fl. From him? Ah! you will have to be wide-awake enough if you get anything out of him; and I warn you that money is very scarce in this house.

Fro. There are certain services that touch to the quick marvellously.

La Fl. I am your humble servant. You do not know Mr Harpagon yet. Mr Harpagon is of all human beings the least human, of all mortals the hardest and most close-fisted. There is no service that touches his gratitude deeply enough to make him unloose his purse-strings. Praise, esteem, kindness in words, and friendship, as much as you like; but money, nothing of the kind. There is nothing dearer and more precious than his good graces and his caresses; and *to give* is a word for which he has such an aversion, that he never says *I give you*, but *I lend you good day.*

Fro. Gad! I have the art of drawing something out of people; I have the secret of entering into their affections, of tickling their hearts, and of finding out their most sensitive spots.

La Fl. Of no avail here. I defy you to soften the man we are speaking of, so that he will give money. Upon this subject he is a Turk, but of a turkishness to cause the despair of every one; and one might starve, and he would not budge. In one word, he loves money better than reputation, honour, and than virtue; and the very sight of one who asks for it sends him into fits; it is touching him in the mortal part, it is piercing his heart, it is tearing out his entrails; and if . . . But he is coming back; I am going.

SCENE VI.

HARPAGON, FROSINE.

Har. [*Aside*] Everything is going on right. [*Aloud*] Well! what is it, Frosine?

Fro. Gad, how well you are looking; you are the very picture of health!

Har. Who? I!

Fro. I never saw you with such a fresh and jolly complexion.

ou never in your life looked so young
see people of five-and-twenty who look

sixty, nevertheless, Frosine.
at does that signify, sixty years? that
of! It is the very flower of one's age,
e just entering the prime of manhood.
ue; but twenty years less would do me

esting? You have no need of that, and
e stuff to live a hundred.
ink so?
lo. You show all the signs of it. Hold
oment. Yes, it is there, well enough
a sign of long life!
judge of that sort of thing?
dly I am. Show me your hand. Begad,

see how far this line goes?[33]
at does it mean?
word, I said a hundred; but you shall

ble?
have to kill you, I tell you; and you shall
, and your children's children.
the better! How is our affair getting

ask? Does one ever see me meddle
I do not bring to an issue? But for
pecially, I have a marvellous talent.

translated from a comedy of Ariosto, *I Suppositi*

There are not two people in the wo
manage, in a very short time, to cou
believe that, if I took it into my head,
grand Turk to the republic of Venice.[34]
were no very great difficulties in this
intimate with the ladies, I have often
them of you; and I have told the m
which you had upon Mariane, from seei
street, and taking the fresh air at her w

Har. Who answered . . .

Fro. She has received your proposal
I gave her to understand that you very
daughter to be present this evening at
tract, which was to be signed for yours,
without difficulty, and has entrusted he
pose.

Har. It is because I am obliged t
Mr Anselme; and I shall be glad that sh

Fro. You are right. She is to pay
to your daughter, whence she intends to
fair, to come and sup here afterwards.

Har. Well! they shall go together
I will lend them.

Fro. That will do very nicely.

Har. But, Frosine, have you spoken
specting the portion she can give her dau

[34] In Rabelais' forty-first chapter of the third
"How Bridlegoose relateth the history of the re
variance in matters of law," Peter Dendin says
tell thee, my jolly son Dendin, that by this rul
settle a firm peace, or at least clap up a cessation
many years to come betwixt the great King and th
Emperor and the Cantons of Switzerland,—the E
and betwixt the Pope and the Ferrarians. Sh
Yea, as I would have God to help me, betwi
Sophy, the Tartars and the Muscovites."

st bestir herself a little ; that she should
hat she must even bleed herself a little
e that ? For, after all, one does not
her bringing something.
thing ! She is a girl who brings you
ncs a-year.
usand francs !
egin with ; she has been brought up and
t economy in feeding. She is a girl
ad, milk, cheese, and apples ; and who,
neither want a well-appointed table,
, nor peeled barley, at every turn, nor
ich would be necessary to any other
se things cost ever so little, they always
ee thousand francs a-year at the least.
s no taste for anything but the utmost
es not care for sumptuous dresses, or
magnificent furniture, to which other
much given ; and that comes to more
ancs per annum. In addition, she has a
gambling, not a common thing in women
for I know one in our neighbourhood
han twenty thousand francs this year at
But let us only estimate it at a fourth
usand francs a-year at play, and four
and dresses, that makes nine thousand ;
ns, say, for the food : are there not your
ncs a-year ?[35]
is not so bad ; but this reckoning con-
ning real.

---

bably borrowed from Plautus' *Aulularia*, (Act
Megadorus consoles himself for having a bride
escanting upon the ruinous expenses of women
ries to their husbands.

Fro. Pardon me. Is it not somethi
for a marriage portion great sobriety, t
great love for simplicity of dress, and t
great hatred for gambling?

Har. Surely it is a joke to wish to
to me out of expenses to which she will
going to give a receipt for what I do
shall have to get something down on th

Fro. Good gracious! you shall get
have spoken to me of a certain countr
some property, whereof you will become

Har. That remains to be seen. B
something else still which makes me u
young, as you can see; and young pe
only their equals, and seek only their so
that a man of my age may not be to
this might produce certain little troubles
would not at all suit me.

Fro. Ah! how little you know her
peculiarity which I had to mention to
frightful aversion to young people, and c
for old men.

Har. She?

Fro. Yes, she. I should like that y
speak upon that subject. She cannot at
of a young man; but nothing gives her
says, than to behold a handsome old ma
beard. The oldest are the most charm
warn you beforehand not to make you
than you really are. She wishes one at
genarian; and it is not more than four m
the point of being married, she flatly brok
when it came out that her lover was but fif
and that he did not put spectacles on to s

at ?
says fifty-six will not do for her; and
she cares for noses that wear spectacles.
ly tell me something new there.
it farther than I could tell you. One
es and a few prints in her room; but
they are? Portraits of Adonis, of
nd of Apollo? Not at all. Beautiful
of king Priam, of old Nestor, and of
on his son's back.
irable. That is what I should never
am very glad to hear that she is of
fact, had I been a woman, I should
young men.
nk so. A nice lot they are these young
n! pretty beauties, indeed, these fine
ured of! I should like to know what

I cannot understand it at all. I do
are women who like them so much.
e downright fools. Does it sound like
nk youth amiable? Are they men at
[6] and can one love such animals?
t I say every day; with their voices
ellows, three small hairs in the beard
hiskers; their tow-wigs, their breeches
and their open breasts!
are well built compared with a person
hat I call a man; there is something
ght; and that is the way to be made
love.

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ndins. See *The School for Husbands*, Vol. II.,

Har. Then you like my appearance?

Fro. Do I like your appearance! your figure is worth painting. Turn you please. Nothing could be better. walk. That is a well-built body, free a to be, and without a sign of illness.

Har. None to speak of, thank Hea my cough, which worries me now and t

Fro. That is nothing. It does not seeing that you cough very gracefully.

Har. Just tell me: has Mariane She has not taken any notice of me in

Fro. No; but we have spoken a gr have tried to paint your person to her, to vaunt your merits, and the advantag to her to have a husband like you.

Har. You have done well, and I tha

Fro. I have, Sir, a slight request have a law-suit which I am on the poi of a little money [*Harpagon assumes a se* might easily enable me to gain this suit kindness. You would not believe how to see you. [*Harpagon resumes his* will charm her, and how this old-fashi her fancy! But above all things, she w fastened to your doublet with tags; that you; and a lover who wears tags will be m

Har. Certainly, I am delighted to l

Fro. Really, sir, this law-suit is

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[37] In saying these words, Harpagon begins was subject to this, it became quite natural this part.

[38] The original has *fraise à l' antique.* See Vol. II., page 14, note 15.

quence to me. [*Harpagon resumes his serious air*] If I lose it, I am ruined; and some little assistance would set my affairs in order. . . . I should like you to have seen her delight at hearing me speak of you. [*Harpagon resumes his liveliness*] Joy shone in her eyes at the enumeration of your good qualities; and, in short, I have made her very anxious to have this match entirely concluded.

Har. You have pleased me very much, Frosine; and I confess that I am extremely obliged to you.

Fro. I pray you, Sir, to give me the little assistance which I ask of you. [*Harpagon resumes his serious air*] It will put me on my legs again, and I shall be for ever grateful to you.

Har. Good-bye. I am going to finish my letters.

Fro. I assure you, Sir, that you could never come to my relief in a greater need.

Har. I will give orders that my coach be ready to take you to the fair.

Fro. I would not trouble you, if I were not compelled to it from necessity.

Har. And I will take care that the supper shall be served early, so as not to make you ill.

Fro. Do not refuse me the service which I ask of you. You would not believe, Sir, the pleasure which . . .

Har. I must begone. Some one is calling me. Till by-and-by.

Fro. [*Alone*] May ague seize you, and send you to the devil, you stingy cur! The rascal has resisted firmly all my attacks. But I must, for all that, not abandon the attempt; and I have got the other side, from whom, at any rate, I am certain to draw a good reward.

ACT III. SCENE I.

HARPAGON, CLÉANTE, ELISE, VALÈRE; MISTRESS CLAUDE *holding a broom*, MASTER JACQUES, LA MERLUCHE, BRINDAVOINE.

Har. Come here, all of you, that I may give you my orders for just now, and tell everyone what he has to do. Come here, Mistress Claude; let us begin with you. [*Looking at her broom*] That is right, arms in hand. I trust to you for cleaning up everywhere; and above all, take care not to rub the furniture too hard, for fear of wearing it out. Besides this, I appoint you to look after the bottles during the supper; and, if one is missing, or if something gets broken, I shall hold you responsible, and deduct it from your wages.

Jac. [*Aside*] There is policy in that punishment.

Har. [*To Mistress Claude*] You can go.

SCENE II.

HARPAGON, CLÉANTE, ELISE, VALÈRE, MASTER JACQUES, BRINDAVOINE, LA MERLUCHE.

Har. You Brindavoine, and you, La Merluche, I confi to you the care of rinsing the glasses, and of serving out t drink, but only when the people are thirsty, and not in t manner of these impertinent lacqueys who come and voke them, and put drinking into their heads wh have no thought of such a thing. Wait till you are for it more than once, and bear in mind always to br good deal of water.

Jac. [*Aside*] Yes. Wine undiluted mounts to the h

Mer. Shall we throw off our smocks, Sir?

Har. Yes, when you see the people coming; and t care not to spoil your clothes.

Brin. You know, Sir, that the front of my doublet is ered with a large stain of oil from the lamp.

Mer. And I, Sir, I have a large hole in the seat of my eches, and saving your presence, people can see . . .

Har. Peace; keep it adroitly to the side of the wall, l always show your front to the world. [*To Brindaine, showing him how he is to keep his hat before his ublet, in order to hide the stain*] And you, always hold ur hat thus while you are waiting upon the guests.

SCENE III.

HARPAGON, CLÉANTE, ELISE, VALÈRE, MASTER JACQUES.

Har. As for you, daughter, you will keep an eye upon what goes away from the table, and take care that nothing be wasted. It becomes girls to do so. Meanwhile, get yourself ready to receive my intended properly. She is coming to visit you, and will take you to the fair with her. Do you hear what I say to you?

El. Yes, father.

SCENE IV.

HARPAGON, CLÉANTE, VALÈRE, MASTER JACQUES.

Har. And you, my foppish son, to whom I have been good enough to forgive what has happened just now, do not take it into your head to show her a sour face.

Clé. I! father? a sour face. And for what reason?

Har. Egad! we know the ways of children whose fathers marry again, and with what sort of eyes they are in the habit of looking at their so-called step-mothers. But if you wish me to lose the recollection of this last escapade of yours, I recommend you, above all, to show this lady a friendly countenance, and to give her, in short, the best possible reception.

Clé. To tell you the truth, father, I cannot promise y to be glad that she is to become my stepmother. I shou tell a lie if I said so to you; but, as for receiving her w and showing her a friendly countenance, I promise to ob you punctually on this head.

Har. Take care you do, at least.

Clé. You shall see that you shall have no cause complain.

Har. You had better.

SCENE V.

HARPAGON, VALÈRE, MASTER JACQUES.[39]

Har. You will have to help me in this, Valère. Now, Master Jacques, draw near, I have left you for the last.

Jac. Is it to your coachman, Sir, or to your cook, that you wish to speak? For I am both the one and the other.

Har. It is to both.

Jac. But to which of the two first?

Har. To the cook.

Jac. Then wait a minute, if you please.

[*Master Jacques takes off his livery coat, and appears in a cook's dress.*

Har. What the deuce does that ceremony mean?

Jac. You have but to speak now.

Har. I have promised, Master Jacques, to give a supper to-night.

Jac. [*Aside*] Most miraculous!

Har. Just tell me: will you dish us up something good?

Jac. Yes, if you give me plenty of money.

Har. The deuce, always money. It seems to me as if they could speak of nothing else; money, money, money. It is the only word they have got on their lips; money!

[39] See Appendix, Note B.

they always speak of money! That [redacted] ment,[40] money!

Val. I have never heard a more [redacted] than that. A great wonder to dish up [redacted] plenty of money! It is the easiest [redacted] any fool can do as much; but a clever [redacted] of dishing up something good with little [redacted]

Jac. Something good with little money!

Val. Yes.

Jac. [*To Valère*] Upon my word, Master Steward, you would oblige us by showing us that secret, and by taking my place as cook; you that are meddling with everything in this house, and playing the factotum.

Har. Hold your tongue. What shall we want?

Jac. Apply to your steward here, who will dish you up something good for little money.

Har. Enough! I wish you to answer me.

Jac. How many people are to sit down?

Har. We shall be eight or ten; but you must not count upon more than eight. If there is enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

Val. That needs no comment.

Jac. Very well! we must have four first-rate soups and five small dishes. Soups . . . Entrées . . .

Har. What the devil! there is enough to feed a whole town.

Jac. Roast . . .

Har. [*Putting his hand over Jacques' mouth*] Hold! wretch, you will eat up all my substance.

Jac. Side-dishes.[41]

[40] In the original *épée de chevet*, a sword that hung at the head of the bed, and was always ready at hand when needed; hence figuratively an argument, an answer always ready at hand.

[41] In the edition of 1682, Master Jacques mentions a great many dishes by name; but this is clearly an interpolation of some actor, who

nd over Jacques' mouth again]

you intend to make every one master has invited people with the with food? Go and read a little ask the doctors whether there is aught more prejudicial to man than eating to excess.

Har. He is right.

Val. Learn, Master Jacques, you and the like of you, that a table overloaded with viands is a cut-throat business; that, to show one's self the friend of those whom one invites, frugality should reign in the meals which one offers; and that, according to the saying of an ancient, *we must eat to live, and not live to eat.*[42]

Har. Ah! how well that is said! Come here, that I may embrace you for that saying. This is the finest sentence that I ever heard in my life: *one must live to eat and not eat to li* . . . No, that is not it. How do you put it.

Val. That we must eat to live, and not live to eat.

Har. [*To Master Jacques*] That is it. Do you hear it? [*To Valère*] Who is the great man who has said that?

Val. I do not recollect his name just now.

Har. Just remember to write down these words for me: I wish to have them engraved in letters of gold on the mantel-piece of my dining-room.

Val. I shall not forget it. And as for your supper, you have but to leave it to me; I shall manage everything right enough.

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thought to be funnier than Molière, but who forgot that Harpagon would never have listened quietly to a long list of different things. In Fielding's *Miser* James (Jacques) enumerates also a great many eatables. See extracts from *The Miser* given in the Appendix.

42 The Romans had a kind of adage—*ede ut vivas, ne vivas ut edas*—which they sometimes expressed by the initials E. V. V. N. V. V. E.

Har. Do so.

Jac. So much the better! I shall have less trouble.

Har. [*To Valère*] We must have some of these things of which people eat very little, and which fill quickly; some good fat beans, with a potted pie, well stuffed with chesnuts. Let there be plenty of that.

Val. Depend upon me.

Har. And now, Master Jacques, you must clean my coach.

Jac. Wait; that is a matter for the coachman. [*Puts his livery coat on*] You were saying . . .

Har. That you must clean my coach, and hold the horses in readiness to drive to the fair . . .

Jac. Your horses, Sir? Upon my word, they are not at all in a fit state to go. I will not tell you that they are on the straw; the poor beasts have not got even that much, and it would not be telling the truth; but you make them keep such austere fasts that they are no longer anything but ghosts or shadows, with horses' shapes.

Har. They are very ill, and yet they are doing nothing!

Jac. And because they do nothing, Sir, must they not eat? It would be far better to work the poor brutes much, and to feed them the same. It breaks my heart to see them in such a wretched condition; for, after all, I have got tender feeling for my horses; it seems to me that it is myself, when I see them suffer. Not a day passes but I take the meat out of my own mouth to feed them; and, Sir, it is being too cruel to have no pity for one's neighbour.

Har. The work will not be very hard to go as far as the fair.

Jac. No, Sir, I have not the heart to drive them, and I would not have it on my conscience to give them the whip in the state in which they are. How can you wish them to draw a coach when they can hardly drag themselves along?

Val. Sir, I will make our neighbour, Picard, take charge of them and drive them; he will be at the same time needed to get the supper ready.

Jac. Be it so; I prefer their dying under other people's hands than under mine.

Val. Master Jacques is getting considerate!

Jac. Sir Steward is getting indispensable!

Har. Peace.

Jac. I cannot bear flatterers, Sir; and I see what he makes of it; that his perpetual looking after the bread, the wine, the wood, the salt, the candles, is done only with the view of currying favour with you, and getting into your good books. This drives me mad, and I am sorry to hear every day what the world says of you; for, after all, I have some feeling for you; and, after my horses, you are the person whom I love most.

Har. Might I know, Master Jacques, what people say of me?

Jac. Yes, Sir, if I could be sure that it would not make you angry.

Har. No, not in the least.

Jac. I beg your pardon; I know full well that I shall put you in a rage.

Har. Not at all. On the contrary, it will be obliging me, and I shall be glad to learn how people speak of me.

Jac. Since you will have it, Sir, I shall tell you frankly that people everywhere make a jest of you, that they pelt us with a thousand jokes from every quarter on your account, and that they are never more delighted than when holding you up to ridicule, and continually relating stories of your meanness. One says that you have special almanacks printed, in which you double the ember weeks and vigils, in order to profit by the fast days, which you compel your people to keep; another that you have always a quarrel

ready for your servants at New Year's day, or when they leave you, so that you may find a reason for not giving them anything. That one tells that you once sued one of your neighbour's cats for having eaten the remainder of a leg of mutton; this one again that you were surprised one night in purloining the hay of your own horses, and that your coachman, that is, the one who was here before me, dealt you I do not know how many blows in the dark, of which you never broached a word. In short, shall I tell you? one can go nowhere without hearing you hauled over the coals on all sides. You are the byword and laughing-stock of every one; and you are never spoken of, except under the names of miser, curmudgeon, hunks and usurer.

Har. [*Thrashing Master Jacques*] You are a numscull, a rascal, a scoundrel, and an impudent fellow.

Jac. Well! did I not say so beforehand? You would not believe me. I told you well enough that I should make you angry by telling you the truth.

Har. That will teach you how to speak.

SCENE VI.

VALERE, MASTER JACQUES.

Val. [*Laughing*] From what I can see, Master Jacques, your candour is ill rewarded.

Jac. Zounds! Master Upstart, who assume the man of consequence, it is not your business. Laugh at your cudgel-blows when you shall receive them, but do not come here to laugh at mine.

Val. Ah! Sir Master Jacques, do not get angry, I beg of you.

Jac. [*Aside*] He is knuckling under. I shall bully him, and, if he is fool enough to be afraid of me, I shall give him a gentle drubbing. [*Aloud*] Are you aware, Master Laugher,

that I am not in a laughing humour, and that if you annoy me, I will make you laugh on the wrong side of your mouth.

[*Master Jacques drives Valère to the far end of the stage, threatening him.*

Val. Eh ! gently.

Jac. How, gently ? it does not suit me.

Val. Pray !

Jac. You are an impertinent fellow.

Val. Sir Master Jacques. . .

Jac. There is no Sir Master Jacques at all.[43] If I had a stick, I would give you a good drubbing.

Val. How, a stick ! [*Valère makes Master Jacques retreat in his turn.*

Jac. Eh ! I was not speaking of that.

Val. Are you aware, Master Boaster, that I am the very man to give you a drubbing myself ?

Jac. I do not doubt it.

Val. That you are, in all, nothing but a scrub of a cook ?

Jac. I am well aware of it.

Val. And that you do not know me yet ?

Jac. I ask your pardon.

Val. You will thrash me, say you ?

Jac. I said so only in jest.

Val. And I say, that I do not relish your jests. [*Thrashing him with a stick*] This will teach you, that you are but a sorry clown.[44]

Jac. [*Alone*] The plague take my candour ! it is a bad business : I give it up for the future, and I will no more speak the truth. I might put up with it from my master; he has some right to thrash me ; but as for this Master Steward, I will have my revenge if I can.

[43] The original has *pour un double.* A *double* was a very small coin; hence it is used for "not at all."

[44] This, according to Riccoboni, seems to be taken from an Italian play *La Cameriera nobile* (the noble-born Ladies-Maid).

SCENE VII.

MARIANE, FROSINE, MASTER JACQUES.

Fro. Do you know, Master Jacques, if your master is at home?

Jac. Yes, indeed, he is; I know it but too well.

Fro. Tell him, pray, that we are here.

SCENE VIII.

MARIANE, FROSINE.

Mar. Ah! I feel very strange, Frosine! and, if I must tell you what I feel, I dread this interview!

Fro. But why, and whence this uneasiness?

Mar. Alas! can you ask me? and can you not imagine the alarms of any one at the sight of the rack to which she is going to be tied?

Fro. I see well enough, that to die pleasantly, Harpagon, is not exactly the rack which you would care to embrace; and I can see by your face, that this young spark, of whom you spoke to me, comes afresh into your head.

Mar. Yes! it is an accusation, Frosine, from which I shall not defend myself; and the respectful visits which he has paid us, have, I confess, made some impression on my heart.

Fro. But have you ascertained who he is?

Mar. No, I do not know who he is. But this I know, that he is made to be beloved: that, if things could be left to my choice, I would sooner have him than any other, and that he is the chief cause in making me feel that the husband whom they wish to give me is a terrible torment.

Fro. Egad, all these youngsters are agreeable, and play their part well enough, but most of them are as poor as church mice: it will be much better for you to take an old husband who will make you a good settlement. I grant

you that the senses will not find their account so well on the side I speak of, and that there are some little distastes to overcome with such a spouse; but that cannot last, and his death, believe me, will soon put you in a position to take one who is more amiable, and who will mend all things.

Mar. Good gracious! Frosine, it is a strange thing that, to be happy, we should wish for or await the death of some one; the more so as death does not always accommodate itself to our projects.

Fro. Are you jesting? You marry him only on condition of soon leaving you a widow; and that must be one of the articles of the contract. It would be impertinent in him not to die within three months![45] Here he is himself!

Mar. Ah! Frosine, what a figure!

SCENE IX.

HARPAGON, MARIANE, FROSINE.

Har. [*To Mariane*] Do not be offended, my beauty, that I come to you with my spectacles on. I know that your charms strike the eye sufficiently, are visible enough by themselves, and that there is no need of spectacles to perceive them; but after all, it is through them that we look at the stars;[46] and I maintain and vouch for it that you are a star; but a star, the brightest in the land of stars. Frosine, she does not answer a word, and does not testify, from what I can perceive, the slightest joy in seeing me.

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[45] In the second scene of the second act, Master Simon informs Harpagon that Cléante "will engage himself, that his father shall die before eight months are over." Here Frosine says: "It would be impertinent in him (Harpagon) not to die within three months." These unseemly jokes are signs of the times in which Molière lived, and in which there was less outward delicacy of feeling than at present.

[46] The French for spectacles is *lunettes*, and for a telescope, *lunette d'approche*, but in Molière's time often simply *lunette*; hence the play on words.

Fro. It is because she is as yet taken all aback; and besides, girls are always ashamed to show at first sight what passes in their hearts.

Har. You are right. [*To Mariane*] Here comes my daughter, sweet child, to welcome you.

SCENE X.

HARPAGON, ELISE, MARIANE, FROSINE.

Mar. I am much behind, Madam, in acquitting myself of such a visit.

El. You have done, Madam, what it was my duty to do, and it was my place to have been beforehand with you.

Har. You see what a great girl she is; but ill weeds grow apace.

Mar. [*In a whisper, to Frosine*] O! what an unpleasant man!

Har. [*In a whisper, to Frosine*] What says the fair one?

Fro. That she thinks you admirable.

Har. You do me too much honour, adorable pet.

Mar. [*Aside*] What a brute!

Har. I am much obliged to you for these sentiments.

Mar. [*Aside*] I can hold out no longer.

SCENE XI.

HARPAGON, MARIANE, ELISE, CLÉANTE, FROSINE, BRINDAVOINE.

Har. There comes my son also, to pay his respects to you.

Mar. [*In a whisper, to Frosine*] Ah! Frosine, what a meeting! It is the very person of whom I spoke to you.

Fro. [*To Mariane*] The adventure is wonderful.

Har. I see that you are surprised at my having such

grown-up children ; but I shall soon be rid of one and the other.

Clé. [*To Mariane*] Madam, to tell you the truth, this is an adventure, which no doubt, I did not expect ; and my father has not a little astonished me, when, a short time ago, he communicated to me the plan which he had formed.

Mar. I may say the same thing. It is an unforeseen meeting which surprises me as much as it does you ; and I was not at all prepared for such an adventure.

Cle. It is true that my father, Madam, could not make a better choice, and that the honour of seeing you gives me unfeigned joy, but for all that, I cannot give you the assurance that I rejoice at the design which you may have of becoming my step-mother. I avow to you that it would be too much for me to pay you that compliment ; and by your leave, it is a title which I do not wish you. This speech may seem coarse to some ; but I am sure that you will be the one to take it in the proper sense ; that it is a marriage, Madam, for which, as you may well imagine, I can have only repugnance ; that you are not unaware, knowing what I am, how it clashes with my interests ; and that, in short, you will not take it amiss when I tell you, with the permission of my father, that, if matters depended upon me, this marriage would not take place.[47]

Har. This is a most impertinent compliment ! What a pretty confession to make to her !

Mar. And I, in reply, must tell you, that things are pretty equal ; and that, if you have any repugnance in seeing me your step-mother, I shall have, doubtless, no less in seeing you my step-son. Do not think, I pray you, that it is I who seek to give you that uneasiness. I should be

[47] In the original, Cléante's speech is uttered in irregular blank verse.

very sorry to cause you any displeasure; and unless I see myself compelled to it by an absolute power, I give you my word that I shall not consent to a marriage that vexes you.

Har. She is right. To a silly compliment, a similar retort is necessary. I beg your pardon, my dear, for the impertinence of my son; he is a young fool, who does not as yet know the consequence of what he says.

Mar. I promise you that what he has said has not at all offended me; on the contrary, he has pleased me by explaining thus his real feelings. I like such an avowal from his lips; and if he had spoken in any other way, I should have esteemed him the less for it.

Har. It is too good of you to be willing thus to condone his faults. Time will make him wiser, and you shall see that he will alter his sentiments.

Clé. No, father, I am incapable of changing upon that point, and I beg urgently of this lady to believe me.

Har. But see what madness! he goes still more strongly.

Clé. Do you wish me to go against my own heart?

Har. Again! Perhaps you will be kind enough to change the conversation.

Clé. Well! since you wish me to speak in a different manner, allow me, Madam, to put myself in my father's place, and to confess to you that I have seen nothing in the world so charming as you; that I conceive nothing equal to the happiness of pleasing you, and that the title of your husband is a glory, a felicity which I would prefer to the destinies of the greatest princes on earth. Yes, Madam, the happiness of possessing you is, in my eyes, the best of all good fortunes; the whole of my ambition points to that. There is nothing which I would shrink from to make so precious a conquest; and the most powerful obstacles . . .

Har. Gently, son, if you please.

Clé. It is a compliment which I pay for you to this lady.

Har. Good Heavens! I have a tongue to explain myself, and I have no need of an interpreter like you. Come, hand chairs.

Fro. No; it is better that we should go to the fair now, so that we may return the sooner, and have ample time afterwards to converse with you.

Har. [*To Brindavoine*] Have the horses put to the carriage.

SCENE XII.

HARPAGON, MARIANE, ELISE, CLÉANTE, VALÈRE, FROSINE.

Har. [*To Mariane*] I pray you to excuse me, fair child, if I forgot to offer you some refreshments before going.

Clé. I have provided for it, father, and have ordered some plates of China oranges, sweet citrons, and preserves, which I have sent for in your name.

Har. [*Softly to Valère*] Valère!

Val. [*To Harpagon*] He has lost his senses.

Clé. Do you think, father, that it is not sufficient? This lady will have the goodness to excuse that, if it please her.

Mar. It was not at all necessary.

Clé. Have you ever seen, Madam, a diamond more sparkling than the one which you see on my father's finger?

Mar. It sparkles much indeed.

Clé. [*Taking the diamond off his father's fingers, and handing it to Mariane*] You must see it close.

Mar. It is no doubt very beautiful, and throws out a deal of light.

Clé. [*Placing himself before Mariane, who is about to return the diamond*] No, Madam, it is in hands too beautiful. It is a present which my father makes you.

Har. I?

Clé. Is it not true, father, that you wish this lady to keep it for your sake.

Har. [*Softly to his son*] How?

Clé. [*To Mariane*] A pretty request indeed! He has given me a sign to make you accept it.

Mar. I do not wish to . . .

Clé. [*To Mariane*] Are you jesting? He does not care to take it back again.

Har. [*Aside*] I am bursting with rage!

Mar. It would be . . .

Clé. [*Preventing Mariane from returning the diamond*] No, I tell you, you would offend him.

Mar. Pray . . .

Clé. Not at all.

Har. [*Aside*] May the plague . . .

Clé. He is getting angry at your refusal.

Har. [*Softly to his son*] Ah! you wretch!

Clé. [*To Mariane*] You see that he is getting desperate.

Har. [*In a suppressed tone to his son, threatening him*] Murderer that you are!

Clé. It is not my fault, father. I am doing all that I can to make her keep it; but she is obstinate.

Har. [*In a great passion, whispering to his son*] Hangdog!

Clé. You are the cause, Madam, of my father's upbraiding me.

Har. [*Same as before, to his son*] The scoundrel!

Clé. [*To Mariane*] You will make him ill. Pray, Madam, do not resist any longer.

Fro. [*To Mariane*] Good Heavens, what ceremonies! Keep the ring, since the gentleman wishes it.

Mar. [*To Harpagon*] Not to put you in a passion, I shall

keep it now, and I shall take another opportunity of returning it to you.[48]

SCENE XIII.

HARPAGON, MARIANE, ELISE, CLÉANTE, VALÈRE, FROSINE, BRINDAVOINE.

Brin. Sir, there is a man who wishes to speak to you.

Har. Tell him that I am engaged, that he is to return at another time.

Brin. He says that he brings you some money.

Har. [*To Mariane*] I beg your pardon; I shall be back directly.

SCENE XIV.

HARPAGON, MARIANE, ELISE, CLÉANTE, VALÈRE, FROSINE, LA MERLUCHE.

Mer. [*Running against Harpagon, whom he knocks down*] Sir . . .

Har. Oh! I am killed.

Clé. What is it, father? have you hurt yourself?

Har. The wretch has surely been bribed by my debtors to make me break my neck.

Val. [*To Harpagon*] That will be nothing.

Mor. [*To Harpagon*] I beg your pardon, Sir; I thought I was doing well in running quickly.

Har. What have you come here for, you hangdog?

Mor. To tell you that your two horses have lost their shoes.

Har. Let them be taken to the farrier immediately.

Clé. While waiting for their being shod, I will do the

[48] In an Italian farce, *le Case svaliggiate* (the robbed house), it is a servant who acts in the same way as Cléante; but Molière has made the scene more comical by letting the son give the ring in his father's name.

honours of your house for you, father, and conduct this lady into the garden, whither I shall have the refreshments brought.

SCENE XV.

HARPAGON, VALÈRE.

Har. Valère, keep your eye a little on all this, and take care, I pray you, to save as much of it as you can, to send back to the tradespeople.

Val. I know.

Har. [*Alone*] O, impertinent son! do you mean to ruin me?

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CLÉANTE, MARIANE, ELISE, FROSINE.

Clé. Let us go in here; we shall be much better. There is no suspicious person near us now, and we can converse freely.

El. Yes, Madam, my brother has confided to me the affection which he feels for you. I am aware of the grief and unpleasantness which such obstacles are capable of causing; and it is, I assure you, with the utmost tenderness that I interest myself in your adventure.

Mar. It is a sweet consolation to see some one like you in one's interest; and I implore you, Madam, always to reserve for me this generous friendship, so capable of alleviating the cruelties of fortune.

Fro. You are, upon my word, both unlucky people, in not having warned me before this of your affair. I would no doubt, have warded off this uneasiness from you, and not have carried matters so far as they now are.

Clé. Whose fault is it? It is my evil destiny that has willed it so. But, fair Mariane, what have you resolved to do?

Mar. Alas! am I able to make any resolutions? And, in the dependent position in which you see me, can I form aught else than wishes?

Clé. No other support in your heart for me than mere wishes? No strenuous pity? No helping kindness? No energetic affection?

Mar. What can I say to you? Put yourself in my place, and see what I can do. Advise, command yourself: I leave the matter to you; and I think you too reasonable to wish to exact from me aught but what may be consistent with honour and decency.

Clé. Alas! to what strait do you reduce me by driving me back to what the annoying dictates of a rigorous honour and a scrupulous decency only will permit?

Mar. But what would you have me to do? Even if I could forego the many scruples to which my sex compels me, I have some consideration for my mother. She has always brought me up with the utmost tenderness, and I could not make up my mind to cause her any displeasure. Treat, transact with her; use all your means to gain her mind. You may say and do whatever you like, I give you full power; and if nothing is wanting but to declare myself in your favour, I am willing, myself, to make to her the avowal of all that I feel for you.[49]

Clé. Frosine, dear Frosine, will you try to serve us?

Fro. Upon my word, need you ask? I should like it with all my heart. You know that, naturally, I am kind-hearted enough. Heaven has not given me a heart of iron, and I have only too much inclination for rendering

[49] Mariane's speech, according to M. Génin, is written in blank verse.

little services when I see people who love each other in all decency and honour. What can we do in this matter?

Clé. Pray consider a little.

Mar. Give us some advice.

El. Invent some means of undoing what you have done.

Fro. That is difficult enough. [*To Mariane*] As for your mother, she is not altogether unreasonable, and we might perhaps prevail upon her and induce her to transfer to the son the gift which she wished to make to the father. [*To Cléante*] But the mischief in it is, that your father is your father.

Clé. Of course.

Fro. I mean that he will bear malice if he finds that he is refused, and that he will not be of a mind afterwards to give his consent to your marriage. To do well, the refusal ought to come from himself, and she ought to try, by some means, to inspire him with a disgust towards her.

Clé. You are right.

Fro. Yes, I am right; I know that well enough. That is what is wanted, but how the deuce can we find the means? Stop! Suppose we had some woman a little advanced in age who had my talent, and acted sufficiently well to counterfeit a lady of quality, by the help of a retinue made up in haste, and with an eccentric name of a marchioness or a viscountess, whom we will suppose to come from Lower Brittany, I would have skill enough to make your father believe that she was a person possessed of a hundred thousand crowns in ready money, besides her houses; that she was distractedly enamoured of him, and had so set her mind upon being his wife, that she would make all her property over to him by marriage-contract. I do not doubt that he would lend an ear to this proposal. For, after all, he loves you much, I know it, but he loves money a little more; and when, dazzled with this

bait, he had once given his consent in what concerns you, it would matter very little if he were afterwards disabused, when he wished to see more clearly into the property of our marchioness.

Cle. All this is very well conceived.

Fro. Let me manage. I just recollect one of my friends who will suit us.

Cle. Be assured of my gratitude, Frosine, if you carry out this matter. But, charming Mariane, let us begin, I pray you, by gaining over your mother; it is doing much, at any rate, to break off this match. Make every possible effort on your part, I entreat you. Employ all the power which her tenderness for you gives you over her. Show her unreservedly the eloquent graces, the all-powerful charms, with which Heaven has endowed your eyes and your lips; and please do not overlook any of these tender words, of these sweet prayers, and of these winning caresses to which, I am persuaded, nothing could be refused.

Mar. I will do my best, and forget nothing.

SCENE II.

HARPAGON, CLÉANTE, MARIANE, ELISE, FROSINE.

Har. [*Aside, without being seen*] Hey day! my son kisses the hand of his intended step-mother; and his intended step-mother does not seem to take it much amiss! Can there be any mystery underneath this?

El. Here is my father.

Har. The carriage is quite ready; you can start as soon as you like.

Clé. Since you are not going, father, permit me to escort them.

Har. No: remain here. They will do well enough by themselves, and I want you.

SCENE III.

HARPAGON, CLÉANTE.

Har. Now tell me, apart from becoming your stepmother, what think you of this lady?

Clé. What do I think of her?

Har. Yes, of her air, of her figure, of her beauty, of her mind?

Clé. So, so.

Har. That is no answer.

Cle. To speak to you candidly, I have not found her what I expected. Her air is that of a downright coquette, her figure is sufficiently awkward, her beauty very so-so, and her mind very ordinary. Do not think, father, that this is said to give you a distaste to her; for, stepmother for stepmother, I would as soon have her as any other.

Har. You said to her just now, however, . . .

Clé. I have said some sweet nothings to her in your name, but it was to please you.

Har. So much so, that you would not feel any inclination towards her?

Clé. I? not at all.

Har. I am sorry for it; for it does away with an idea that came into my head. In seeing her here, I have reflected upon my age; and I thought that people might find something to cavil at in seeing me marry so young a girl. This consideration has made me abandon the plan; and as I have made the demand of her hand, and am engaged to her by my word, I would have given her to you, had it not been for the aversion which you show.

Clé. To me?

Har. To you.

Clé. In marriage?

Har. In marriage.

Cle. Listen. It is true that she is not much to my taste; but to please you, father, I would make up my mind to marry her, if you wish it.

Har. I, I am more reasonable than you give me credit for. I will not force your inclination.

Clé. Pardon me; I will make this effort for your sake.

Har. No, no. No marriage can be happy where there is no inclination.

Clé. Perhaps it will come afterwards, father; they say that love is often the fruit of wedlock.

Har. No. From the side of the man, one must not risk such a thing; it generally brings grievous consequences, to which I do not care to commit myself. Had you felt any inclination for her, it would have been a different thing; I should have made you marry her instead of me; but, that not being the case, I will follow up my first plan, and marry her myself.

Clé. Well! father, since matters are so, I must lay open my heart to you; I must reveal our secret to you. The truth is, I love her, since, on a certain day, I saw her walking; that my plan was, a short while ago, to ask her to become my wife, and that nothing restrained me but the declaration of your sentiments, and the fear of displeasing you.

Har. Have you paid her any visits?[50]

Clé. Yes, father.

Har. Many times?

Clé. Just enough, considering the time of our acquaintance.

Har. Have you been well received?

Cle. Very well, indeed, but without her knowing who I

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[50] In the original Harpagon who, until now, has "thee and thoued" his son, begins to employ here "you."

was; and that is what just now caused the surprise of Mariane.

Har. Have you declared your passion to her, and the design you had to marry her?

Clé. Undoubtedly; and I even made some overtures to her mother about it.

Har. Has she listened to your proposal for her daughter?

Clé. Yes, very civilly.

Har. And does the girl much reciprocate your love?

Cle. If I am to believe appearances, I flatter myself, father, that she has some affection for me.

Har. [*Softly, to himself*] I am glad to have found out such a secret; that is just what I wished. [*Aloud*] Hark you, my son, do you know what you will have to do. You must think, if you please, of getting rid of your love, of ceasing from all pursuits of a person whom I intend for myself, and of marrying shortly the one who has been destined for you.[51]

Clé. So, father; it is thus that you trick me! Well! since matters have come to this pass, I declare to you, that I will not get rid of my love for Mariane; that there is nothing from which I shall shrink to dispute with you her possession; and that, if you have the consent of a mother on your side, I have other resources, perhaps, which will combat on mine.

Har. What, hang-dog, you have the audacity to poach on my preserves!

Clé. It is you that are poaching on mine. I am the first comer.

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51 This scene of a father, rival of his son, says Voltaire, has also been treated by Racine, in his tragedy of *Mithridate;* but Racine caused tears to be shed, in representing the amorous weakness of a great king; whilst Molière has shown the ridiculous affection of an old miser.

Har. Am I not your father, and do you not owe me respect?

Clé. This is not a matter in which a child is obliged to defer to his father, and love is no respecter of persons.

Har. I will make you respect me well enough with some sound cudgel-blows.

Clé. All your threats will do nothing.

Har. You shall renounce Mariane.

Clé. I shall do nothing of the kind.

Har. Give me a stick immediately.

SCENE IV.

HARPAGON, CLÉANTE, MASTER JACQUES.

Jac. Eh, eh, eh, gentlemen, what is all this? what are you thinking of?

Clé. I do not care a straw.

Jac. [*To Cléante*] Come, Sir, gently.

Har. To speak to me with such impertinence!

Jac. [*To Harpagon*] Pray Sir, pray!

Clé. I will not bate a jot.

Jac. [*To Cléante*] Eh what! to your father?

Har. Let me alone.

Jac. [*To Harpagon*] What! to your son? I could overlook it to myself.

Har. I will make yourself, Master Jacques, judge in this affair, to show you that I am in the right.

Jac. I consent. [*To Cléante*] Get a little farther away.

Har. I love a girl whom I wish to marry; and the hang-dog has the insolence to love her also, and to aspire to her hand in spite of my commands.[52]

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[52] Master Jacques, who has been so badly rewarded for his love of truth in the fifth scene of the third act, adopts here another line of conduct which will turn out still worse for him.

Jac. He is wrong there.

Har. Is it not a dreadful thing for a son to wish to enter into rivalry with his father? and ought he not, out of respect, to abstain from meddling with my inclinations?

Jac. You are right. Let me speak to him, while you remain here.

Clé. [*To Master Jacques, who is approaching him*] Well! yes, since he chooses you as judge, I shall not draw back; it matters not to me who it may be; and I am willing to refer to you, Master Jacques, in this our quarrel.

Jac. You do me much honour.

Clé. I am smitten with a young girl who returns my affection, and tenderly accepts the offer of my love: and my father takes it into his head to come and trouble our passion, by asking for her hand.

Jac. He is assuredly wrong.

Clé. Is he not ashamed at his age to think of marrying? Does it still become him to be in love, and should he not leave this pastime to young people?

Jac. You are right. He is only jesting. Let me speak a few words to him. [*To Harpagon*] Well! your son is not so strange as you make him out, and he is amenable to reason. He says that he knows the respect which he owes you, that he was only carried away by momentary warmth; and that he will not refuse to submit to your pleasure, provided you will treat him better than you do, and give him some one for a wife with whom he shall have reason to be satisfied.

Har. Ah! tell him, Master Jacques, that, if he looks at it in that way, he may expect everything of me, and that, except Mariane, I leave him free to choose whom he likes.

Jac. Let me manage it. [*To Cléante*] Well! your father is not so unreasonable as you make him out; and he has shown me that it was your violence that made him angry; that he objects only to your behaviour; and that he will

be very much disposed to grant you what you wish, provided you shall do things gently, and show him the deference, the respect, and the submission which a son owes to his father.

Clé. Ah! Master Jacques, you may assure him that if he grants me Mariane, he will always find me the most submissive of beings, and that I never shall do anything except what he wishes.

Jac. [*To Harpagon*] That is done. He consents to what you say.

Har. Then things will go on in the best possible way.

Jac. [*To Cléante*] Everything is arranged; he is satisfied with your promises!

Clé. Heaven be praised!

Jac. Gentlemen, you have but to talk the matter over: you are agreed now, and you were going to quarrel for want of understanding each other.

Clé. My dear Master Jacques, I shall be obliged to you all my life.

Jac. Do not mention it, Sir.

Har. You have given me great pleasure, Master Jacques; and that deserves a reward. [*Harpagon fumbles in his pockets; Master Jacques holds out his hand, but Harpagon only draws out his handkerchief*] Go now, I shall remember this, I assure you.

Jac. I kiss your hands.

SCENE V.

HARPAGON, CLÉANTE.

Clé. I ask your pardon, father, for the passion which I have displayed.

Har. Never mind.

Clé. I assure you that I regret it exceedingly.

Har. And I, I have the greatest delight in seeing you reasonable.

Clé. How good of you to forget my fault so quickly!

Har. The faults of children are easily forgotten, when they return to their duty.

Clé. What! not retain any resentment for all my extravagance?

Har. You compel me to it, by the submission and the respect to which you pledge yourself.

Clé. I promise you, father, that I shall carry the recollection of your goodness to my grave with me.

Har. And I, I promise you, that you may obtain anything from me.

Clé. Ah! father, I ask for nothing more; you have given me enough by giving me Mariane.

Har. How!

Clé. I say, father, that I am too well pleased with you, and that I find everything in your kindness in giving me Mariane.

Har. Who says anything to you of giving you Mariane?

Clé. You, father.

Har. I?

Clé. Undoubtedly.

Har. What! it is you who have promised to renounce her.

Clé. I renounce her!

Har. Yes.

Clé. Not at all.

Har. You have not given up your pretensions to her?

Clé. On the contrary, I am more determined than ever upon them.

Har. What! hang-dog, you begin afresh?

Clé. Nothing can change my mind.

Har. Let me get at you, wretch.

Clé. Do what you like.

Har. I forbid you ever to come within my sight.

Cle. All right.

Har. I abandon you.

Clé. Abandon as much as you like.

Har. I disown you as my son.

Clé. Be it so.

Har. I disinherit you.

Clé. Whatever you please.

Har. And I give you my malediction.

Clé. I want none of your gifts.[53]

SCENE VI.

CLÉANTE, LA FLÈCHE.

La Fl. [*Coming from the garden with a casket under his arm*] Ah! Sir, I find you in the nick of time! Follow me quickly.

Clé. What is the matter?

La Fl. Follow me, I tell you; we are all right.

Clé. How?

La Fl. Here is your affair.

Clé. What?

La Fl. I kept my eye upon this the whole day.

Clé. What is it?

La Fl. The treasure of your father, which I have laid hands on.

Clé. How did you manage?

La Fl. You shall know all. Let us fly; I hear his shouts.

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[53] Several of Molière's commentators have observed that Cléante's impudent answers only prove the truth of the saying, "like father like son," and that a miserly father must produce such a disobedient child.

SCENE VII.

HARPAGON, *alone, shouting in the garden, rushing in without his hat.*[54]

Thieves! Thieves! Murder! Stop the murderers? Justice! just Heaven! I am lost! I am killed; they have cut my throat; they have stolen my money. Who can it be? What has become of him? Where is he? Where does he hide himself? What shall I do to find him? Where to run? Where not to run? Is he not there? Who is it? Stop! [*To himself, pressing his own arm*] Give me back my money, scoundrel . . . Ah, it is myself! My senses are wandering, and I do not know where I am, who I am, and what I am doing. Alas! my poor money! my poor money! my dearest friend, they have deprived me of you; and as you are taken from me, I have lost my support, my consolation, my joy: everything is at an end for me, and I have nothing more to do in this world. Without you, life becomes impossible. It is all over; I am utterly exhausted; I am dying; I am dead; I am buried. Is there no one who will resuscitate me by giving me back my beloved money, or by telling me who has taken it? Eh! what do you say? There is no one. Whoever he is who has done this, he must have carefully watched his hour; and he has just chosen the time when I was speaking to my wretch of a son. Let us go. I must inform the authorities, and have the whole of my household examined; female-servants, male-servants, son, daughter, and myself also. What an assembly! I do not look at any one whom I do not suspect, and every one seems to be my thief. Eh! what are they speaking of yonder? of him who has robbed me? What noise is

[54] See in the Appendix, Note C, an extract from Plautus' *Aulularia*.

that up there? Is it my thief who is there? For pity's sake, if you know any news of my thief, I implore you to tell me. Is he not hidden among you? They are all looking at me, and laughing in my face. You will see that they have, no doubt, a share in the robbery. Come quickly, magistrates, police-officers, provosts, judges, instruments of torture, gibbets, and executioners. I will have the whole world hanged; and if I do not recover my money, I will hang myself afterwards.

ACT V. SCENE I.

HARPAGON, A MAGISTRATE.

Mag. Let me manage it; I know my business, thank Heaven. To-day is not the first time that I am engaged in discovering robberies; and I should like to have as many bags of a thousand francs as I have been instrumental in hanging people.

Har. Every magistrate must have an interest in taking this matter in hand; and, if they do not enable me to find my money again, I shall demand justice upon the authorities themselves.

Mag. We must take all the needful steps. You said that there was in this box . . .

Har. Ten thousand crowns in cash.

Mag. Ten thousand crowns!

Har. [*Crying*] Ten thousand crowns.

Mag. The robbery is considerable!

Har. There is no punishment great enough for the enormity of this crime; and, if it remain unpunished, the most sacred things are no longer safe.

Mag. And in what coin was this sum?

Har. In good louis d'or and pistoles without a flaw.[55]

Mag. Whom do you suspect of this robbery?

Har. Every one; and I wish you to arrest the town and the suburbs.

Mag. You must, if you will take my opinion, scare nobody, but endeavour gently to collect some proofs, in order to act afterwards, by severer process, to recover the coin which has been taken from you.

SCENE II.

HARPAGON, A MAGISTRATE, MASTER JACQUES.

Jac. [*At the far end of the stage, turning towards the door by which he entered*] I am coming back directly. Let its throat be cut immediately; let them singe me its feet; let them put it in boiling water, and let them hang it from the ceiling.

Har. Who? he who has robbed me?

Jac. I am speaking of a sucking pig which your steward hast just sent in, and I wish to dress it for you after my own fancy.

Har. There is no question of that; and this is a gentleman to whom you must speak of something else.

Mag. [*To Master Jacques*] Do not be alarmed. I am not the man to cause any scandal, and matters will be managed in a gentle way.

Jac. Is this gentleman of the supper party?

Mag. In this case, dear friend, you must hide nothing from your master.

Jac. Upon my word, Sir, I shall show all I know, and I shall treat you in the best possible way.

---

[55] In French "pistoles without a flaw," are *pistoles bien trébuchantes.* The *trébuchet* was a small and very sensitive pair of scales; hence coin, which had not its full weight, was not called *trébuchant.*

Har. That is not the question.

Jac. If I do not dish you up something as good as I could wish, it is the fault of your Master Steward, who has clipped my wings with the scissors of his economy.

Har. You wretch! it concerns something else than the supper; and I wish you to give me some information respecting the money that has been stolen from me.

Jac. They have stolen some money from you?

Har. Yes, you scoundrel; and I shall have you hanged if you do not give it me back again.

Mag. [*To Harpagon*] Good Heavens! do not ill-use him. I perceive by his face that he is an honest man, and that, without having him locked up, he will inform you of what you wish to know. Yes, my friend, if you confess the matter to me, no harm will come to you, and you will be suitably rewarded by your master. They have robbed him of his money to-day; and it is scarcely possible that you do not know something of the matter.

Jac. [*Aside to himself*] This is just what I wish, in order to revenge myself on our steward. Since he has set foot in this house, he is the favourite; his counsels are the only ones listened to; and the cudgel-blows, just now received, are also sticking in my throat.

Har. What are you muttering to yourself about?

Mag. [*To Harpagon*] Leave him alone. He is preparing to give you satisfaction; and I told you that he was an honest man.

Jac. If you wish me to tell you things as they are, Sir, I believe that it is your dear steward who has done this.

Har. Valère!

Jac. Yes.

Har. He! who seemed so faithful to me?

Jac. Himself. I believe that he is the one who robbed you.

Har. And upon what do you base your belief?

Jac. Upon what?

Har. Yes.

Jac. I believe it . . . because I believe it.

Mag. But it is necessary to mention the evidence which you have.

Har. Have you seen him hang about the spot where I had put my money?

Jac. Yes, indeed. Where was your money?

Har. In the garden.

Jac. That is just where I have seen him hanging about, in the garden. And what was this money in?

Har. In a cash-box.

Jac. The very thing. I have seen him with a cash-box.

Har. And this cash-box, how is it made? I shall soon see if it be mine.

Jac. How is it made?

Har. Yes.

Jac. It is made . . . it is made like a cash-box.

Mag. Of course. But just describe it a little, that I may see.

Jac. It is a large cash-box.

Har. The one that has been stolen from me is a small one.

Jac. Eh! Yes, it is small, if you take it in that way; but I call it large on account of its contents.

Mag. And what colour is it?

Jac. What colour?

Mag. Yes.

Jac. It is of a colour . . . of a certain colour. Could you not help me to say?

Har. Ah!

Jac. Is it not red?

Har. No, grey.

Jac. Yes, that is it, greyish-red; that is what I meant.

Har. There is no longer any doubt; it is the one assuredly. Write down, Sir, write down his deposition. Heavens! whom is one to trust henceforth! One must no longer swear to anything; and I verily believe, after this, that I am the man to rob myself.

Jac. [*To Harpagon*] He is just coming back, Sir. Do not tell him, at least, that it is I who have revealed all this.

SCENE III.

HARPAGON, MAGISTRATE, VALÈRE, MASTER JACQUES.

Har. Come near, and confess to the blackest deed, the most horrible crime that was ever committed.

Val. What do you wish, Sir?

Har. How, wretch! you do not blush for your crime.

Val. Of what crime are you talking?

Har. Of what crime am I talking, infamous monster! as if you did not know what I mean! It is in vain that you attempt to disguise it; the thing has been discovered, and I have just learned all. How could you thus abuse my kindness, and introduce yourself into my house expressly to betray me, to play me a trick of that sort?

Val. Since everything has been revealed to you, Sir, I will not prevaricate, and deny the matter to you.[56]

Jac. [*Aside*] Oh! Oh! could I unconsciously have guessed aright!

Val. It was my intention to speak to you about it, and I wished to wait for a favourable opportunity; but, since matters are so, I implore you not to be angry, and to be willing to listen to my motives.

Har. And what pretty motives can you advance, infamous thief?

Val. Ah! Sir, I have not deserved these names. It is

[56] See in the Appendix, Note D, an extract from Plautus' *Aulularia*.

true that I have committed an offence against you; but, after all, my fault is pardonable.

Har. How! pardonable? A trap, a murder like that.

Val. For pity's sake, do not get angry. When you have heard me, you will see that the harm is not so great as you make it.

Har. The harm is not so great as I make it! What! my blood, my very heart,[57] hang-dog!

Val. Your blood, Sir, has not fallen into bad hands. I am of a rank not to do it any injury; and there is nothing in all this but what I can easily repair.

Har. That is what I intend, and that you should restore to me what you have robbed me of.

Val. Your honour shall be amply satisfied, Sir.

Har. There is no question of honour in it. But tell me, who has driven you to such a deed?

Val. Alas! need you ask me?

Har. Yes, indeed, I do ask you.

Val. A god who carries his excuse for all he makes people do. Love.

Har. Love?

Val. Yes.

Har. A pretty love, a pretty love, upon my word! the love for my gold pieces!

Val. No, Sir, it is not your wealth that has tempted me; it is not that which has dazzled me; and I protest that I have not the slightest design upon your property, provided you leave me that which I have got.

Har. No, by all the devils I shall not leave it to you. But see what insolence to wish to keep that of which he has robbed me!

Val. Do you call that a robbery?

Har. If I call it a robbery? a treasure like that!

[57] The original has *entrailles*, bowels.

Val. It is a treasure, that is true, and the most precious which you have got, no doubt; but it would not be losing it to leave it to me. I ask you for it on my knees, this treasure full of charms? and to do right, you should grant it to me.

Har. I shall do nothing of the kind. What does it all mean?

Val. We have pledged our faith to each other, and have sworn never to part.

Har. The oath is admirable, and the promise rather funny.

Val. Yes, we have bound ourselves to be all in all to each other for ever.

Har. I shall hinder you from it, I assure you.

Val. Nothing but death shall separate us.

Har. It is being devilishly enamoured of my money.

Val. I have told you already, Sir, that interest did not urge me to do what I have done. My heart did not act from the motives which you imagine; a nobler one inspired me with this resolution.

Har. You shall see that it is from Christian charity that he covets my property! But I shall look to that; and the law will give me satisfaction for all this, you bare-faced rogue.

Val. You shall act as you like, and I am ready to bear all the violence you please; but I implore you to believe, at least, that if harm has been done, I only am to be blamed, and that in all this, your daughter is nowise culpable.

Har. Indeed, I believe you! it would be very strange if my daughter had had a part in this crime. But I will have my property back again, and I will have you confess where you have carried it away to.

Val. I? I have not carried it away at all. It is still in your house.

Har. [*Aside*] O! my beloved cash-box! [*Aloud*] Then it has not gone out of my house?

Val. No, Sir.

Har. Just tell me that you have not made free with it?

Val. I make free with it! Ah! you wrong us both; and it is with a wholly pure and respectful ardour that I burn.

Har. [*Aside*] Burn for my cash-box!

Val. I would sooner die than show her any offensive thought: she is too prudent and honourable for that.

Har. [*Aside*] My cash-box too honourable!

Val. All my wishes are confined to enjoy the sight of her; and nothing criminal has profaned the passion with which her beautiful eyes have inspired me.

Har. [*Aside*] The beautiful eyes of my cash-box! He speaks of her as a lover speaks of his mistress.[58]

Val. Mistress Claude, Sir, knows the truth of this affair; and she can testify to it.

Har. What! my servant is an accomplice in the matter?

Val. Yes, Sir: she was a witness to our engagement; and it is after having known the honourable intent of my passion, that she has assisted me in persuading your daughter to plight her troth, and receive mine.

Har. [*Aside*] He? Does the fear of justice make him rave? [*To Valère*] What means all this gibberish about my daughter?

Val. I say, Sir, that I have had all the trouble in the world to bring her modesty to consent to what my love wished for.

Har. The modesty of whom?

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[58] This scene must necessarily lose much of its comic effect in translation, for the obvious reason that in French the difference between *cassette* and *fille*, "cash-box" and "daughter," is not so palpable to the ear, the feminine adjective and pronoun being used for both; while in English such is not the case, the one taking "it" as its pronoun, and the other "she."

Val. Of your daughter; and it is only yesterday that she could make up her mind to sign a mutual promise of marriage.

Har. My daughter has signed you a promise of marriage?

Val. Yes, Sir, as I have signed her one.

Har. O, Heaven! another disgrace![59]

Jac. [*To the Magistrate*] Write, Sir, write.

Har. More harm! additional despair![60] [*To the Magistrate*] Come Sir, do the duty of your office; and draw up for him his indictment as a felon and a suborner.

Jac. As a felon and a suborner.

Val. These are names that do not belong to me; and when people shall know who I am . . . .

SCENE IV.

HARPAGON, ELISE, MARIANE, VALÈRE, FROSINE, MASTER JACQUES, A MAGISTRATE.

Har. Ah! graceless child! daughter unworthy of a father like me! it is thus that you carry out the lessons which I have given you? You allow yourself to become smitten with an infamous thief; and you pledge him your troth without my consent! But you shall both find out your mistake. [*To Elise*] Four strong walls will answer for your conduct; [*to Valère*] and a good gibbet will give me satisfaction for your audacity.

Val. It will not be your passion that shall judge this matter; and I shall get at least a hearing before being condemned.

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[59] In the original *rengrègement de mal*. *Rengrègement* is the comparative of the old French word *greigneur*, great.

[60] In Plautus, *Aulularia* (Act. v., Scene 3), Euclio, on hearing the truth from Lyconides, exclaims also, "I'm undone utterly; so very many misfortunes unite themselves for my undoing."

Har. I have made a mistake in saying a gibbet; and you shall be broken alive on the wheel.

El. [*At Harpagon's knees*] Ah! father, show a little more humanity in your feelings, I beseech you, and do not push matters with the utmost violence of paternal power. Do not give way to the first movements of your passion, and give yourself time to consider what you do. Take the trouble to know better him whom you believe to have offended you. He is quite different from what he appears in your eyes; and you will find it less strange that I have given myself to him, when you know that, had it not been for him, you would long ago have had me no longer. Yes, father, it is he who saved me from the great peril I was in when I fell into the water, and to whom you owe the life of that very daughter, who . . .

Har. All that is nothing; and it would have been much better for me, had he allowed you to be drowned, than to do what he has done.

El. I implore you, father, by your paternal love, to . . .

Har. No, no; I will hear nothing, and justice must have its course.

Jac. You shall pay me my cudgel-blows.

Fro. [*Aside*] What strange confusion is this!

SCENE V.

ANSELME, HARPAGON, ELISE, MARIANE, FROSINE, VALÈRE, MAGISTRATE, MASTER JACQUES.

An. What is the matter, Mr Harpagon? I find you quite upset.

Har. Ah! Mr Anselme, I am the most unfortunate of men; and there is a great deal of trouble and disorder connected with the contract which you have come to sign! I am attacked in my property, I am attacked in my honour;

and behold a wretch, a scoundrel who has violated the most sacred rights; who has introduced himself into my house as a servant to rob me of my money, and to tamper with my daughter.

Val. Who is thinking of your money, of which you make such a cock-and-bull story?

Har. Yes, they have given each other a promise of marriage. This insult concerns you, Mr Anselme, and it is you who ought to take up the cudgels against him, and employ all the rigours of the law, to revenge yourself upon him for his insolence.

Ans. It is not my intention to make any one marry me by compulsion, and to lay claim to a heart which has already pledged itself; but, as far as your interests are concerned, I am ready to espouse them, as if they were my own.

Har. This gentleman here is an honest magistrate who will forget nothing, from what he has said to me, of the duties of his office. [*To the Magistrate*] Charge him, Sir, in the right fashion, and make matters very criminal.

Val. I do not see what crime can be made out against me of the affection which I entertain for your daughter, and to what punishment you think I can be condemned on account of our engagement when it shall be known who I am . . .

Har. I do not care about any of these stories; in our days the world is full of these assumed noblemen,[61] of these impostors, who take advantage of their obscurity, and with the greatest insolence adopt the first illustrious name which comes into their head.

Val. I would have you to know that I am too upright to deck myself with anything that does not belong to me; and that all Naples can bear testimony to my birth.

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[61] See page 29, note 20.

Ans. Gently! take care what you are going to say. You run a greater risk in this than you think; you are speaking before a man to whom all Naples is known, and who can easily see through your story.

Val. [*Proudly putting his hat on*] I am not the man to fear anything; and if you know Naples, you know who was Don Thomas d'Alburci.

Ans. No doubt, I know; and few people have known him better than I.

Har. I do not care for Don Thomas nor Don Martin.

[*Seeing two candles burning, blows one out.*[62]

Ans. Pray let him speak; we shall hear what he means to say about him.

Val. I mean to say that to him I owe my birth.

Ans. To him?

Val. Yes.

Ans. Come; you are jesting. Invent some other story which may succeed better, and do not attempt to save yourself by this imposture.

Val. Learn to speak differently. It is not an imposture, and I advance nothing but what can be easily proved by me.

Ans. What! you dare call yourself the son of Don Thomas d' Alburci?

Val. Yes, I dare; and I am prepared to maintain this truth against any one.

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[62] There is a traditionary stage play going on during this scene. Whilst this conversation is taking place, Harpagon puts out one of the candles which are on the table; Jacques lights it again; Harpagon blows it out anew, and holds it in his hand, but whilst he is listening, the servant rekindles it. The miser sees the lighted candle, while unfolding his arms; he extinguishes it anew, and puts it in his breeches' pocket, where Jacques relights it again, and where it is afresh discovered by Harpagon. Some commentators of Molière have blamed this by-play.

Ans. The audacity is marvellous! Learn to your confusion, that it is sixteen years at least since the man you speak of perished at sea with his wife and children, while endeavouring to save their lives from the cruel persecutions which accompanied the troubles at Naples, and which caused the exile of several noble families.[63]

Val. Yes; but learn, to your confusion, you, that his son, seven years of age, with a servant, was saved from the wreck by a Spanish vessel, and that this son, who was saved, is the person who speaks to you. Learn that the captain of that ship, pitying my misfortune, conceived a friendship for me; that he had me educated as his own son, and that I was trained to the profession of arms ever since I was old enough; that I have learned lately that my father is not dead, as I always believed; that passing through here to go in search of him, an accident, arranged by Heaven, brought me into contact with the charming Elise; that the sight of her made me a slave to her beauty, and that the violence of my passion and the harshness of her father made me resolve to introduce myself into his house, and to send some one else in quest of my parents.

Ans. But what other proofs than your words can guarantee to us that this is not a fable based upon truth?

Val. The Spanish captain; a ruby seal which belonged to my father; an agate bracelet which my mother had on her arm; old Pedro, the servant, who was saved with me from the wreck.

Mar. Alas! to your words I can answer, I, that you are not imposing, and all that you say shows me clearly that you are my brother.

Val. You, my sister!

---

[63] It is possible that Molière meant to speak here of Masaniello's rebellion at Naples, in the years 1647 and 1648, and which agrees, in the main, with the age of the different personages.

Mar. Yes. My heart was touched the moment you opened your lips; and our mother, who will be overjoyed at seeing you, has thousands of times related to me the misfortunes of our family. Heaven also permitted us not to perish in this dreadful shipwreck; but our lives were saved only at the cost of our liberty; and they were pirates that picked us up, my mother and me, on a plank of our vessel. After ten years of slavery, a happy accident regained for us our freedom; and we returned to Naples, where we found all our property sold, without being able to trace any news of our father. We then travelled to Genoa, whither my mother went to pick up some miserable remains of an inheritance of which she had been despoiled; and thence, flying from the barbarous injustice of her relatives, she came hither, where she has almost barely been able to drag on her life.

Ans. Oh Heaven! how great is the evidence of thy power! and how well showest thou that it belongs only to thee to perform miracles! Embrace me, my children, and share your joys with those of your father.

Val. You are our father?

Mar. It is you whom my mother has so much bewailed.

Ans. Yes, my daughter, yes, my son; I am Don Thomas d'Alburci, whom Heaven saved from the waves, with all the money which he carried with him, and who, believing you all dead during more than sixteen years, prepared, after long journeying, to seek, in the union with a gentle and discreet girl, the consolation of a new family. The little safety which I found for my life in Naples, has made me for ever abandon the idea of returning; and having found means to sell all that I possessed there, I became used to this place, where, under the name of Anselme, I wished to get rid of the sorrows of this other name, which caused me so many misfortunes.

Har. [*To Anselme*] Is this your son?

Ans. Yes.

Har. Then I hold you responsible for paying me ten thousand crowns of which he has robbed me.

Ans. He has robbed you!

Har. Himself.

Val. Who tells you this?

Har. Master Jacques.

Val. [*To Master Jacques*] Is it you who say this?

Jacq. You see that I say nothing.

Har. Yes. There is the Magistrate who has received his deposition.

Val. Can you believe me capable of so base an action?

Har. Capable or not capable, I want my money back again.

SCENE VI.

HARPAGON, ANSELME, ELISE, MARIANE, CLÉANTE, VALÈRE, FROSINE, A MAGISTRATE, MASTER JACQUES, LA FLÈCHE.

Clé. Do not worry yourself any longer, father, and accuse no one. I have discovered tidings of your affair; and I have come here to tell you, that if you will make up your mind to let me marry Mariane, your money shall be returned to you.

Har. Where is it?

Clé. Do not grieve about that. It is in a spot for which I answer; and everything depends upon me. It is for you to say what you resolve; and you can choose, either to give me Mariane, or to lose your cash-box.

Har. Has nothing been taken out?

Clé. Nothing at all. Now make up your mind whether you will subscribe to this marriage, and join your consent to that of her mother, who leaves her free to choose between us two.

Mar. [*To Cléante*] But you do not know that this consent is no longer sufficient; and that Heaven restores to me not only a brother [*pointing to Valère*] but also [*pointing to Anselme*] a father, from whom you must obtain me.

Ans. Heaven has not restored me to you, my children, to go contrary to your desires. Mr Harpagon, you are well aware that the choice of a young girl will fall upon the son rather than upon the father; come, do not oblige people to say what it is not necessary to hear; and consent, as well as I do, to this double match.

Har. To be well advised, I must see my cash-box.

Clé. You shall see it safe and sound.

Har. I have no money to give my children in marriage.

Ans. Well! I have some for them; do not let that trouble you.

Har. Will you undertake to defray all the expenses of these two weddings?

Ans. Yes, I undertake it. Are you satisfied?

Har. Yes, provided that you will order me a suit for the nuptials.

Ans. That is agreed. Let us go and rejoice in the happiness which this day brings us.

Mag. Hullo! gentlemen, hullo! Gently, if you please. Who is to pay for my writing?[64]

Har. We have nothing to do with your writings.

Mag. Yes! but I do not pretend to have written for nothing.

Har. [*Pointing to Master Jacques*] For your payment,

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[64] It appears that in Molière's time the places of *commissaire* were bought; hence these magistrates were very liable to be bribed. Compare what Sganarelle says to one of them in *The School for Husbands* (Vol. II., page 36, Act iii., Scene 5).

there is a man of whom I make you a present; and you may hang him.

Jac. Alas! how must one act? I get cudgel-blows for speaking the truth; and they wish to hang me for telling a lie!

Ans. Mr Harpagon, you must forgive him this imposture.

Har. Will you pay the magistrate, then?

Ans. Be it so. Come let us go quickly to share our joy with your mother.

Har. And I, to see my dear cash-box.

APPENDIX.

A, Page 22.

Shadwell, in his *Miser*, has thus imitated the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth Scenes of the first Act of Molière's play of the same name. Harpagon is called Goldingham; Cleante, Theodore; Mariane, Theodora; and Valère, Bellamour.

Gold. Well,
What 's the Matter with you? Have you been long there?

Theodore. No, Sir, but now come.

Gold. What, do ye stand list'ning?

Theodore. Not we, I assure ye.

Gold. Come, come, ye did; if they overheard me, I shall hang myself——

Theodora. Not we, I assure you, Sir.

Gold. I was saying to myself, how happy should I be if I had but six thousand Pound in the World.

Theodore. You need not wish that.

Gold. 'Tis false, 'tis false; oh would to Heav'n I had! Oh how happy should I be! I should never complain then the Times are hard, not I.

Theedora. This is all but Raillery, Sir.

Theodore. You have more than five times as much.

Gold. 'Sdeath! what says he? O thou Villain, thou Viper thou, have I bred thee up to destroy me? Are my Children become my greatest Enemies?

Theodore. Are those your Enemies, that say you are rich?

Gold. Oh! it is the vilest Injury you can do me; such Discourses as these will make my Throat be cut. Thieves will believe I am all made up with Gold; your extravagant Expenses too will make 'em think so.

Theodore. I know none I am guilty of, unless keeping myself clean be so.

Gold. Oh your Periwigs, your Ribbands, your Laces; you are as much a Spark as any of those that go fine . . . and pay no debts, about the Town; and if the Truth were known, you, and your Sister here must rob me to do it.

Theodore. He will have good luck that robs you. [*Aside*] You know

my Sister ventures some Money at Sea (that was left her by an Aunt), and (for me) I am sometimes lucky at Play, and I eat and drink, and keep myself handsomely dress'd with it.

Gold. Handsomely! foolishly: to what End are these multitudes of Ribbands, this Flaxen Mop of . . . Hair, and this *Flanders* Lace upon the Shirt; I warrant this Habit cost thirty Pound: now if you do win Money, put it to other uses (you foolish young Knave), 30*l.* comes to thirty-six Shillings a-Year, according to Statutable Use; but thou mightest make 20*l.* a-year on't if thou hadst any Brains, and (with such Use upon Use) what would 30*l.* come to in seven Years?

Theodora. But, Sir, my Brother and I came to talk with you of other Business.

Gold. Well, and I have something to say to you of other Business.

Theodora. 'Tis concerning Marriage, Sir.

Gold. And I intended to speak to you concerning Marriage.

Theodora. Ah, Father!

Gold. Ah, Father! what's that for? what? what? you would be at it already, would you? Soft and fair, young Gentlewoman.

Theodore. No, Sir, my Sister is afraid that your opinion of Marriage will not agree with ours.

Gold. Fear not, you shall have no cause of complaint, I shall do well for you both; and (first of all) have you *Theodore*, seen one *Isabella*, that lies near this Place?

Theodore. O! yes, Sir, several times, in her Balcony.

Gold. And you?

Theodora. I have heard of her, Sir.

Gold. Well, Son, and how do you find that Lady?

Theodore. She's admirably handsome. I have never seen her Equal.

Gold. Her Face, ha?

Theodore. Beyond whate'er a Lover fancied of his Mistress.

Gold. Her Shape, is it not well?

Theodore. Not only faultless, but excellent to a Miracle.

Gold. Her Mien, ha——

Theodore. Graceful, and admirable.

Gold. Her Air, and her Manner——

Theodore. The most charming in the World; her air so full of Modesty and Wit, her Carriage so alluring and genteel, I have never seen the like.

Gold. Oh ho, would not this Lady make a pleasant Bed-fellow?

Theodore. It were a Happiness beyond all Expression, such as 'twere not safe to think on't.

Gold. But there is one Point to be consider'd, her Portion.

Theodore. Oh, Sir, that (with so fine a Lady) is not considerable, not to be mentioned.

Theodora. Besides, Sir, I have heard she has a tolerable Fortune.

Theodore. Never think on that.

Gold. Well, I am glad we agree so well in our Opinions of this Lady; for (by these charming Qualities) she has so won upon me, that I am resolved forthwith to marry her.

Theodore. Oh Heav'n!

Gold. What say you? [*Hastily.*

Theodore. Are you resolv'd, say you?——

Gold. Yea, to marry *Isabella.*

Theodore. Who? You? you?

Gold. Yes, I, I, I; why, what do you make of me, young Coxcomb?

Theodore. 'Sdeath! This has struck me to the Heart.

[*Exit Theodore.*

Gold. Who cares! go get some *Aqua-vitæ*; I hope this young prodigal Ass will hang himself, at the News of a young Mother-in-Law. This, Daughter, is that which I resolve for myself: now for him, I have provided a grave Matron of about fifty, with a great deal of Money; and you I intend to marry to *Timothy Squeeze*, the rich Scrivener's Son, a very thrifty young Man.

Theodora. Heaven, what do I hear! [*Aside.*

Gold. He's a very pretty young Man, and knows how to make 60 *per cent.* of his Money.

Theodora. Sir, if you please, I will not marry.

Gold. Madam, if you please, you shall marry.

Theodora. Pray pardon me, Sir.

Gold. Pray pardon me, Madam.

Theodora. You may command me in anything but this.

Gold. I will command you in this, and to-Night too.

Theodora. To-Night! that shall not be.

Gold. That shall be.

Theodora. No, Sir.

Gold. Yes, Sir.

Theodora. I'll kill myself before I marry him.

Gold. You shall not kill your self, and you shall marry him; but did ever Father endure such Insolence from a Daughter.

Theodora. Was ever Daughter so severely used by a Father.

Gold. All the World will allow of my Choice.

Theodora. No man of Sense will.

Enter BELLAMOUR.

Gold. Here comes *Bellamour*, will you be judg'd by him?

Theodora. With all my Heart. This is lucky enough. [*Aside*

Gold. Look you, *Bellamour*, my Daughter disputes with me; which do you think has Reason, she or I?

Bell. Oh, Sir, you, without Question.

Gold. Do you know what we were talking of?

Bell. No, Sir, but you cannot be in the wrong.

Gold. Look you, you are to be Judge; I would marry her to *Timothy Squeeze*, the rich Scrivener's Son, this Night, and the Baggage despises him.

Bell. And am I to be Judge?

Gold. Ay, of this.

Bell. Oh, Heaven!

Gold. What say you?

Bell. I am of your opinion, Sir, in the main; but your Daughter is not wholly in the wrong.

Gold. Why, why? is *Mr Timothy's* Person, or Fortune, to be rejected? Where can she have a better?

Bell. That's true, Sir; but she may say, 'tis too rash to resolve to do it so suddenly, and that she ought to have some time to accommodate her Inclinations to him.

Gold. Time! come, I must take Occasion by the Forelock; his Father (that is very rich, but of mean Extraction) will (for the sake of good Alliance) let his Son marry her without a Portion.

Bell. Nay, then, I must say no more; that is a convincing Reason; she must submit to that.

Theodora. What means *Bellamour?* [*Aside*

Gold. I know not what it is to her, I am sure 'tis the most considerable Reason in the World to me.

Bell. Without doubt, Sir, no Man can contradict that; but your Daughter may answer you that Marriage is the most solemn Thing in the world, and that which must make her always either happy or miserable.

Gold. Without Portion, mark that——

Bell. You have Reason, Sir; that decides all. But, Sir, People will tell you that the Inclination of your Daughter ought to be a little regarded, and that forcing Affections has often ruin'd the best of Families.

Gold. What, without Portion?

Bell. Nay, there can be no Reply to that. 'Tis true, there are a great many Fathers that prize the Satisfaction of their Daughters, and would never sacrifice them to Interest, but would consult their Affections.

Gold. But again I say, without Portion.

Bell. 'Tis true, without Portion is an answer to every thing; and who can resist such Reason as yours?

Gold. [*To himself*] Oh, Heaven! I hear the Dog bark. I am so afraid of this Money, I must into the Garden. Stay here.

[*Exit Goldingham.*

Theodora. Bellamour, you are in the wrong to talk thus with him.

Bell. If I should oppose him, Madam, I should ruin our Design; and you will do better to feign a Consent to what he commands.

Theodora. But for this sudden Marriage to-Night.

Bell. We'll find Means to break it, and make him consent to it.

Theodora. What can you invent?

Bell. Feign some Sickness, and desire him to delay it for that.

Theodora. Physicians will find out that Deceit.

Bell. Madam, he would scarce be at the Charge of one to save his own Life, much less yours.

Theodora. But he has Kindred that will give him this Advice for nothing.

Bell. Madam, do you believe in Doctors? Do you think they know more than Nursekeepers? I warrant you, Madam, counterfeit what Distemper you please, they'll find Reasons enough to tell you from whence it comes.

Enter GOLDINGHAM.

Gold. Heaven be praised, all's well! there was nobody.

Bell. Besides, Madam, our last Recourse shall be to discover ourselves and our affections, and if you can be constant, as I doubt not —[*Goldingham is seen by them*]. Madam (as I was saying) a Daughter ought not to dispute her Father's Will, or once think whether she likes the Man or no whom he chooses for her; especially where that invincible Reason, of *without Portion*, offers itself. [*Theodora flings from him hastily and goes out.*

Gold. Well said, *Bellamour*.

Bell. Sir, I ask your pardon that I make so bold with your Daughter.

Gold. I am o'erjoyed at it; you have done exceeding well.

Bell. Sir, I will never fail to urge her with Arguments, and especially, that undeniable one, of *without Portion*.

Gold. 'Tis very well.

Bell. Oh, Sir, there's nothing (in this World) so precious as Money; not Honour, Birth, Education, Wit, Courage, Virtue, Wisdom, Religion, Loyalty——

Gold. Oh, there spoke an Oracle! Dear *Bellamour*, I could hug thee for this; thou shalt follow and advise her.

B, Page 52.

We give the third Scene of the third Act of Fielding's *Miser*, which he has imitated from the fifth Scene of the third Act of Molière's play of the same name. The miser is called Lovegold; Jacques is James; and Valère, Clermont.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, JAMES.

Ja. Did you send for me, sir?

Love. Where have you been? for I have wanted you above an hour.

43858

Ja. Whom, sir, did you want? your coachman or your cook? for I'm both one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook, sir.

Ja. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of geldings were starv'd. But your cook, sir, shall wait on you in an instant.

[*Puts off his coachman's great coat, and appears as a cook.*

Love. What's the meaning of this folly?

Ja. I am ready for your commands, sir?

Love. I am engag'd this evening to give a supper.

Ja. A supper, sir! I have not heard the word this half-year. I have indeed now and then heard of such a thing as a dinner; but for a supper, I have not dress'd one so long that I am afraid my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting, sirrah, and see that you provide me a good supper.

Ja. That may be done, sir, with a good deal of money.

Love. What, is the devil in you? Always money. Can you say nothing else but money, money, money! All my servants, my children, my relatives, can pronounce no other word than money.

Cler. I never heard so ridiculous an answer. Here's a miracle for you, indeed, to make a good supper with a good deal of money! Is there anything so easy? Is there anyone who can't do it? Would a man show himself to be a good cook, he must make a good supper out of a little money.

Ja. I wish you wou'd be so good, sir, as to shew us the art, and take my office of cook upon yourself.

Love. Peace, sirrah, and tell me what we can have.

Ja. There's a gentleman, sir, who can furnish you out a supper with a little money.

Love. Answer me yourself.

Ja. Why, sir, how many will there be at the table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dressed but for eight; for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

Ja. Suppose, sir, you have at one end of the table a good handsome oup; at the other a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side a fillet of veal roasted; and on the other a turkey, or rather a bustard, which, I believe, may be bought for a guinea, or thereabouts.

Love. What, is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord-mayor, and the court of aldermen?

Ja. Then, sir, for the second course, a leash of pheasants, a leash of fat poulards, half a dozen partridges, one dozen of quails, two dozen of ortolans, three dozen——

Love. [*Putting his hand before James' mouth*] Ah, villain! you are eating up all I am worth.

Ja. Then a ragout——

Love. [*Stopping his mouth again*] Hold your extravagant tongue, sirrah.

Cler. Have you a mind to burst them all? Has my master invited people to cram 'em to death? or do you think his friends have a mind to eat him up at one supper! Such servants as you, Mr James, should be often reminded of that excellent saying of a very wise man, "We must eat to live, and not live to eat."

Love. Excellently well said, indeed; it is the finest sentence I ever heard in my life. "We must live to eat, and not eat to——." No, that is not it; how did you say?

Love. Extremely fine; pray, write them out for me; for I'm resolved to have 'em done in letters of gold, or black and white rather, over my hall chimney.

Ja. You have no need to do any more, sir; people talk enough of you already.

Love. Pray, sir, what do people say of me?

Ja. Ah, sir, if I could be but assur'd that you would not be angry with me.

Love. Not at all; so far from it, you will very much oblige me; for I am always very glad to hear what the world says of me.

Ja. Well, sir, then since you will have it, I will tell you freely, that they make a jest of you everywhere; nay, of your very servants, upon your account. They make ten thousand stories of you; one says that you have always a quarrel ready with your servants at quarter-day, or when they leave you, in order to find an excuse to give them nothing. Another says that you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses, for which your coachman very handsomely belabour'd your back. In a word, sir, one can go nowhere, where you are not the byeword; you are the laughing-stock of all the world; and you are never mention'd but by the names of covetous, scraping, stingy——

Love. Impertinent, impudent rascal! Beat him for me, Clermont.

Cler. Are you not asham'd, Mr James, to give your master this language?

Ja. What's that to you, sir? I fancy this fellow's a coward; if he be, I will handle him.

Cler. It does not become a servant to use such language to his master.

Ja. Who taught you, sir, what becomes? If you trouble your head with my business, I shall thrash your jacket for you. If I once take a stick in hand, I shall teach you to hold your tongue for the future, I believe. If you offer to say another word to me, I'll break your head for you. [*Drives Clermont to the further end of the stage.*

Cler. How, rascal, break my head?

Ja. I did not say I'd break your head.

[*Clermont drives him back again.*

Cler. Do you know, sirrah, that I shall break yours for this impudence?

Ja. I hope not, sir; I give no offence, sir.

Cler. That I shall shew you the difference between us.

Ja. Ha, ha, ha, sir, I was but in jest.

Cler. Then I shall warn you to forbear these jests for the future.

[*Kicks him off the stage.*

Ja. Nay, sir, can't you take a jest? Why, I was but in jest all the while.

Love. How happy am I in such a clerk!

Cler. You may leave the ordering of the supper to me, sir, I will take care of that.

Love. Do so; see and provide something to cloy their stomachs: let there be two great dishes of soup-meagre, a good large suet-pudding, some dainty fat pork-pye or pasty, a fine small breast of mutton, not too fat; a salad, and a dish of artichokes; which will make plenty and variety enough.

Cler. I shall take a particular care, sir, to provide every thing to your satisfaction.

Love. But be sure there be plenty of soup, be sure of that. This is a most excellent young fellow; but now I will go and pay a visit to my money.

C, Page 79.

In Plautus' *Aulularia* (Act v., Scene 2), when Euclio discovers that he is robbed, he raves in the following manner:—

Euc. I'm ruined! I'm done for! I'm murdered! Whither shall I run? Whither not run? Stop him—stop him. Whom? who? I don't know. I see nothing! I'm going blindfolded; and, in fact, whither I am going, or where I am, or who I am, I can't in my mind find out for certain. [*To the audience*] I beseech you, give me your aid (I beg and entreat of you), and point me out the person that has taken it away. What's the matter? Why do you laugh! I'm acquainted with you all; I know that there are many thieves here, who conceal themselves with white clothes and chalk, and sit as though they were honest! [*To one of the spectators*] What say you? You I'm resolved to believe; for I perceive, even by your looks, that you are honest. Well, then, none of these has got it? You've been the death of me! Tell me, then, who has got it? You don't know? Oh, wretched, wretched me! I'm done for! wofully undone! In most sorry plight I go; so much groaning, and misfortune, and sorrow, has this day brought upon me, hunger and poverty, too. I'm the most utterly ruined of all men upon the earth! For what need of life have I, who have lost so much gold that I so carefully watched? I pinched myself, and my inclinations, and my very heart! Now others are rejoicing at this, my loss and my misfortune! I cannot endure it.

[*He runs about, crying and stamping.*

D, Page 84.

In Plautus' *Aulularia* (Act v., Scene 3), the same mistake takes place between Lyconides and Euclio as between Harpagon and Valère, but the young Greek has placed the daughter of Euclio, Phædra, in such a dilemma, that her hand can hardly be refused to him.

Lyc. . . . That deed which is afflicting your mind, I did it, and I confess it.

Euc. What is it I hear from you?

Lyc. That which is the truth.

Euc. What evil, young man, have I deserved, by reason of which you should do thus, and go to ruin both me and my children?

Lyc. A Divinity was my prompter; he prompted me to do it.

Euc. How?

Lyc. I confess that I have done wrong, and I know that I deserve censure; for that reason I'm come to beseech you, that, with feelings assuaged, you will pardon me.

Euc. Why did you dare do so, to touch that which was not your own?

Lyc. What do you wish to be done? The thing has been done; it can't be undone. I believe that the gods willed it, for if they hadn't willed it, I know it wouldn't have happened.

Euc. But I believe that the gods have willed that I should be the death of you in fetters.

Lyc. Don't say that!

Euc. What business, then, have you to touch what is my own against my will?

Lyc. Because I did it under the evil influence of wine and love.

Euc. Most audacious man, that you should dare to come here to me with that speech, you impudent fellow! For if this is lawful, so that you may be able to excuse it, let us openly, in broad day light, plunder their golden trinkets from ladies; after that, if we are caught, let us excuse ourselves that we did it when intoxicated, by reason of being in love. Too cheap are wine and love, if one in liquor and in love is allowed to do with impunity whatever he pleases.

Lyc. But I come to you of my own accord to supplicate you on account of my folly.

Euc. Persons don't please me who, when they've done wrong, excuse themselves. You knew that you had no right there; you oughtn't to have touched.

Lyc. Therefore, inasmuch as I did dare to touch, I make no objections to keep by all means.

Euc. You keep what is my own against my will?

Lyc. Against your will, I do not ask; but I think that that which

was yours ought to be mine. Moreover, Euclio, you 'll find, I say, that mine it ought to be.

Euc. Now really, on my word, I 'll drag you to the Prætor and take proceedings against you, unless you make restitution.

Lyc. Make restitution of what to you?

Euc. What you 've stolen of mine.

Lyc. I stolen of yours? Whence, or what is it?

Euc. So shall Jupiter love you. How ignorant you are about it!

Lyc. Unless, indeed, you tell me what you are inquiring for.

Euc. The pot of gold, I say, I 'm asking back of you, which you confessed to me that you had taken away.

Lyc. By my faith, I 've neither said so, nor have I done it.

Euc. Do you deny it?

Lyc. Yes, I do utterly deny it; for neither this gold nor yet this pot, what it means, do I know or understand.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC,

COMEDIE-BALLET.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC,

A COMEDY-BALLET IN THREE ACTS.

(THE ORIGINAL PARTLY IN PROSE, AND PARTLY IN VERSE.)

OCTOBER 6TH, 1669.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THE whole of the first part of the year 1669 was occupied with *Tartuffe*. Only in the month of October of the same year, *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, a new production of Molière, which was ordered for the king, and played on the 6th of that month at Chambord, saw the light. Molière and his troupe received 6000 livres for their acting of this play, which was represented at the theatre of the Palais-Royal, on the 15th of November of the same year, and was performed twenty times in succession. It was anew acted before the Court on the 6th of March of the following year. The idea of putting the hero of the comedy in the hands of a physician, to be cured in spite of himself, and making the first believe that he is going to be "treated as well as possible," whilst the latter thinks that he has to deal with a patient, is to be found in many of the early *fabliaux;* only the scene takes place between a priest, who imagines that he has to exorcise a man, whilst this one is a creditor who flatters himself that he is going to be paid. Later, a doctor or surgeon was put in the place of the priest. In the *Histoire générale des Larrons*, published at Lyons in 1639, a tale is told how a thief brought a draper's assistant to a certain surgeon. He had warned the latter beforehand that he should bring him a patient, and ran off with a piece of cloth which he had ordered in the name of the doctor, who, as well as his supposed patient, were endeavouring to explain the mistake under which each laboured. This trick had already been represented on the Théâtre du Marais, in 1661, by a certain Chevalier, in a farce in verse, *The Desolation of the Rogues about the Prohibition of Wearing Arms, or the Patients who are not ill.* In this farce, Guillot's master gives him a valuable ring, to borrow money upon. The servant entrusts the ring to a rascal, who gives it to one of his accomplices, dressed as a physician. The latter pretends to have been paid to cure Guillot, who refuses to place himself under his hands, and who is pursued by a great many apothecaries, armed with syringes.

Molière received the first hint of the scene in which Eraste persuades M. de Pourceaugnac that they are old friends, from a tale by Scarron, published in 1652, and called *Not to Believe what One Sees.* The scenes in which Pourceaugnac is pestered by Nérine, Lucette, and their children, and the flight of the Limousin gentleman, dressed as a woman, are said to be found in an Italian farce, *The Disgraces of Harlequin;* but the date when this farce was first played is not known with any certainty.

It has been stated that Molière, in order to revenge himself upon a gentleman of Limoges who had insulted him, brought his caricature upon the stage as M. de Pourceaugnac. But he must have met many such characters during his peregrinations, as a strolling player, in the provinces. M. de Pourceaugnac is, like M. de Sotenville, in *George Dandin*, a provincial gentleman; but the first is something of a lawyer, and is more easily gulled, though brimful of suspicion and antiquated prejudices. He is amusing by the very self-sufficiency which he displays in all his mishaps. His extravagant and farcical adventures divert the spectator, chiefly on account of the natural language of the different characters, and the racy humour and broad fun which pervade the whole comedy.

Molière attacks the doctors in this play; but he almost faithfully represents them and their language. The consultation of the two physicians is not exaggerated; they reason well, draw consequences, and explain the causes of the disease correctly; their remedies are not badly applied, but the misfortune is that Pourceaugnac is not mad, as they believe him to be. Hence all their arguments, cleverness, and pedantry only bring more to the light their egregious blunder.

Tradition asserts that Lulli once played the part of De Pourceaugnac. He was in disgrace with the king; and, as this disgrace had lasted for some time, he made an arrangement with Molière to assist him. When the curtain rose, it was announced that Molière had suddenly become indisposed; Lulli proposed to play the chief character, and his proposal was accepted by Louis XIV. Lulli played with much spirit and vivacity, but did not see the king unbend. When the scene with the apothecaries came on, Lulli ran, skipped, leapt, frisked about, but all in vain, the *Grand Monarque* did not even smile. At last the wily Italian hit upon an inspiration. Pursued by his persecutors, he took a tremendous leap, and jumped right in the middle of a spinnet which stood in the orchestra, and which was smashed in a thousand pieces. He ran the risk of breaking his legs, but he was satisfied; he had seen the king laugh and applaud; he had heard the Court imitate the monarch; and he knew, when he re-appeared on the stage through the prompter's box, that he was anew re-established in the king's favour.

In the sixth volume of the translation of "Select Comedies by M. de Molière, London 1732," this piece, under the title of *Squire Lubberly*, is dedicated to the Right Honourable the Lady Mary Wortley Montague in the following words:—

MADAM,

If this TRANSLATION can be so happy as to please Your LADYSHIP, it is almost certain of the World's Applause: For Your fine Taste and distinguishing Judgment are known so universally, that few or none (as fond as people are of cavilling) will dare find Fault with what is honoured by Your LADYSHIP's Approbation. But Your LADYSHIP'S high Character would only seem a Proof of my Presumption in this Address, were it not remarkable that, with the *Happiest*

Genius in the World, You have the *Best Good-Nature*, and can pardon the Faults of others with the same Facility that you write fine Things Your self.

It is no easy Task to preserve the Spirit and Humour of MOLIERE in a TRANSLATION that is almost Literal: This, however, has been my attempt, and if, in the general, I have succeeded, Your LADYSHIP, I assure myself, will excuse some few Mistakes.

I shall be no farther troublesome than to subscribe myself with the greatest respect that's possible,—MADAM, *Your Ladyship's most Obedient, and most humble Servant*,

THE TRANSLATOR.

Several English dramatists have imitated either the whole, or some of the scenes of Molière's play.

We first have to deal with Ravenscroft (See Introductory Notice to *The Love-Tiff*, Vol. I., page 108), who, in three of his plays, has made use of *M. de Pourceaugnac*. In his *Mamamouchi, or the Citizen turn'd Gentleman*, acted in 1671, a play chiefly taken from *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, Sir Simon Softhead is Pourceaugnac. In *The Careless Lovers*, a comedy acted at the Duke's Theatre, 1673, the scene in the fourth act, in which Mrs Breedwell and Clapham bring in their children and pretend that they are the wives of De Boastado, is taken from the seventh and eighth scenes of the last act of the French comedy. In his play, Ravenscroft, in the Epistle, attacks Dryden, and says that the reason that they are continually falling out, is "that two of a trade can never agree," whilst, in the Prologue, he sneers at *Almanzor* and *Love in a Nunnery*. In his *Canterbury Guests, or a Bargain Broken*, played at the Theatre Royal in 1694, Ravenscroft has reproduced the scene of the women and the children which he had introduced before in *The Careless Lovers*.

Crowne, in his *Country Wit* (See Introductory Notice to *The Sicilian*, Vol. IV., page 48), has sketched a character, Sir Mannerly Shallow, which has evidently been inspired by M. de Pourceaugnac, although not literally followed. The English baronet exclaims—

> "Well to Cumberland commend me for gentility,
> But to London for good breeding and civility;"

and is finally married to a porter's daughter. Ramble and Merry at times remind me of Eraste and Sbrigani, in Molière's comedy.

M. de Pourceaugnac, or Squire Trelooby, was said to be translated by Vanbrugh, Congreve, and Walsh, with a prologue by Dr Garth. It was first acted at the Theatre, Lincoln's Inn Fields, March 20th, 1704. It was also acted Jan. 3d, 1734, under the title of *The Cornish Squire*.

Charles Shadwell brought out at Dublin in 1720 a farce called *The Plotting Lovers; or the Dismal Squire*, which is a free translation and condensation of *M. de Pourceaugnac* into one act.

Miller's *Mother-in-Law; or, the Doctor the Disease*, a comedy in five acts, in prose, was performed in the Haymarket Theatre on the 12th of February 1734, and met with great success. The scene of it is laid in London, and the plot is compounded of two comedies of

Molière, *M. de Pourceaugnac* and *The Hypochondriac*. The author, who was then in orders, dedicated his play to the Countess of Hertford, and stated in his dedication that his "Comedy . . . has not in it one indecent expression, nor one immoral thought," and also "that Molière is properly the author of this play." He repeats these statements more emphatically in the Prologue, and harps on the same string in the Epilogue, where we also find a description of the dress of the ladies and gentlemen of those times. Mrs Heron as Primrose (Toinette) states of the great dames, that

> "In round-ear'd Coif, white Apron, and stuff gown,
> Your Lady Betties trip about the Town;
> Whilst nice Sir Fopling, and his Brother Beaux,
> Transported, step into their Footmen's Clothes;
> Proud of the Oaken Club, and tuck'd up Hair,
> They then, first, really are what they appear."

M. de Pourceaugnac is called in Miller's play "Looby Headpiece, nephew to Dr Mummy;" Beaumont, the lover, is a mixture of Cléante, from *The Hypochondriac*, and of Sbrigani, from *M. de Pourceaugnac*, which latter character is also partly filled up by Mrs Primrose (Toinette). The scene where M. de Pourceaugnac is in woman's clothes, and the one between the two doctors and the supposed lunatic are the same in both plays; but Dr Mummy, one of the consulting physicians, discovers that Looby is his nephew, who afterwards takes the character of Thomas Diafoirus, from *The Hypochondriac*. The greater part of *The Mother-in-Law* is taken from the latter comedy; Argan is Sir Credulous Hippish; Béralde becomes Heartwell; the elder Diafoirus, Dr Mummy; M. Fleurant, Mr Galleypot; M. Bonnefoi, Mr Cranny, whilst Bélize, the second wife of Argan in the French comedy, is, in the English one, called Lady Hippish; the daughter Angélique becomes Belina, and Louison, the younger sister, is changed into Agnes. We shall give the scenes belonging to *The Hypochondriac* in the Appendix of that comedy (See Vol. VI.).

Thomas Sheridan, the actor, wrote *Captain O'Blunder; or the Brave Irishman*, a farce in one act, performed at the Theatre, Goodman's Fields, on the 31st of January 1746, and which is nearly all borrowed from *M. de Pourceaugnac*, who for the nonce is turned into an Irishman. The consultation with the doctors is there; the Captain kills a Frenchman in a duel, and is obliged to fly, and Sbrigani is represented by Sconce. Eraste is called Cheatwell, and he marries Betty, the maid; whilst O'Blunder marries Lucy, the young lady. Nérine and Lucette are wanting in this farce.

Mrs Parsons wrote a comedy in two acts, *The Intrigues of a Morning*, played at the Theatre, Covent Garden, on the 18th of April 1792. It is merely a poor abbreviated version of *M. de Pourceaugnac*.

Nearly everything that has been borrowed from Molière will be found in the Appendix.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IN THE COMEDY.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC.[1]
ORONTE.
ERASTE, *Julia's lover.*
SBRIGANI, *a Neapolitan adventurer.*
FIRST DOCTOR.
SECOND DOCTOR.
AN APOTHECARY.
A PEASANT.
A FEMALE PEASANT.
FIRST SWISS.
SECOND SWISS.
A POLICE OFFICER.
TWO INFERIOR POLICE OFFICERS.
JULIA, *Oronte's daughter.*
NÉRINE, *an intriguing woman, supposed to be from Picardy.*
LUCETTE, *supposed from Gascony.*

IN THE BALLET.

A FEMALE MUSICIAN.
TWO MUSICIANS.
A TROOP OF DANCERS.
TWO DANCING MASTERS.
TWO DANCING PAGES.
FOUR SPECTATORS, *dancing.*
TWO DANCING SWISS.
TWO GROTESQUE DOCTORS.
COMIC DANCERS.
TWO SINGING ATTORNEYS.
TWO DANCING SOLICITORS.
TWO SERGEANTS, *dancing.*
A TROOP OF MASKED PEOPLE.
A MALE SINGING GIPSY.
A FEMALE SINGING GIPSY.
A PANTALOON, *singing.*
CHORUS OF SINGING MASKS.
DANCING BISCAYENS AND SAVAGES.

THE SCENE IS IN PARIS.

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[1] This part was created by Molière, who wore "breeches of red damask, ornamented with lace, a blue velvet jacket, ornamented with imitation gold; a belt with fringes, green garters, a grey hat with a green feather, a scarf of green taffeta, a pair of gloves, a skirt of green taffeta, adorned with lace, and a cloak of black taffeta." The name Pourceaugnac appears to be formed from *pourceau*, a pig, with the Gascon ending *ac*. A dramatist, Hauteroche, introduced in his *Nobles de Province* (1677) a character Cochonzac. The fun of calling the Limousin gentlemen "pigs" appears to be old, for when a certain Descars boasted that he had four thousand noblemen of that province who would oppose the Huguenots, Jeanne d' Albret, the mother of Henri IV., said: "they are called noblemen because they are dressed in *soie;*" the latter word meaning "silk" and "bristles." The Limousins were sometimes called *mâche-raves*, turnip eaters, and Rabelais also makes fun of a Limousin student.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC.

(*MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC.*)

ACT I. SCENE I.

ÉRASTE, A FEMALE MUSICIAN, TWO SINGING MUSICIANS, *several others performing on instruments,* TROOP OF DANCERS.

Eras. [*To the Musicians and Dancers*] Carry out the orders which I have given you for the serenade. As for myself, I shall retire, and I do not wish to be seen here.

SCENE II.

A FEMALE MUSICIAN, TWO SINGING MUSICIANS, *several others playing instruments,* A TROOP OF DANCERS.

(This serenade is composed of singing, dancing, and playing. The words sung refer to the position of Éraste in regard to Julia, and express the feelings of the two lovers, who are crossed in love by their parents.)

The Female Musician.

Now scatter, O charming night, on every eye,
The gentle violence of thy poppies ;
Leave none in these enchanting spots awake
But those hearts which Cupid's power sways.
Thy shades and thy silence,
More fair than brightest day,
Offer sweet moments in which to sigh with love.

First Musician.

How sweet a thing it is
To sigh with love,
When nothing our affection stays!
To amiable inclinations our hearts incline,
But there are tyrants to whom we owe life.
How sweet a thing it is
To sigh with love,
When nothing our affection stays!

Second Musician.

Whate'er to our affections they 'll oppose,
Against true love it naught avails:
We must but love each other well,
All obstacles to overcome.

The Three together.

Let us, therefore, love each other with eternal ardour:
The parents' harshness, cruel constraints,
Absence, labour, adverse fortune,
Do but increase a faithful friendship.
Let us, therefore, love each other with eternal ardour:
When two fond hearts love each other well,
All the rest is nothing.

First Entry of the Ballet.

(Dance of the two Dancing Masters.)

Second Entry of the Ballet.

(Dance of the two Pages.)

Third Entry of the Ballet.

(Four spectators, who quarrelled during the Page's dance, now dance likewise, fighting all the while, sword in hand.)

Fourth Entry of the Ballet.

(Two Swiss separate the four combatants, and after having reconciled them, dance with them.)

SCENE III.

JULIA, ÉRASTE, NÉRINE.

Jul. Good Heavens! Eraste, let us take care not to be caught. I tremble lest we should be seen together; and everything would be lost after I had been forbidden to do so.

Eras. I am looking out on all sides, and can see nothing.

Jul. [*To Nérine*] Do you watch also, Nérine; and take care that no one comes.

Nér. [*Going to the back of the stage*] Depend upon me, and tell fearlessly what you have to say to each other.

Jul. Have you bethought yourself of something favourable in our affair? and think you, Eraste, to be able to prevent this vexatious marriage upon which my father has set his mind?

Eras. Let us at least try our best; and we have already prepared a good many batteries to overturn this ridiculous design.

Nér. [*Rushing on to Julia*] As I live, there is your father.

Jul. Quick, let us separate!

Nér. No, no, no; do not stir; I was mistaken.

Jul. Good Heavens! Nérine, how silly of you to frighten us so!

Eras. Yes, charming Julia, we have in readiness a quantity of engines for this purpose; and now that you have given me permission, we shall not scruple to use them all. Do not ask us all the contrivances which we shall bring into play; you will be amused by them; and it is better to leave you the pleasure of surprise, as they do in comedies, and to warn you of nothing which we mean to show you. Let it be sufficient to tell you that we have various stratagems in hand to be produced at the fit moment, and that the ingenious Nérin and the skilful Sbrigani have undertaken the affair.

Nér. Assuredly. Is your father jesting to wish to bother you with his lawyer from Limoges, Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, whom he has never seen in his life, and who is coming by coach to take you away before our very face? Are three or four thousand crowns more, and for which he has only your uncle's word, to make him reject a lover whom you care for? and is a girl like you fit for a native of Limoges? If he wishes to get married why does he not take a lady born at Limoges for a wife, instead of troubling decent Christians? The name alone of Monsieur de Pourceaugnac has put me in a frightful passion. I am in a rage about Monsieur de Pourceaugnac. If it were nothing but his name, this Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, I would do everything to succeed[2] in breaking off this marriage, rather than that you should be Madam de Pourceaugnac. Pourceaugnac! is it bearable? No, Pourceaugnac is something which I cannot tolerate; and we shall play him so many tricks, we shall practise so many jokes upon jokes upon him, that we shall soon send Monsieur de Pourceaugnac back to Limoges again.

Eras. Here comes our artful Neapolitan, who will give us some news.

SCENE IV.

JULIA, ÉRASTE, SBRIGANI, NÉRINE.

Sbr. Your man is coming, Sir: I have seen him three leagues from here where the coach stopped, and where he came down for breakfast in the kitchen. I have studied him for full half an hour, and I know him already by heart.

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[2] The original has *j'y brûlerai mes livres*, "I shall burn my books," a saying borrowed from the old alchymists, who, after having tried everything, burn their books, because they are sure never to succeed; or burn them, because they have nothing more to heat the furnace with.

As for his figure, I will not speak of it: you will see for yourself how nature has designed him, and if his dress agrees with it. But as for his wit, I tell you, beforehand, that it is one of the dullest going, that we shall find in him just the very material for what we wish, and that he is the very man to fall into every trap which you may set for him.

Eras. Are you telling us the truth?

Sbr. Yes, if I know the world.

Nér. Madam, this is a first-rate personage.[3] Your affair could not be in better hands, and he is the hero of our age for the kind of exploits in question; a man who, twenty times in his life, has generously braved the galleys to serve his friends; who, at the risk of his arms and shoulders, knows to put an end nobly to the most difficult adventures, and who, such as you see him, has been exiled from his country for I do not know how many honourable actions, which he has generously undertaken.

Sbr. I am confused by the praises with which you honour me; and I could, with greater justice, give you some upon the marvels of your own life, and principally on the glory which you obtained when, with such great honesty, you cheated at play, to the tune of twelve thousand crowns, that foreign young nobleman who was brought to your house; when you gallantly made that false contract, which ruined a whole family; when, with so much grandeur of soul, you denied the deposit which had been entrusted to you; and when we saw you so generously give your evidence which caused two people to be hanged who had not deserved it.

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[3] In Plautus' *Asinaria; or, the Ass-dealer* (Act iii. Scene 2), Libanus and Leonida, the servants of Demenætus, an aged Athenian, also extol each other's exploits.

Nér. These are trifles not worth speaking of; and your praises make me blush.[4]

Sbr. I will spare your modesty; let us drop this; and, to make a beginning, let us go quickly and join our provincial, while you, on your side, shall hold the other actors of the comedy in readiness in case of need.

Eras. At least, Madam, remember your part; and, the better to hide our game, pretend, as you have been told, to be thoroughly satisfied with your father's plans.

Jul. If it depends but on this, matters will proceed swimmingly.

Eras. But, fair Julia, if all our contrivances should be unsuccessful.

Jul. Then I shall declare my true feelings to my father.

Eras. And if, against your feelings, he should hold obstinately to his plan?

Jul. I would threaten him to bury myself in a convent.

Eras. But if, notwithstanding all this, he would force you to this marriage?

Jul. What do you wish me to say to you?

Eras. What do I wish you to say to me?

Jul. Yes.

Eras. What one says when one loves truly.

Jul. But what?

Eras. That nothing will compel you; and that, notwithstanding all a father's efforts, you will promise me to be mine.

Jul. Good Heavens! Eraste, content yourself with what

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[4] Several of Molière's commentators blame Eraste and Julia for employing two such people as Nérine and Sbrigani; but it is just possible that these two worthies may have been joking, whilst complimenting each other on their exploits.

I am doing now; and do not tempt the resolutions of my heart upon what may happen in the future; do not make my duty more painful with proposals of annoying rashness, of which, perhaps, we may not be in need; and if we are to come to it, let me, at least, be driven to it by the turn of affairs.

Eras. Well. . . .

Sbr. By my troth! there is our man; let us be on our guard.

Nér. Ah! how he is built!

SCENE V.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC,[5] SBRIGANI.

Pour. [*Remaining on the side from which he enters, speaking to the people, who are following him*] Well! what? What is it? What is the matter? The devil take the silly town and the silly people in it! Not to be able to move a step without meeting with a lot of boobies who stare at you and laugh in your face! Eh! gentlemen gapers, attend to your own concerns, and allow people to pass on without grinning in their faces. May the devil take me, if I do not pummel the first whom I shall catch laughing.

Sbr. [*Speaking to the same people*] What is the matter, gentlemen? what does this mean? with whom are you quarrelling? Are folks thus to make a jest of honest strangers who arrive here?

Pour. This is a sensible man, at least.

Sbr. What behaviour is yours! and what is there to laugh at?

Pour. Very good.

Sbr. Is there anything ridiculous about this gentleman?

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[5] See Appendix, Note A.

Pour. Yes?

Sbr. Is he in any way different from other people?

Pour. Am I misshapen or humpbacked?

Sbr. You should know how to treat people.

Pour. That is well said.

Sbr. This gentleman's air commands respect.

Pour. That is true.

Sbr. A person of quality.

Pour. Yes. A gentleman from Limoges.

Sbr. A person of education.

Pour. Who has studied law.[6]

Sbr. He does you too much honour by coming to your town.

Pour. Undoubtedly.

Sbr. This gentleman is not a person to provoke laughter.

Pour. Assuredly.

Sbr. And whoever shall laugh will have to deal with me.

Pour. [*To Sbrigani*] Sir, I am infinitely obliged to you.

Sbr. I am sorry, Sir, to see a personage like you received in such a manner; and I ask your pardon for the town.

Pour. I am your servant.

Sbr. I saw you this morning, Sir, with the coach, when you were breakfasting, and the grace with which you ate your bread, immediately made me conceive a friendship for you; and, as I know that you have never been in these parts, and that you are altogether new to them, I am very glad to have met with you, to offer you my services on this arrival, and to assist you in your behaviour amongst this people, who have not always the proper consideration for gentlemen.

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[6] Of course, M. de Pourceaugnac is not satisfied with being a person of education, but says that he "has studied law." Afterwards, in the twelfth Scene of the second Act, he denies this.

Pour. You are doing me too much kindness.

Sbr. I have already said to you, from the moment I saw you, I felt an inclination towards you.

Pour. I am obliged to you.

Sbr. Your physiognomy pleased me.

Pour. It is too much honour for me.

Sbr. I perceived something honest in it.

Pour. I am your servant.

Sbr. Something amiable.

Pour. Ah ! ah !

Sbr. Something graceful.

Pour. Ah ! ah !

Sbr. Something gentle.

Pour. Ah ! ah !

Sbr. Something majestic.

Pour. Ah ! ah !

Sbr. Something frank.

Pour. Ah ! ah !

Sbr. And something cordial.

Pour. Ah ! ah !

Sbr. I assure you that I am entirely yours.

Pour. I am under great obligations to you.

Sbr. I speak from the bottom of my heart.

Pour. I believe you.

Sbr. If I had the honour of being known to you, you would be aware that I am a man thoroughly sincere.

Pour. I do not doubt it.

Sbr. An enemy to all roguery.

Pour. I am convinced of it.

Sbr. And incapable of disguising my sentiments.

Pour. That is what I think.

Sbr. You are looking at my dress, which is unlike other people's; but I hail from Naples, at your service, and I wished

somewhat to preserve the fashion of dressing and the sincerity of my country.[7]

Pour. That is quite right. As for me, I wished to be dressed like a courtier when he is going into the country.

Sbr. Upon my word, it suits you better than any of our courtiers.

Pour. That is what my tailor told me. The dress is suitable and rich, and it will attract some notice here.

Sbr. Undoubtedly. Shall you not go to the Louvre?

Pour. I must go to pay my court.

Sbr. The king will be delighted to see you.

Pour. I think so.

Sbr. Have you fixed upon a lodging.

Pour. No; I was just going to look for one.

Sbr. I shall be delighted to go with you for that purpose; I know all these parts well.

SCENE VI.

ÉRASTE, MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, SBRIGANI.

Eras. Ah! what is this? What do I see? What fortunate meeting! Monsieur de Pourceaugnac! How delighted I am to see you! How now! it seems that you have a difficulty in recognising me!

Pour. Sir, I am your servant.

Eras. Is it possible that five or six years have obliterated me from your memory, and that you do not recognise the best friend of all the Pourceaugnac family.

Pour. Pray, pardon me [*Softly, to Sbrigani*]. Upon my word, I do not know who he is.

Eras. There is not a Pourceaugnac at Limoges whom I

[7] The dress of Sbrigani is the traditional one of Mascarille and Crispin, striped red and white. The Neapolitans had the reputation of being neither very sincere nor honest.

do not know, from the greatest to the least; I visited only them at the time I was there, and I had the honour of seeing you nearly every day.

Pour. It is I who had the honour, Sir.

Eras. You do not recollect my face?

Pour. Yes, indeed. [*To Sbrigani*] I do not know him.

Eras. You do not remember that I had the pleasure of taking wine with you, I do not know how many times!

Pour. Excuse me. [*To Sbrigani*] I do not know who this is.

Eras. What do you call that innkeeper at Limoges who gives such good cheer?

Pour. Petit-Jean?

Eras. That is he. We generally went together to him to feast. What do you call that place at Limoges where people promenade?

Pour. The cemetery of the Arènes?

Eras. Exactly. That is where I passed such sweet hours in enjoying your pleasant conversation. You do not recollect all that?

Pour. Excuse me; I am beginning to remember. [*To Sbrigani*] May the devil take me if I recollect!

Sbr. [*Softly, to Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*] There are a hundred things like that which pass out of one's head.

Eras. But pray embrace me, I beg, and let us renew the bonds of our old friendship.

Sbr. [*To Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*] That is a man who loves you well.

Eras. Just tell me some news about all the family. How is this gentleman your . . . . . there . . . . the one that is such a nice fellow?

Pour. My brother the consul?[8]

[8] *Consul* was the name given to municipal officers in the southern provinces of France.

Eras. Yes.

Pour. He could not be better.

Eras. Certainly I am delighted to hear it. And the one who is always so good-tempered? There, the gentleman, your . . . .

Pour. My cousin, the assessor?

Eras. Precisely.

Pour. Ever gay and sprightly.

Eras. Upon my word this gives me great pleasure. And your uncle, the . . . .

Pour. I have no uncle.

Eras. You had one, though, at that time.

Pour. No, nothing but an aunt.

Eras. That is what I meant, the lady your aunt. How is she?

Pour. She has been dead these six months.

Eras. Alas! poor woman! she was such a good creature.

Pour. Then there is my nephew, the canon, who nearly died of small-pox.

Eras. What a pity that would have been!

Pour. Did you know him also?

Eras. Indeed; did I know him? A tall fine-made fellow.

Pour. Not of the tallest!

Eras. No, but well built.

Pour. Eh! yes.

Eras. Who is your nephew?

Pour. Yes.

Eras. Son of your brother and sister?

Pour. Exactly so.

Eras. Canon of the church of . . . . . what do you call it?

Pour. St Stephen.

Eras. That is he. I do not know any other.

Pour. [*To Sbrigani*] He mentions the whole family.

Sbr. He knows you better than you are aware of.

Pour. From what I perceive, you stopped a long while in our town.

Eras. Two whole years.

Pour. Then you were there when the governor stood sponsor to my cousin, the deputy-assessor's [9] child ?

Eras. Indeed I was one of the first invited.

Pour. That was an elegant affair.

Eras. Yes, very elegant !

Pour. A well-served collation.

Eras. There is no doubt of that.

Pour. Then you must have witnessed the quarrel which I had with that gentleman from Périgord.

Eras. Yes.

Pour. Zounds ! he found his match.

Eras. Ha ! ha !

Pour. He gave me a slap, but I told him what I thought of him.

Eras. To be sure. However, I insist upon you taking no other quarters than with me.

Pour. Really I could not think . . . .

Eras. Are you joking ? I shall not allow my best friend to stop anywhere but with me.

Pour. It would be . . . .

Eras. No, may the devil fly away with me ! You shall stay with me.

Sbr. [*To Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*] Since he is obstinately bent upon it, I advise you to accept his offer.

Eras. Where is your luggage ?

Pour. I left it with my servant where the coach stopped.

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[9] The original has *l' élu.* See *Tartuffe*, Vol. IV., page 157, note 50.

Eras. Let us send some one to fetch them.

Pour. No, I have forbidden him to stir, unless I came myself, for fear of some roguery.

Sbr. That was a prudent precaution.

Pour. One must be somewhat careful in these parts.

Eras. We see that clever people are up to everything.

Sbr. I will accompany this gentleman, and conduct him back again to where you wish.

Eras. Do so. I shall be glad to give some orders, and you have but to come back to this house.

Sbr. We shall be with you shortly.

Eras. [*To Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*] I shall expect you impatiently.

Pour. [*To Sbrigani*] This is an acquaintance which I did not dream of.

Sbr. He has the air of a gentleman.

Eras. [*Alone*] Upon my word, Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, we will attack you on all sides. Things are prepared; I have but to give the signal. Hullo!

SCENE VII.

ERASTE, AN APOTHECARY.

Eras. I believe, Sir, you are the doctor who has been spoken to in my name.

Apoth. No, Sir; I am not the doctor; that honour does not belong to me; I am but an apothecary, an unworthy apothecary, at your service.

Eras. And the doctor, is he within?

Apoth. Yes. He is just occupied in dispatching some patients; and I will go and tell him that you are here.

Eras. No, do not stir. I will wait until he has done.

It is to place under his care a certain relation of ours, of whom we spoke, and who has been attacked by a fit of madness, which we should be very glad to have cured before he is married.

Apoth. I know what it is, I know all about it; and I was with him when they came to speak to him about this matter. Indeed, you could not have addressed yourself to an abler doctor. He is a man who knows medicine thoroughly, as I know my alphabet,[10] and who would not abate one iota of the rules of the ancients, even if people die through it. Yes, he always follows the high-road, the high road, and does not try to find out mares' nests; and, for all the gold of the world, he would not cure any one with other remedies than those which the faculty prescribes.

Eras. He does right. A patient ought not to wish to be cured unless the faculty permits it.

Apoth. It is not because we are fast friends that I speak thus; but it is really a treat to be his patient. I had rather die by his remedies than be cured by those of some one else.[11] For, whatever may happen, one is certain that things are done in regular order; and when one dies under his treatment, your heirs have nothing to reproach you with.

Eras. That is a great consolation to a defunct.

Apoth. Assuredly. One is at least glad to have died methodically. For the rest, he is not one of those doctors who haggle with diseases; he is an expeditious man, expeditious, who loves to dispatch his patients; and when one has to die, it is accomplished with the greatest possible quickness.

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[10] The original has *ma Croix-de-par-Dieu.*

[11] Molière has already employed this joke in *Love is the best doctor,* Act ii., Scene 5 (see Vol. III., page 216).

Eras. In fact, there is nothing like having done with a thing promptly.

Apoth. That is true. What is the good of haggling so much, and so much beating about the bush? One ought to know quickly the short or the long of an illness.

Eras. You are right.

Apoth. Already there are three of my children whose complaints he has done me the honour to treat, who have died in less than four days, and who in some one else's hands would have languished for three months or more.

Eras. It is pleasant to have such friends.

Apoth. No doubt it is. I have only two children left, of whom he takes care as if they were his own; he treats and controls them at his own fancy, without my interfering in anything; and generally, when I come back from town, I am quite surprised to find them bled or purged by his orders.

Eras. Most tender cares, these!

Apoth. Here he is, here he is, here he comes.

SCENE VIII.

ÉRASTE, FIRST DOCTOR, AN APOTHECARY, A PEASANT, A FEMALE PEASANT.

Peas. [*To the Doctor*] He can bear it no longer, Sir; and he says that he feels the most awful pains in his head.

1*st Doc.* The patient is a fool: seeing that, in the complaint with which he is attacked he ought not, according to Galen, to suffer from the head at all, but from the spleen.

Peas. Be that as it may, Sir, he has nevertheless had looseness of the bowels for the last six months.

1*st Doc.* Good! that is a sign that it is getting clear inside. I will come and see him in two or three days; but,

should he die before that time, do not fail to let me know; for it is not etiquette for a doctor to visit the dead.

F. Peas. [*To the Doctor*] My father, Sir, is getting worse and worse.

1*st Doc.* That is not my fault. I am prescribing him remedies: why does he not get better? How many times has he been bled?

F. Peas. Fifteen times, Sir, in twenty days.

1*st Doc.* Fifteen times bled?

F. Peas. Yes.

1*st Doc.* And he does not get better?

F. Peas. No, Sir.

1*st Doc.* That shows that the disease is not in the blood. We shall purge him as many times, to find out whether it is not in the humours; and, if that does not succeed, we shall send him to take the waters.

Apoth. That is the end; that must be the end of all physic.[12]

SCENE IX.

ÉRASTE, FIRST DOCTOR, APOTHECARY.[13]

Eras. [*To Doctor*] It is I, Sir, who sent to speak to you, a few days ago, about a relative who is somewhat troubled in his mind, whom I wish to place under your care, so that he may be cured with greater facility, and may be least noticed.

1*st Doc.* Yes, Sir; I have already prepared everything, and promise you to take the utmost care of him.

Eras. He is just coming now.

1*st Doc.* That happens very fortunately, and I have here one of my old friends with me, with whom I shall be glad to consult upon his illness.

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[12] When *M. de Pourceaugnac* is acted at the *Comédie Francaise*, this scene is omitted.

[13] See Appendix, Note B.

* *SCENE X.*

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, ÉRASTE, FIRST DOCTOR, AN APOTHECARY.

Eras. [*To Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*] Some little unforeseen business obliges me to go away just now [*Pointing to the Doctor*]; but I leave you in the hands of this gentleman, who will take care, for my sake, to treat you as well as possible.

1*st Doc.* The duty of my profession enjoins me to do so; and it is quite sufficient that you charge me with this care.

Pour. [*Aside*] It is his steward; and he must be a man of position.

1*st Doc.* [*To Eraste*] Yes, I assure you that I shall treat this gentleman methodically, and according to every rule of our art.

Pour. Good Heaven! there is no need of so many ceremonies; and I have not come here to cause any inconvenience.

1*st Doc.* Such an occupation gives me only joy.

Eras. [*To the Doctor*] Here are six pistoles in advance, besides what I have promised you.

Pour. No, if you please, I shall not allow you to go to any expense, and you must not send out for anything on my account.

Eras. Pray do not trouble yourself; it is not for what you imagine.

Pour. I beg of you to treat me only as a friend.

Eras. That is what I intend to do. [*Softly to the Doctor*] I recommend you above all not to let him slip out of your hands; for he sometimes attempts to escape.

1*st Doc.* Be not uneasy.

Eras. [*To Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*] I pray you to excuse my incivility.

Pour. Do not mention it; and you are doing me too much honour.

SCENE XI.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, FIRST DOCTOR, SECOND DOCTOR, AN APOTHECARY.[14]

1*st Doc.* It is a great honour to me, Sir, to have been selected to attend to you.

Pour. I am your servant.

1*st Doc.* This is a colleague of mine, an able man, with whom I am going to consult about the manner in which we shall treat you.

Pour. There is no need of so many ceremonies, I tell you; and I am a man to be satisfied with ordinary things.

1*st Doct.* Come, place chairs.

[*Two servants enter and place chairs.*

Pour. [*Aside*] These are very lugubrious servants for a young man to keep.

1*st Doc.* Come, Sir; take a seat, Sir.

[*The two Doctors make Monsieur de Pourceaugnac sit down between them.*

Pour. [*Taking a seat*] Your very humble servant [*The two Doctors each take one of his hands to feel his pulse*]. What does this mean?

1*st Doc.* Do you eat well, Sir?[15]

Pour. Yes; and drink better still.

1*st Doc.* So much the worse. This great craving for cold and wet is an indication of the heat and dryness in the inside. Do you sleep soundly?

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[14] See Appendix, Note C.

[15] In Plautus' *Menæchmi; or the twin-brothers*, Menæchmus Sosicles is mistaken for his twin-brother, Menæchmus of Epidamnus, and behaves so oddly, that the latter's father-in-law and wife consider him mad, and wish him to be treated by a doctor. The real Menæchmus makes his appearance (Act v., Scene 3) and the scene between him and the physician, who thinks he is insane, is like the one between M. de Pourceaugnac and the two doctors.

Pour. Yes, when I have supped well.

1*st Doc.* Have you any dreams ?

Pour. Sometimes.

1*st Doc.* Of what nature are they ?

Pour. Of the nature of dreams. What sort of a conversation is this ?

1*st Doc.* Your dejections, how are they ?

Pour. Upon my word, I understand nought of these questions ; and I prefer something to drink.

1*st Doc.* A little patience. We are going to argue about your case before you ; and we shall do so in French, to be the more intelligible.

Pour. What great arguing is needed to eat a morsel ?

1*st Doc.* Since one cannot cure a disease, unless one knows it perfectly, and since one cannot know it perfectly without establishing a particular theory, and its real kind, by its diagnostic and prognostic signs ; you will allow me, my elder colleague, to enter upon the consideration of the disease in question, before referring to the therapeutics, and the remedies which we shall determine upon for the perfect cure of said disease. I say, then, Sir, with your leave, that our patient here present is unfortunately attacked, affected, possessed, and troubled by that kind of madness which we very aptly denominate hypochondriacal melancholy ; a kind of madness very troublesome, and which requires nothing less than an Esculapius like yourself, consummate in our art ;[16] you, I say, who have grown old in harness, as they say, and through whose hands so many of all sorts have passed. I call it hypochondriacal melancholy to distinguish it from the two others ; for the celebrated Galen has, as he always does, learnedly established three kinds of this disease, which we call

[16] When M. de Pourceaugnac is acted, the passage from "you, I say," until "proved to suffer from," is omitted.

melancholy, so named not only by the Latins, but also by the Greeks; which is to be well observed in our case: the first, which emanates from the really bad state of the brain; the second, which proceeds entirely from the blood, made and become atrabilious; the third, called hypochondriacal, which is ours, and which is caused by some defect of some part of the lower-abdomen, and of the lower region, but particularly from the spleen, the heat and inflammation of which drives to the brain of our patient a great deal of fuliginous, thick, and gross matter, the black and malignant vapour of which causes depravation of the functions of the principal faculty, and produces the complaints, by which, according to our argument, he is manifestly attacked, and proved to suffer from. That it be so: and as an incontestable diagnosis of what I tell you, you have only to consider the great seriousness which you perceive, this gloominess, accompanied by fear and mistrust, pathognomonic and individual signs of this complaint, so well described by the divine old man, Hippocrates; this physiognomy, these red and haggard eyes, this great beard, this state of the body, thin, emaciated, black, and hairy; which signs show him to be very much affected by this disease, proceeding from the illness of hypochondriasis; which disease, by lapse of time, having become naturalised, chronic, habitual, and ingrained in him, might well degenerate either into mania, or into consumption, or into apoplexy, or even into determined phrensy and raving. All this taken for granted, since a disease well defined is half cured, for *ignoti nulla est curatio morbi*,[17] it will not be difficult to determine the remedies which we must give to this gentleman. Firstly, to cure this obdurate plethora, and this luxuriant cacochymy throughout the body, I am of opinion that he should be liberally phlebotomised; that is

[17] There is no cure for a disease which is not known.

to say, that he should be bled frequently and copiously, in the first place, at the basilic vein, then at the cephalic vein,[18] and even, if the disease be obstinate, that the vein in the forehead should be opened, and that the opening should be large, that the thick blood may come out; and at the same time that he should be purged, deobstructed, and evacuated by proper and suitable purgatives; that means by chologogues, melanogogues,[19] et cetera; and as the real source of all the evil is either a gross or a feculent humour, or else a black and thick vapour, which obscures, infects, and contaminates the animal spirits, it is proper that he should afterwards take a bath of soft and clean water, with plenty of whey, to purify, by the water, the feculence of the gross humours, and to clear, by the milk, the blackness of this vapour: but, before all things, I think it right to amuse him by agreeable conversations, songs and musical instruments, to which we might add some dancers, without any objection, so that by their movements, nimbleness, and agility they may excite and awaken the stagnation of his benumbed spirits, which occasions the thickness of his blood, by which this disease is caused. These are the remedies of which I have been thinking, to which many other and better ones might be added by this gentleman our master and senior, according to the experience, judgment, knowledge, and sufficiency which he has acquired in our art. *Dixi.*

2*d Doc.* Heaven forbid, Sir, that I should entertain the thought of adding aught to what you have just said! You have discoursed so well on all the signs, symptoms, and causes of this gentleman's complaint; the argument which you have produced is so learned and beautiful that it is

[18] The basilic vein was the middle vein of the right arm; the cephalic vein, a vein running along the arm, so named because the ancients used to open it for disorders of the head.

[19] A chologogue is a cathartic to carry off the bile; a melanogogue a remedy to drive out black malignant matter.

impossible for him not to be mad and hypochondriacally melancholic; and should he not be, he must become so for the sake of the beautiful things which you have said, and for the justness of the reasoning which you have produced. Yes, Sir, you have very graphically depicted, *graphice depinxisti*, everything that pertains to this disease. Nothing could be more learnedly, wisely, ingeniously conceived, thought-out, imagined, than that which you have pronounced on this complaint, whether regarded as diagnosis, prognosis, or therapeutics; and nothing remains for me to do here but to congratulate this gentleman upon having fallen into your hands, and to tell him that he ought to be only too happy to be mad, to prove the efficacy and gentleness of the remedies which you have so judiciously proposed. I approve of them all, *manibus et pedibus descendo in tuam sententiam.*[20] All that I would wish to add is to make the blood-lettings and purgatives in odd numbers, *numero deus impare gaudet;*[21] to take the whey before the bath; to apply a bandage with salt to his forehead (salt is the symbol of wisdom); to have the walls of his room whitewashed, in order to dissipate the gloom of his spirits, *album est disgregativum visus*;[22] and to give him by-and-by a small clyster, to serve as a prelude and introduction to those judicious remedies, from which, if he is to be cured at all, he ought to receive relief. May Heaven grant that these remedies, which are yours, Sir, may prove successful, according to our intention!

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[20] "I am hand and feet of your opinion," because in the Roman Senate those who were of the same opinion as the proposer of a certain law, went on his side, and even sometimes applauded; somewhat like a division in the House of Commons, when the members go into the lobbies.

[21] This is a phrase from the eighth eclogue of Virgil, "An odd number pleases the god."

[22] White wearies the sight.

Pour. Gentlemen, I have been listening to you for this hour. Are we playing a comedy here?

1*st Doc.* No, Sir, we are not playing at all.

Pour. What is all this? and what do you mean by all this gibberish and foolery?

1*st Doc.* Good! he insults us! that is a diagnosis which was wanting for the confirmation of his disease; and this might be turning to mania.

Pour. [*Aside*] With whom have I been placed here? [*He expectorates two or three times*].

1*st Doc.* Another diagnosis; frequent expectoration.

Pour. Let us drop this, and get away from here.

1*st Doc.* Another still; the anxiety to be moving.

Pour. But what is all this affair, and what do you want with me?

1*st Doc.* To cure you, according to the order which has been given us.

Pour. To cure me?

1*st Doc.* Yes.

Pour. Zounds! I am not ill.

1*st Doc.* A bad sign, when a patient does not feel his complaint.

Pour. I tell you that I am very well.

1*st Doc.* We know better than you how you are; and we are physicians who see clearly into your constitution.

Pour. If you are physicians, I have no business with you; and I do not care a straw for physic.

1*st Doc.* Hum! hum! This man is more mad than we thought.

Pour. My father and mother would never take medicine, and they both died without doctors' assistance.

1 *Doct.* I am no longer surprised that they have produced a son who is bereft of his senses. [*To the second Doctor*] Let us proceed to the cure; and by the exhilarat-

ing gentleness of harmony, soften, mitigate, and calm the acerbity of his spirits, which I see on the point of becoming inflamed.[23]

SCENE XII.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC.

What the devil is this? Have the people of these parts taken leave of their wits? I have never seen anything like it, and I understand nothing about it.

SCENE XIII.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, TWO GROTESQUE DOCTORS, *They first all sit down, the Doctors rise several times to M. de Pourceaugnac, who rises as often to return the compliment.*

The two Docts. Good day, good day, good day,[24]
Do not allow yourself to be killed
By melancholic grief.
We will make you laugh
With our harmonious songs.
It is only to cure you
That we have come hither.
Good day, good day, good day.

1*st Doc.* Madness is nothing else
But melancholy.
The patient need not despair,
If he will but take a little recreation.
Madness is nothing else
But melancholy.

[23] The consultation of the two doctors is only a very slight caricature of the nonsense spoken by physicians in Molière's time.

[24] The original is sung in Italian.

2d Doct. Come, take courage ; sing, dance, laugh ;
And, if you would do better still,
When you feel your fit of madness come on,
Take a glass of wine,
And sometimes a pinch of snuff,
Monsieur de Pourceaugnac.
Come, keep gay,

SCENE XIV.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, TWO GROTESQUE DOCTORS, MUMMERS.[25]

Entry of the Ballet.

Dance of the Mummers round Monsieur de Porceaugnac.

SCENE XV.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, AN APOTHECARY (*carrying a syringe*).

Apoth. This is a little remedy, a little remedy, which we must apply, if you please, if you please.[26]

Pour. How now ? I do not want it !

Apoth. It has been prescribed, Sir, it has been prescribed.

Pour. Ah ! what a noise !

Apoth. Take it, Sir, take it ; it will do you no harm, it will do you no harm.

Pour. Ah !

Apoth. It is just a little injection, a little injection, gentle, gentle ; it is gentle, gentle ; there, Sir, take it, take it ; it is to open the bowels, to open the bowels, to open the bowels.

[25] The original has *matassins*, a word derived either from the Spanish or Italian, and signifying "dancers who engage in a mock battle."

[26] Such a scene, which would offend now, was not considered indelicate, in Molière's time.

SCENE XVI.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, AN APOTHECARY, TWO GROTESQUE DOCTORS, MUMMERS.

Two Doct. Take it, Sir, take, take it, it will do you no harm; take it, Sir, take it, Sir.[27]

Pour. Go to the devil!

[*Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, putting on his hat to protect himself against the syringes, is followed by the two Doctors and the Mummers; he passes at the back of the stage, and returns to place himself again on his chair, near which he finds the Apothecary waiting for him, which compels him to sit down; the two Doctors and Mummers re-enter also.*]

Two Doct. Take it, Sir, take, take it, it will do you no harm; take it, Sir, take it, Sir.

[*Monsieur de Pourceaugnac takes to his heels with the chair behind him; the Apothecary places his syringe against it, and the Doctors and Mummers follow him.*][28]

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[27] We give the original Italian, because M. de Pourceaugnac refers to it in the Fourth Scene of the Second Act: "Piglialo sù,—Signor monsu;—Piglialo, piglialo, piglialo sù,—Che non ti farà male.—Piglialo sù questo serviziale:—Piglialo sù,—Signor monsu;—Piglialo, piglialo, piglialo sù."

[28] One of the grotesque doctors was represented by the famous musician Lulli, who, it is said, wrote the words, and certainly composed the music, of the thirteenth scene. He played under the name of Signor *Chiacchiarone*. This stands probably in the book of the ballet for the Italian *chiacchierone*, which means "talker of nonsense," and under which name he also, at a later period, played the Muphti, in the *Citizen who apes the Nobleman*. The pursuit after M. de Pourceaugnac is sometimes more or less prolonged. After he has left the stage, he reappears through the prompter's box, with all his enemies in full pursuit; he then takes a deal board, and knocks down one of the mummers, who is carried off. He wishes to raise a laugh, and often succeeds.

ACT II. SCENE I.

FIRST DOCTOR, SBRIGANI.

1*st Doc.* He has forced every obstacle which I had placed in his way, and has withdrawn himself from the remedies which I began to apply to him.

Sbr. That is being a great enemy to himself, to fly from remedies so salutary as yours.

1*st Doc.* It is a sign of a disordered brain, and of a corrupted reason, not to wish to be cured.

Sbr. You would have cured him without any difficulty.

1*st Doc.* Undoubtedly: even if there had been a complication of a dozen diseases.

Sbr. He makes you lose fifty well-earned pistoles, however.

1*st Doc.* I! I do not intend to lose them, and I mean to cure him in spite of himself. He is bound to take my remedies, and I will have him apprehended wherever I find him, as a deserter from physic, and as having committed an infraction of my prescriptions.

Sbr. You are right. Your remedies were certain, and it is robbing you of so much money.

1*st Doc.* Where can I get some news about him?

Sbr. At Mr Oronte's, surely, whose daughter he has come to marry, and who, knowing nothing of the infirmity of his intended son-in-law, will perhaps make haste to conclude this marriage.

1*st Doc.* I will go and speak to him directly.

Sbr. You can do no harm.

1*st Doc.* He is bound to my consultations, and a patient shall not play the fool with a doctor.

Sbr. That is very well said of you; and, if you take

my advice, you will not allow him to be married until you have physicked him to your heart's content.

1*st Doc.* Leave me to manage it.

Sbr. [*Going aside*] I, on my part, will go and bring another battery into play; and the father-in-law shall be duped as much as the son-in-law.

SCENE II.

ORONTE, FIRST DOCTOR.

1*st Doc.* You have a certain Monsieur de Pourceaugnac with you, Sir, who is to marry your daughter?

Oron. Yes; I am expecting him from Limoges, and he ought to have arrived by this time.

1*st Doc.* So he is, and he has run away from my house, after having been placed there; but I forbid you, in the name of the Faculty, to go on with the marriage which you have arranged, until I have duly prepared him for it, and put him in a condition to raise up children sound in both body and mind.

Oron. What do you mean?

1*st Doc.* Your intended son-in-law has been constituted my patient; his disease, which I have been told to cure, is property which belongs to me, and which I reckon among my possessions; and I declare to you that I will not suffer him to marry before he has given satisfaction to the medical Faculty, and taken the remedies which I have prescribed for him.

Oron. Is there any complaint?

1*st Doc.* Yes.

Oron. And which, pray?

1*st Doc.* Do not make yourself uneasy.

Oron. Is it some complaint which . . .

1*st Doc.* Doctors are bound to secrecy. It is sufficient

that I command you, you and your daughter, not to celebrate, without my consent, the nuptials with him, under penalty of incurring the displeasure of the Faculty, and of being overwhelmed with every disease, as it pleases us.

Oron. If that is the case, I do not intend to conclude this match.

1*st Doc.* He has been placed under my care; and he is bound to be my patient.

Oron. That is all right.

1*st Doct.* He may run away as much as he likes; I shall have him condemned, by decree, to be cured by me.

Oron. You have my consent.

1*st Doc.* Yes, he must be cured by me, or die.

Oron. I am quite willing.

1*st Doc.* And, if I do not find him, I shall hold you responsible; and I shall cure you instead of him.

Oron. I am in good health.

1*st Doc.* That does not matter. I must have a patient; and I shall take whom I can.

Oron. Take whom you like; but it shall not be me. [*Alone*] That is a nice argument!

SCENE III.

ORONTE, SBRIGANI, *disguised as a Flemish merchant.*

Sbr. Sir, by your leave, I am a foreign Flemish merchant, who should wish to ask you for some little information.[29]

Oron. What is it, Sir?

Sbr. Pray, put your hat on, Sir.

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[29] Sbrigani speaks a kind of broken French, which we thought it useless to try and imitate in English. Here is his first phrase in the original: "*Montsir, avec le vôtre permissione, je suisse un trancher marchand flamane, qui voudroit bienne vous temandair un petit nouvel.*"

Oron. Tell me, Sir, what you wish ?

Sbr. I shall not do so, Sir, unless you put your hat on your head.

Oron. Be it so, then. What is the matter ?

Sbr. Do you know perchance in this town a certain Mr Oronte ?

Oron. Yes, I do know him.

Sbr. And what kind of man is he, Sir, if you please ?

Oron. He is a man like other men.

Sbr. I ask you, Sir, whether he is a rich man, who is well to do ?

Oron. Yes.

Sbr. But very much rich, I mean, Sir ?

Oron. Yes.

Sbr. I am very glad of it, Sir.

Oron. But why so ?

Sbr. It is, Sir, for a certain reason, which is of consequence to us.

Oron. But once more, why ?

Sbr. It is, Sir, because this Mr Oronte gives his daughter in marriage to a certain Monsieur de Pourceaugnac.

Oron. Well ?

Sbr. And this Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, Sir, is a man who owes a great deal to ten or twelve Flemish merchants who have come hither.

Oron. This Monsieur de Pourceaugnac owes a great deal to ten or twelve merchants ?

Sbr. Yes, Sir ; and eight months ago, we have obtained a little judgment against him ; and he has put off paying all his creditors until this marriage, if this Mr Oronte gives him his daughter.

Oron. Ho ! ho ! he has put his creditors off till then ?

Sbr. Yes, Sir ; and we expect this marriage with great anxiety.

Oron. [*Aside*] This is not a bad warning. [*Aloud*] I wish you good day.

Sbr. I thank you, Sir, for your great favour.

Oron. Your very humble servant.

Sbr. I am so, Sir, after the great obligation for the information which you have given me. [*Alone, after having taken off his beard and undone the Flemish dress, which he wears over his*] Things are not going badly. Let us doff our Flemish disguise, to bethink ourselves of other contrivances; and let us endeavour to sow so much suspicion and division between the father and the son-in-law, that it shall break off the proposed marriage. Both are equally disposed to swallow the baits which are held out to them; and, amongst us rogues of the first water, it is but child's play, when we meet with such easy game as that.

SCENE IV.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, SBRIGANI.

Pour. [*Believing himself alone*] *Piglialo sù, piglialo sù, signor Monsu.* What the devil is it? [*Perceiving Sbrigani*] Ah!

Sbr. What is it, Sir? What ails you?

Pour. Everything which I see appears an enemy to me.

Sbr. How?

Pour. You do not know what has happened to me in that house, to the door of which you escorted me?

Sbr. Indeed I do not. What is it?

Pour. I thought to be treated there in a proper manner.

Sbr. Well?

Pour. I leave you in the hands of this gentleman. Doctors dressed in black. In a chair. Feel the pulse. That it be so. He is mad. Two stout boobies. Big hats. *Buon di, buon di.* Six pantaloons. Ta, ra, ta, ta; ta, ra,

ta, ta. *Allegramente, monsu Pourceaugnac.* An apothecary. Injection. Take it, Sir; take it, take it. It is gentle, gentle, gentle. It is to loosen, to loosen, loosen. *Piglialo sù, signor Monsu; piglialo, piglialo, piglialo sù.* Never have I been so crammed with silliness.

Sbr. What does all this mean?

Pour. It means that this man, with his great embraces, is a scamp, who has put me in a house to make a fool of me and to play me a trick.

Sbr. Can it be possible?

Pour. Undoubtedly. There were a dozen of mad people at my heels, and I have had the greatest trouble in the world to escape from their paws.

Sbr. Look at that now; faces are very deceptive! I should have thought him the most affectionate of your friends. This is one of my surprises, how it is possible that there are such rogues in the world.

Pour. Do I not smell of an injection? Just see, if you please.

Sbr. Eh! there is something very like it.

Pour. My mind and nose are full of it; and it always seems to me that I see a dozen syringes taking aim at me.

Sbr. This is very great wickedness! and men must be great wretches and scoundrels.

Pour. Pray, tell me the whereabouts of Mr Oronte's house; I shall be glad to go there by and by.

Sbr. Ah! ah! you are then of an amorous disposition? and you have heard it mentioned that this Mr Oronte has a daughter . . .

Pour. Yes, I come to marry her.

Sbr. Come to mar . . . marry her?

Pour. Yes.

Sbr. In marriage?

Pour. In what way then?

Sbr. Ah! that is a different thing; and I ask your pardon.

Pour. What does this mean?

Sbr. Nothing.

Pour. But once more?

Sbr. Nothing, I tell you. I spoke somewhat hastily.

Pour. I beseech you to tell me what there is beneath this.

Sbr. No, that is not necessary.

Pour. Pray.

Sbr. No, not at all; I beg of you to excuse me.

Pour. Are you not a friend?

Sbr. Yes; one could not be more so.

Pour. Then you should conceal nothing from me.

Sbr. It is a matter which concerns the interest of our neighbour.

Pour. Well, to induce you to open your heart to me, here is a little ring, which I pray you to keep for my sake.

Sbr. Just allow me to consider whether I can do so in all conscience. [*After having gone a few steps away from Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*] Here is a man, who looks after his welfare, who tries to provide for his daughter as advantageously as possible; and we must do harm to no one. Those things are well known, it is true; but I am going to reveal them to a man who is ignorant of them; and it is forbidden to bruit scandal about one's neighbour, that is true. But, on the other hand, here is a stranger whom they wish to deceive, and who, in good faith, comes to marry a girl whom he does not know, and has never seen; a gentleman full of candour, to whom I feel well disposed, who does me the honour to look upon me as his friend, places confidence in me, and gives me a ring to wear for his sake. [*To Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*] Yes, I find that I can tell you matters without wounding my conscience; but let us

try to tell them to you as mildly as possible, and to spare people as much as we can. To tell you that this girl leads a dishonourable life, would be putting it somewhat too strongly: let us seek, to explain ourselves, some milder terms. The word *galante*, again, seems not enough; that of consummate *coquette* appears to me to serve our end, and I may employ it to tell you honestly what she is.[30]

Pour. Then they wish to make me their dupe.

Sbr. Perhaps, at bottom, there is not so much harm as the world believes; and after all, there are people who are above these kinds of things, and who do not believe that their honour depends . . .

Pour. I am your servant. I do not care to wear a head-dress like that; and, in the Pourceaugnac family, we like to go about with heads erect.

Sbri. Here comes the father.

Pour. That old man.

Sbri. Yes. I leave you.

SCENE V.

ORONTE, MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC.

Pour. Good day, Sir, good day.

Oron. Your servant, Sir, your servant.

Pour. You are Mr Oronte, is it not so?

Oron. Yes.

Pour. And I am Monsieur de Pourceaugnac.

Oron. So much the better.

Pour. Think you, Mr Oronte, that the Limousins are fools?

---

[30] The meaning of the words has changed since Molière's time, when *galante* was considered a milder term than *coquette*; now, it is the contrary.

Oron. Think you, Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, that the Parisians are idiots.

Pour. Do you imagine, Mr Oronte, that a man like me is so hungry after a woman?

Oron. Do you imagine, Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, that a girl like mine is so hungry after a husband?

SCENE VI.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, JULIA, ORONTE.

Jul. They have just told me, father, that Monsieur de Pourceaugnac has arrived. Ah! this is he no doubt, and my heart tells me so. How well he is built! how well he looks! and how glad I am to have such a husband! Permit me to embrace him, and to show him that . . .

Oron. Gently, daughter, gently.

Pour. [*Aside*] The devil! what a forward hussy! How she fires up at once!

Oron. I should much like to know, Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, by what reason you come to . . .

Jul. [*Approaches Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, looks at him with a languishing air, and endeavours to take his hand*] How glad I am to see you! and how I burn with impatience . . .

Oron. Ah! daughter, get you gone from that, I tell you.

Pour. [*Aside*] Oh! oh! what a sprightly wench!

Oron. I should like to know, I say, by what reason, if you please, you have the audacity . . .

[*Julia continues the same by-play.*

Pour. Odds, upon my life!

Oron. [*To Julia*] Again! What does this mean?

Jul. May I not caress the husband whom you have chosen for me?

Oron. No. Go in-doors.

Jul. Let me look at him.

Oron. Go in-doors, I tell you.

Jul. I wish to stop here, if you please.

Oron. But I do not please; and, if you do not go in directly . . .

Jul. Very well! I am going.

Oron. My daughter is a fool who does not understand these matters.

Pour. [*Aside*] How delighted she is with us!

Oron. [*To Julia, who has remained after having taken a few steps, pretending to go*] You will not go then?

Jul. When am I going to be married to this gentleman?

Oron. Never; and you are not for him.

Jul. But I will be for him, since you have promised him to me.

Oron. If I promised him, I retract my promise.

Pour. [*Aside*] She would like to make sure of me.

Jul. You may do what you like: we shall be married in spite of all the world.

Oron. I shall hinder you well enough, both of you, I assure you. What a frenzy possesses her all at once.

SCENE VII.

ORONTE, MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC.

Pour. Good Heavens! intended father-in-law, do not give yourself so much trouble; we do not mean to carry off your daughter, and all your make-believes will lead to nothing.

Oron. Neither will yours have any great effect.

Pour. Did you imagine that Léonard de Pourceaugnac is the man to buy a pig in a poke,[31] and that there was not

[31] The original has *chat en poche;* hence the English word "poke," for a sack, a bag.

sufficient judgment in him to know how to manage to be informed about people's history, and to find out whether, in marrying, he had sufficient guarantee for his honour.

Oron. I do not know what this means; but did you take it into your head that a man of sixty-three years of age would have so little brains, and so little consideration for his daughter, as to marry her to a man who has, you know what, and who has been put into the hands of a doctor to be cured?

Pour. That is a trick which has been played upon me; and I suffer from no complaint.

Oron. The doctor told me so himself.

Pour. The doctor told a lie then. I am a gentleman, and I shall ask him satisfaction sword in hand.

Oron. I know what I ought to believe; and you will not disabuse my mind upon that subject, nor upon the debts which you have put off until you were married to my daughter.

Pour. Which debts?

Oron. The pretence is useless; and I have seen the Flemish merchant, who, with other creditors, obtained judgment against you eight months ago.

Pour. What Flemish merchant? What creditors? What judgment obtained against me?

Oron. You know well enough what I mean.

SCENE VIII.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, ORONTE, LUCETTE, *pretending to be a woman from Languedoc.*[32]

Luc. Ah! you are here, and I find you at last, after my many journeys in search of you. Can you bear to look me in the face, you scoundrel?

[32] In the original, Lucette talks a kind of Languedoc dialect, which it would be impossible to render into English. The first few sentences

Pour. What does this woman want?

Luc. What do I want, you infamous wretch! You pretend not to know me; and you do not blush, rogue that you are, you do not blush to see me. [*To Oronte*] I do not know, Sir, whether it is you, as I have been told, whose daughter he wants to marry; but I declare to you that I am his wife, and that seven years ago, when he was passing through Pézénas, he was artful enough, with his pretty speeches in which he is so clever, to gain my heart, and, by these means, persuaded me to give him my hand in marriage.

Oron. Oh! oh!

Pour. What the devil is this?

Luc. The wretch left me three years afterwards, under the pretext of some business which took him to his country; and since then I have had no tidings from him; but when I was least thinking about it, they warned me that he was coming into this town to marry again another young girl which her parents had promised him, without knowing anything of his first marriage. I immediately left everything, and I have come hither as quickly as I could, to oppose this criminal union, and to unmask the most wicked of men before the eyes of the world.

Pour. This is a strange audacity!

Luc. Rascal! are you not ashamed to insult me, instead of being confused by the secret reproaches which your conscience must make you?

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are as follows:—"*Ah! tu es assi, et à la fi yeu te trobi aprés abé fait tant de passés. Podes-tu, scélérat, podes-tu sousteni ma bisto . . . Que te boli infame! Tu fas semblan de nou me pas connouisse, et non rougisses pas, impudent que tu sios, tu ne rougisses pas de me beyre.*" Some commentators say that this is not the correct language of Languedoc; but it has been justly observed that Lucette speaks Languedoc enough to deceive Pourceaugnac, and French enough to be understood by the spectators. Besides, Molière only says that she pretends to be a woman from Languedoc, but not that she is really one.

Pour. I, I am your husband?

Luc. Infamous wretch! dare you say the contrary? Ah! you know well enough, to my misfortune, that all which I say is but too true; and would to Heaven it were not, and that you had left me in the state of innocence and the tranquillity of mind in which I lived before your charms and your deceits unfortunately made me leave it! I would not then be obliged to cut the sorry figure which I do now, to see a cruel husband despise all the love I had for him; and to leave me mercilessly to the mortal grief which I feel at his perfidious behaviour.

Oron. I cannot help crying. [*To Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*] Go, you are a wicked man.

Pour. I know nothing about all this.

SCENE IX.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, NÉRINE, LUCETTE, ORONTE.[33]

Nér.[34] [*counterfeiting a woman from Picardy*] Ah! I am exhausted; I am all out of breath! Ah; you braggart, you have led me a fine dance, but you shall not escape me. Justice! justice! I put a stop to this marriage. [*To Oronte*] He is my husband, Sir, and I mean to have the gallows-bird hanged.

Pour. What, another one!

Oron. [*Aside*] The devil, what sort of fellow is this?

Luc. And what do you mean, with your putting a stop to, and your hanging? Is that man your husband?

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[33] See Appendix, Note D.

[34] The same observation which I have made in note 32, page 152, with regard to Lucette's dialect, applies to Nérine's, of which we give the first four sentences: "*Ah! je n'en pis plus; je sis tout essoflée! Ah! finfaron, tu m'as bien fait courir; tu ne m'écaperas mie. Justice! justice! je boute empêchement au mariage.* [*à Oronte*] *Chés mon méri, monsieur, et je veux faire pindre che bon pindard-la.*"

Nér. Yes, Madam, and I am his wife.

Luc. That is false, and it is I who am his wife; and, if he is to be hanged, it is I who will have him hanged.

Nér. I understand nothing of all this gibberish.

Luc. I tell you that I am his wife.

Nér. His wife?

Luc. Yes.

Nér. I tell you once more that it is I who am his wife.

Luc. And I maintain that it is I.

Nér. It is four years since he married me.

Luc. It is seven since he took me to wife.

Nér. I have proofs of all that I say.

Luc. All my country knows it.

Nér. Our town is witness to it.

Luc. All Pézénas saw our wedding.

Nér. All St Quentin was at ours.

Luc. Nothing can be more true.

Nér. Nothing can be more certain.

Luc. [*To Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*] Would you dare to deny it, you villain?

Nér. Do you mean to give the lie to me, you wicked wretch?

Pour. The one is as true as the other.

Luc. What impudence! How now, you wretch, you remember no longer poor little François, and poor Jeannette, who are the fruits of our union?

Nér. Just look at the insolence! What! you do not remember that poor child, our little Madeleine, which you left me as a pledge of your fidelity?

Pour. What two impudent sluts!

Luc. Come here François, come here Jeannette, come all of you, come and show an unnatural father his want of feeling for us all.

Nér. Come, Madeleine, come, my child, come here to shame your father for his impertinence.

SCENE X.

MONSIEUR POURCEAUGNAC, ORONTE, LUCETTE, NÉRINE, *several children.*

The Chil. Ah, papa! papa! papa!

Pour. The devil take the strumpet's brats!

Luc. What, you wretch, you are not overwhelmed with shame to receive your children thus, and to close your ears to all paternal tenderness! You shall not escape me, you infamous rogue! I shall follow you everywhere, and reproach you with your crime until I shall be revenged, and see you hanged. You scoundrel, I will have you hanged.

Nér. Do you not blush to speak these words, and to remain insensible to the caresses of this poor child? But you shall not get out of my clutches; and, in spite of your teeth I shall let the world see that I am your wife; and I shall have you hanged.

The Chil. Papa! papa! papa!

Pour. Help! help! Where shall I fly? I can bear this no longer.

Oron. Come, you will do well to have him punished; and he deserves to be hanged.

SCENE XI.

SBRIGANI, *alone.*

I am managing these things very nicely, and everything goes well as yet. We shall tire our provincial to such an extent that, upon my word, he will be obliged to decamp.

SCENE XII.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, SBRIGANI. [35]

Pour. Ah! I am half dead! What troubles! What a cursed town! Set upon from all sides!

Sbr. What is it, Sir? Has something else happened?

Pour. Yes. It rains syringes and women in this country.

Sbr. How is that?

Pour. Two jabbering jades have come and accused me of having married them both, and threaten me with the law.

Sbr. That is a wicked business; and the law in these parts is very rigorous against that sort of crime.

Pour. Yes; but although there should be an information, citation, decree, and judgment obtained by surprise, default and contumacy, I can, by availing myself of a conflict of jurisdictions, gain time, and find out the flaws which shall nullify the proceedings.[36]

Sbr. That is talking of it in the right terms, and it is clear, Sir, that you are of the profession.

Pour. I! not at all. I am a gentleman.

Sbr. To speak thus you must have studied the law.

Pour. In no wise. It is only common sense which makes me conclude that justifying evidence will be admitted, and that I cannot be condemned on a simple accusation, without the witnesses being examined and confronted with the accused parties.

Sbr. That is finer still.

Pour. These words come to me without my knowing it.

Sbr. It seems to me that the common sense of a gentleman may go as far as to conceive what is right and proper in law, but not to know the real legal terms.

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[35] See Appendix, Note D.

[36] The law terms "*information, ajournement, décret, jugement, défaut, contumace*, and *conflit de juridiction*," were all correct in Molière's time.

Pour. These are a few words which I remember from having read them in novels.

Sbr. Ah! that is all right!

Pour. To show you that I understand nothing at all of a lawyer's profession, I pray you to take me to some barrister to consult him about my business.

Sbr. I shall do so, and shall take you to two very able men; but I must warn you beforehand not to be surprised at their way of speaking. They have contracted from the bar a certain habit of declamation which would lead one to suppose that they were singing, and you might mistake everything they say for music.

Pour. What does it matter how they speak, as long as they tell me what I wish to know!

SCENE XIII.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, SBRIGANI, TWO BARRISTERS, TWO SOLICITORS, TWO SERGEANTS.

1*st Bar.* [*Drawling his words as he sings*]—
Polygamy is a business,
Is a hanging business.

2*d Bar.* [*Singing very quickly, and stammering*]—
Your case
Is plain and clear;
And all the law
In such a matter
Decides distinctly.
If you consult our authors,
Legislators, and commentators,
Justinianus, Papinianus,
Ulpianus, and Tribonianus,
Fernand, Rebuffe, John Imola,
Paul de Castro, Julianus, Bartholine,

Jason, Alciati, and Cujas,
That great man so able;
Polygamy is a business,
Is a hanging business.[37]

Entry of the Ballet.

Dance of the Two Solicitors and the Two Sergeants.

While the SECOND BARRISTER *sings the following words*:—

All people that are civilised
And sensible,
The French, the English, the Dutch,
The Danes, the Swedes, the Poles,
The Portuguese, the Spaniards, the Flemish,
The Italians, the Germans,
Have all a like law on this case;
And there is no difficulty in the matter.
Polygamy is a business,
Is a hanging business.

The First Barrister sings these words—

Polygamy is a business,
Is a hanging business.

[*Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, getting impatient, drives them away.*[38]

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[37] The French comic dramatists and satirists have often mentioned the old jurists. Rebuffe is cited by Racine in *les Plaideurs;* Alciati, by Boileau in the *Lutrin;* and Jason, the least known of all, by Corneille in the *Menteur.* "To study Bartholine or Cujas" was then a periphrase for "studying law."

[38] In Molière's time, a bigamist was really condemned to death. In later times, he was put in the stocks, with as many distaffs tied to his arm as he had married wives, and then sent to the galleys, or banished.

ACT III. SCENE I.

ÉRASTE, SBRIGANI.

Sbr. Yes, matters are proceeding as we like; and as he is not particularly bright, and his understanding is of the narrowest, I have inspired him with such great fear of the severity of the laws in these parts, and of the preparations which are already being made for his execution, that he is determined to take flight, and to evade with greater facility the people, who I have told him were stationed at the gates of the town to arrest him, he has made up his mind to disguise himself, and the disguise which he has assumed is a woman's dress.

Eras. I should like much to see him in that dress.

Sbr. You, on your part, should think of finishing the comedy; and while I am acting my scenes with him, go and . . . . [*He whispers something in his ear*] You understand rightly?

Eras. Yes.

Sbr. And when I shall have put him where I wish . . . [*Whispers again.*]

Eras. Very good.

Sbr. And when the father shall have been warned by me . . . [*Whispers again.*]

Eras. Things could not go on better.

Sbr. Here comes our young lady. Go quickly, that we may not be seen together.

SCENE II.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, *disguised as a woman,* SBRIGANI.

Sbr. As for me, I do not believe that they ever could recognise you in this state; and, as you are, you look like a woman of quality.

Pour. What astonishes me is that the forms of justice are not better observed in these parts.

Sbr. Yes, I have already told you, they begin here by hanging a man, and then they judge his case.

Pour. That is very unjust justice.

Sbr. It is devilishly severe, especially on these sorts of crimes.

Pour. But when people are innocent?

Sbr. It matters not; they do not inquire into that; and besides, they have got a terrible hatred in this town for people from your country; and nothing gives them greater delight than to see a Limousin hanged.

Pour. What have the Limousins done to them?

Sbr. They are brutes here, foes to all gentility and merit in those of other towns. As for me, I confess to you, that I am in very great fear for you; and I should never console myself if you were to be hanged.

Pour. It is not so much the fear of death that makes me run away, as that it is very damaging to a gentleman to be hanged, and that an affair like that would ruin our title of nobility.[39]

Sbr. You are right; they would afterwards dispute your title of esquire.[40] For the rest, take great care, when I shall lead you by the hand, to walk like a woman, and to assume all the speech and manners of a person of quality.

Pour. Let me manage it. I have seen people of rank. The only thing is, that I have a bit of a beard.

Sbr. Your beard is nothing; there are women who have as much as you. Come, let us see how you mean to set about it. [*After Monsieur de Pourceaugnac has imitated a woman of quality*] Good.

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[39] Nobles were formerly decapitated, commoners hanged.

[40] *Ecuyer*, esquire, was the lowest title of nobility.

Pour. Now then, my coach! Where is my carriage! Good Heavens! how wretched it is to have people like that about one! Will they keep me waiting the whole day in the street, and will my coach never come?

Sbr. Very good.

Pour. Hullo! ho! coachman, little page! Ah! you little scamp,—I shall let you have a taste of the whip by-and-by! Little page, page! Where is my little page? Will the little page never be found? Will this page never come? Have I not a little page left!

Sbr. This is capital. But I notice one thing; this hood is not close enough: I shall go and get one that is a little thicker, the better to conceal your face, in case of some meeting.

Pour. What will become of me in the meantime?

Sbr. Wait for me here. I shall be with you again in a moment, you have only to walk about. [*Monsieur de Pourceaugnac walks several times up and down the stage, always trying to imitate a woman of quality.*

SCENE III.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, TWO SWISS.

1st Swiss.[41] [*Not seeing Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*] Come, make haste, mate; we must both go to the Grève, to look for a little at the execution of this Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, who has been condemned to be hanged by the neck.

2d Swiss. [*Without seeing Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*] We must hire a window to see this execution.

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[41] See my observation, page 52, note 32. I give the first sentence in the original: "*Allons, dépêchons, camerade; li faut allair tous deux nous à la Crève poùr regarter un peu chousticier sti monsiu de Pourcegnac, qui l' a été contané par ortonnance à l'être pendu par son cou.*"

1*st Swiss.* They say that there is already a bran new gallows erected on which to hang this Pourceaugnac.

2*d Swiss.* It would, indeed, be a great pleasure to see this Limousin hung on it.

1*st Swiss.* Yes, to see him kick up his heels before all the world.

2*d Swiss.* He is a funny fellow; they say that he has been three times married.

1*st Swiss.* What the devil did he want with three wives to himself! one ought to have been enough for him.

2*d Swiss.* [*Perceiving Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*] Ah! good day, Miss.

1*st Swiss.* What are you doing here all alone?

Pour. I am waiting for my servants, gentlemen.

2*d Swiss.* Upon my word! she is pretty.

Pour. Gently, gentlemen.

1*st Swiss.* Will you join us, Miss, to go to the Grève? We are going to see a nice little hanging.

Pour. I would rather not.

2*d Swiss.* It is a Limousin gentleman, who is to be hanged genteelly upon a great gallows.

Pour. I have no wish to see it.

1*st Swiss.* There is a little breast which is nice.

Pour. Gently!

1*st Swiss.* Upon my word, I should like to sleep with you.

Pour. Ah! this is too much! and these sorts of obscenities are not uttered to a woman of my rank.

2*d Swiss.* Leave off, you; I wish to sleep with her.

1*st Swiss.* I do not choose to leave her alone.

2*d Swiss.* And I wish it.

[*The two Swiss pull Monsieur de Pourceaugnac about in a violent manner.*

1*st Swiss.* I am not doing anything.

2d Swiss. You are telling a lie.

1st Swiss. Go away, you are telling a lie yourself.

Pour. Help ! Guard !

SCENE IV.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, A POLICE-OFFICER,[42] TWO INFERIOR POLICE-OFFICERS,[43] TWO SWISS.

Pol. O. What is the matter ? What violence is this ? and what do you want with this lady ? Come, get away from this, unless you wish to be put into prison.

1st Swiss. Go away, all right. You shall not have her.

2d Swiss. Go away, good ; you shall not have her either.

SCENE V.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, A POLICE-OFFICER, TWO INFERIOR POLICE-OFFICERS.

Pour. I am much obliged to you, Sir, for having freed me from these two insolent fellows.

Pol. O. Hey-day ! His face looks very much like the one that has been described to me.

Pour. It is not I, I assure you.

Pol. O. Ah ! ah ! what does I mean . . .

Pour. I do not know.

Pol. O. Why do you say so then ?

Pour. For nothing.

Pol. O. This speech means something ; and I arrest you.

Pour. Pray ! Sir, pray !

Pol. O. No, no ; to judge from your face and speech, you

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[42] See Introductory Notice to *Tartuffe*, Vol. IV., page 131, note 35.

[43] The original has *archer*, because the inferior police-officers formerly used to wear cross-bows.

must be this Monsieur de Pourceaugnac of whom we are in search, and who is said to have disguised himself in this fashion; you shall come to prison with us directly.

Pour. Alas!

SCENE VI.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, SBRIGANI, A POLICE-OFFICER, TWO INFERIOR POLICE-OFFICERS.

Sbr. [*To Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*] Good Heavens! what means this?

Pour. They have recognised me.

Pol. O. Yes, yes: I am delighted at it.

Sbr. [*To the Police Officer*] Ah, Sir, for my sake! You know that we are friends of old standing; I beseech you not to take him to prison.

Pol. O. No, no: that is impossible.

Sbr. You are a man open to reason. Is there no way of adjusting this matter by means of some pistoles?

Pol. O. [*To the inferior Police-Officers*] Just leave us for a little while.

SCENE VII.

MONSIEUR DE POURCEAUGNAC, SBRIGANI, THE POLICE-OFFICER.

Sbr. [*To Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*] You must give him some money to let you go. Make haste.

Pour. [*Handing some money to Sbrigani*] Ah! cursed town.

Sbr. There, Sir.

Pol. O. How much is there?

Sbr. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

Pol. O. No; my orders are too binding.

Sbr. [*To the Police Officer, who wants to go away*] Good Heavens! just wait a moment. [*To Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*] Make haste; give him as much more.

Pour. But . . .

Sbr. Make haste, I tell you, and lose no time. It would please you much, no doubt, to be hanged!

Pour. Ah! [*He hands more money to Sbrigani.*

Sbr. [*To the Police Officer*] There, Sir.

Pol. O. [*To Sbrigani*] I shall have to fly with him; for there is no security for me here. Let me conduct him, and do not stir from this.

Sbr. I beseech you then to take great care of him.

Pol. O. I promise you not to leave him, until I have put him in a place of safety.

Pour. [*To Sbrigani*] Good-bye. This is the only honest man whom I have found in this town.

Sbr. Do lose no time. I love you so much, that I wish that you were already far from this. [*Alone*] May Heaven conduct you! On my word, this is a great gull. But here comes . . .

SCENE VIII.

ORONTE, SBRIGANI.

Sbr. [*Pretending not to see Oronte*] Ah! what a strange adventure! What sad news for a father! Poor Oronte, how I pity you! What will you say? and how will you bear this mortal grief?

Oron. What is it? what misfortune do you prophesy to me? tell me.

Sbr. Ah, Sir! this perfidious Limousin, this wretch of a Monsieur de Pourceaugnac abducts your daughter!

Oron. He abducts my daughter!

Sbr. Yes. She has become so crazy, that she leaves you

to follow him; and they say that he has got a talisman[44] for making himself beloved by all women.

Oron. Come, quick to the authorities! Let us despatch the police-officers after them!

SCENE IX.

ORONTE, ÉRASTE, JULIA, SBRIGANI.

Eras. [*To Julia*] Come, you shall come in spite of yourself, and I shall place you safely again in the hands of your father. There, Sir, there is your daughter, whom by force I have dragged from the hands of the man with whom she was running away; not from love for her, but solely out of respect for you. For, after what she has done, I can only despise her, and cure myself completely of the affection which I had for her.

Oron. Ah! infamous girl that you are!

Eras. [*To Julia*] What! treat me in this manner, after all the marks of affection which I have given you. I do not blame you for having submitted to the will of your father; he is prudent and judicious in everything he does; and I do not complain of him for having rejected me for another. If he broke the word which he had given me, he had no doubt his reasons for it. People made him believe that this other was richer than myself by four or five thousand crowns; and four or five thousand crowns is a considerable sum, and which makes it worth while to break one's word. But to forget in a moment all the love which I have shown you, to allow yourself to be captivated by a new comer, and to follow him in a shameless manner, without your father's consent, and after the crimes which have been imputed to him, this must be condemned by

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[44] The original has *un caractère*. *See Amphitryon*, Vol. IV., page 291, note 43.

every one, and for this my heart cannot make you sufficiently cutting reproaches.

Jul. Well, then? yes. I have conceived a passion for him, and wished to follow him, because my father had chosen him as my husband. Whatever you may say to me, he is a very honourable man; and all the crimes of which he is accused are horrible falsehoods.

Oron. Hold your tongue; you are an impudent jade; I know better than you what he is.

Jul. They are, no doubt, tricks which have been played upon him, and [*Pointing to Éraste*] it is perhaps he who invented this artifice to disgust you with him.

Éras. I! could I be capable of such a thing?

Jul. Yes, you.

Oron. Hold your tongue, I tell you; you are a fool.

Éras. No, no, do not think that I have the least desire to interfere with this marriage, and that it is my passion which has made me run after you. I have already told you that it is only from consideration for your father; and I could not bear that an honourable man like him should be exposed to the shameful scandal which a step like yours might entail.

Oron. I am infinitely obliged to you, Mr Éraste.

Éras. Good-bye, Sir. I had the greatest wish in the world to become related to you; I have done all that I could to obtain such an honour; but I have been unfortunate, and you did not think me worthy of such a favour. This shall not prevent me from entertaining towards you the feelings of esteem and veneration which your person compels; and if I could not succeed in becoming your son-in-law, I at least can be for ever your servant.

Oron. Stay, Mr Éraste; your behaviour touches my heart, and I give you my daughter in marriage.

Jul. I will have no other husband than Monsieur de Pourceaugnac.

Oron. And I, I will have you accept Mr Éraste on the spot. Come, your hand.

Jul. No, I shall not do so.

Oron. I shall box your ears.

Eras. No, no, Sir; do not use violence, I beseech you.

Oron. It is for her to obey, and I will show her that I am the master.

Eras. Do you not see the love she has for that man? and do you wish me to possess her person, while another shall possess her heart?

Oron. He has bewitched her, and you will see that she will change her opinions shortly. Give me your hand. Come!

Jul. I will not. . . .

Oron. Ah! what a noise! Come, your hand, I tell you. Ah! ah! ah!

Eras. [*To Julia*] Do not think that it is for love of you that I give you my hand; I am smitten only with your father; and it is he whom I marry.

Oron. I am much obliged to you; and I add ten thousand crowns to the marriage portion of my daughter. Come, let them bring the notary to draw up the contract.[45]

Eras. While awaiting his arrival, we may enjoy the entertainment of the season, and usher in the masks, whom the noise of Monsieur de Pourceaugnac's nuptials has attracted here from all parts of the town.

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[45] It is customary to end the piece here, but to enliven it a little, M. de Pourceaugnac, dressed as a woman, appears in one of the boxes, makes a friendly gesture to Sbrigani, and recommends him to come and see him, if ever he goes to Limoges. This ending is traditional at the *Comédie Française*, and allows the curtain to fall amidst roars of laughter.

SCENE X.

A troop of Masks singing and dancing. Some are on balconies, others in the street, and by divers songs and games, try to enjoy innocent pleasures.

A Mask [*dressed as a female gipsy*]—

Begone, begone from this spot,
Sorrow, Grief, and Sadness ;
Come, come, Laughter and Play,
Pleasure, Love, and Tenderness ;
Let us think of nothing else but joy,
Let pleasure be our sole aim.

Chorus of singing Masks—

Let us think of nothing else but joy
Let pleasure be our sole aim.

F. Gip. To follow me all here
Your ardour is uncommon ;
And you are in grief
About your love :
Be always in love,
It is the way of being happy.

A Mask [*dressed as a gipsy*]—

Let us love till death ;
Reason tells us to do so.
Alas ! what would be life
If people loved no more ?
Ah ! let us rather lose life
Than lose our love.

Both [*in dialogue*]—

All treasures.

F. Gip. Glory.

M. Gip. Grandeur.

F. Gip. The sceptres that cause such envy.

M. Gip. All is nothing, if love does not infuse its ardour.
F. Gip. Without love, there is no joy in life.
The two together—
Let us always be in love,
It is the way of being happy.
Chorus. Let us all sing together,
And dance, and jump, and merry be.
A Mask [*dressed as a noble Venetian*]—
When for laughter we are assembled
The wisest are those, it seems to me,
Who play the greatest fools.
All together—
Let us think of nothing else but joy,
Let pleasure be our sole aim.

First Entry of the Ballet.
Dance of two Old Women, two Scaramouches, two Pantaloons, two Doctors, and two Peasants.

Second Entry of the Ballet.
Dance of Savages.

Third Entry of the Ballet.
Dance of Biscayens.

APPENDIX.

A, Page 121.

Ravenscroft, in the *Citizen turn'd Gentleman* (Act ii., Scene 1), imitates, as follows, the fifth and sixth Scenes of the first Act of *M. de Pourceaugnac*, who is called in the English play Sir Simon. The French Sbrigani is Tricknore, and Eraste becomes Cleverwit.

Enter SIR SIMON *with people and boys about him.*

Sir Simon. Very pretty, as I live, what's the matter? what would you have? in my conscience the Devil's in the town, and has possess'd all the people. Why, what a Devil ails you all? cannot a man go along the streets without a regiment of fools at his heels? What do you laugh at now? ye had more need go look after your wives at home, lest they make you monsters to be stared at; I believe I shall laugh at some of you before I leave the town: and haw, how, haw, too, the devil take me if I do not give the next I see laugh a douce o' th' chops.

Trickmore. How now, what's the matter here, gentlemen? what mean ye? who have ye got here? have you nothing else to do but run staring and gaping after a gentleman, as if ye were all out of your wits?

Sir S. Here is a man has some reason in him. [*Aside.*

Trick. What is your business? what do ye snear at?

Sir S. Aye, Aye; at what, at what?

Trick. Do you see anything about him that is ridiculous?

Sir S. Aye, have I.

Trick. Is he not like other people?

Sir S. Aye, have I horns upon my head as some of you? or am I cloven-footed?

Trick. Go, go home, and learn better breeding.

Sir S. That's good counsel, and take it y'ad best.

Trick. The Gentleman is a Knight.

Sir S. Aye.

Trick. The heir of an honourable Family.

Sir S. Aye.

Trick. His ancestors deserv'd well of his country.

Sir S. Aye.

Trick. And he no less.

Sir S. Aye.

Trick. His behaviour challenges respect.

Sir S. Aye.

Trick. He is one of singular parts.

Sir S. Aye.

Trick. He has been a traveller.

Sir S. Aye, marry have I.

Trick. He honours the Town with his presence.

Sir S. An understanding fellow this, I believe he's well-bred.

Trick. He is not a person to be affronted and laugh'd at.

Sir S. No, they are mistaken in their man if they think so.

Trick. If ye go not about your business, I will handle some of ye without mittens: go, be gone. [*Trickmore drives the people out.*

Sir S. Sir, I am most hugeously obliged to you.

Trick. I am troubled, Sir, to see such a person as you treated so rudely, and I ask your pardon for the whole Town.

Sir S. Your servant, Sir.

Trick. Sir, I had the honour to lodge in the same Inn with you last night, when I understood by your servant who you was, I had a great presumption to do you some piece of service.

Sir S. What does this fellow expect now? Money? [*Aside.*

Trick. And it was my good fortune to pass by the door of your Room where you was at supper, just as the out-cry was, and these hands had the honour to disengage you from being smother'd by the gentlewoman of the house, when you was overthrown by that unlucky accident, and your Hostess whelm'd over you.

Sir S. Was you there then?

Trick. I was, Sir.

Sir S. I was so blinded with Sack-posset I could not see my deliverers.

Trick. I am glad I am again so happy to do you another piece of service.

Sir S. [*Aside*] I must give him something. Sir, pray let me requite your services with a piece of gold.

Trick. By no means, Sir, I am not covetous of anything but to do you service; pray put it up again. I have conceived a great inclination to serve you, and the honour shall be the only reward.

Sir S. An honest fellow this. [*Aside*] Well, Sir, I remain behindhand with you in courtesies.

Trick. Pray let me kiss your hand.

[*Trickmore kisses Sir Simon's hand.*

Sir S. In my life I never met with such a civil fellow.

Trick. Your physiognomy takes me extreamly.

Sir S. Ah, ha!

Trick. I see much gallantry in it.

Sir S. Ah, ha.

Trick. Something very taking.

Sir S. Ah, ha.

Trick. Manly and brave.

Sir S. Ah, ha.

Trick. Frank and generous.

Sir S. Ah, ha.

Trick. I swear to you I am wholly engaged to serve you.

Sir S. I find it.

Trick. If I had the honour to be known to you, you'd say I was a man very sincere.

Sir S. I doubt not.

Trick. An utter enemy to knavery.

Sir S. I believe it.

Trick. And one that is not capable to disguise his thoughts.

Sir S. Plain dealing is a Jewel.

Trick. And I use it; yet in spight of the fag end of the Proverb am no beggar.

Enter to them CLEVERWIT.

Cleverwit. Ha! who is this I see? Sir *Simon Softhead!* I am ravisht to see you; oh, what a Joy I feel at sight of you! What, it seems you scarce know me.

Sir S. Sir *Simon* is your servant, Sir.

Clev. Out of sight out of Mind I see: but is 't possible six or seven years should blot me out of your memory? It's strange that in so short a time you should forget one that professes himself the greatest friend and servant to the family of the *Softheads* of any man breathing.

Sir S. Oh, pray pardon me there——Faith I know him not.

[*To Trickmore aside.*

Clev. There is scarce one of that family that I do not know as well as I know you, when I lived at *Berry*, there was no doing without me, I was always amongst 'em, I had the honour to see you there almost every day.

Sir S. You shall excuse me, Sir, 'twas I received the honour——I never saw his face before [*To Trickmore.*

Clev. You cannot call me to mind yet.

Sir S. Pray excuse me for that——I know not who it is, not I.

[*To Trickmore.*

Clev. Don't you remember we went often together to drink?

Sir S. O yes——But let me be hang'd if I remember any thing like it. [*To Trickmore.*

Clev. How do you call the witty little knave that used to make us so welcome at his house?

Sir S. Oh, little *John.*

Clev. Right, we went often thither to be merry: but what is become of his pretty daughter.

Sir S. He had ne'er a daughter.

Clev. He ne'er a daughter! What not a witty little baggage you us'd to run after to kiss from one room to another?

Sir S. Oh, I know where abouts you are now, you mean, I warrant you, little *Peggy*.

Clev. Aye, *Peggy*, by the same token was her name.

Sir S. She was *George Goodale's* Daughter at the *Rose*. Why, she's marryed.

Clev. Is she? Pray how do you call the place at *Berry*, where they us'd to walk?

Sir S. Oh, the *Green*.

Clev. Directly, 'twas there I passed so many hours of delight in your good company; you do not remember this?

Sir S. I not remember 't? Not in the least: if I do, I wish the Devil fetch me. [*To Trickmore.*

Trick. There are a hundred of these things a man forgets.

Clev. Let us embrace then, and renew our ancient amity.

Trick. See now, there is a man that loves you cordially.

Clev. Pray tell me some news of your family, Sir *Simon*, how does that gentleman——your——he that is such an honest good man?

Sir S. My Brother-in-Law, the Justice of Peace?

Clev. The same, the same.

Sir S. Why, he is very well.

Clev. I am very glad, I assure you; and he that's of so good an humour, the gentleman,——your——

Sir S. What, my cousin *Small-Brain?*

Clev. Aye, Mr *Small-Brain*,——that I should forget his name! to see how quickly things run out of a man's head. But pray how does he do?

Sir S. He keeps his old humour, always merry and jocund.

Clev. Troth you tell me good news. And pray Sir *Simon* how does your Uncle, the——

Sir S. My Uncle? I have no Uncle.

Clev. No? But you had at that time perhaps.

Sir S. No, only an Aunt.

Clev. Oh, 'tis her I mean: The Lady your Aunt, pray how does she?

Sir S. She has been dead these six years.

Clev. Indeed, I heard so, now I think on 't, presently after I left the Country. Well, rest her soul, she was as good a Gentlewoman as lived.

Sir S. We had also a nephew that dyed of the small Pox.

Clev. Oh, what pity it was, he was a hopeful young man.

Sir S. Did you know him?

Clev. Know him? he was a comely proper young youth.

Sir S. Not very proper.

Clev. Yes, for his age.

Sir S. Oh yes, for his age.

Clev. If he was your Nephew, that I mean, he was the Son of your Sister and Brother.

Sir S. Right, he was so.

Clev. 'T was the same.

Sir S. He knows all my Relations.

Trick. He knows you better than you are aware of.

Clev. I hope I shall oblige you to make my house your home while you stay in Town.

Sir S. I am obliged to be at my Father-in-Law's.

Clev. Are you married then, Sir Simon?

Sir S. No, but all 's agreed on.

Clev. But, however, you shall dine with me to-day,

Sir S. I have sent Mr Jorden word I was coming, and he 'll expect me, I know, at dinner.

Clev. Mr Jorden, then, is your Father-in-Law. Well, well, that shall not hinder my design, he is my Neighbour and intimate friend, we are as it were brothers.

Sir S. Indeed!

Clev. You shall stay, and I 'l send for him to dinner too.

Sir S. 'T will be a trouble, and——

Clev. No excuse, Sir Simon, for by my soul you shall; I have sworn it.

Trick. Since he so importunes you, accept it; he has sworn it, and 't will not be courteous to refuse him now.

Clev. Where are your Servants, and Portmanteau?

Sir S. Truly, my coming was in great haste, and for expedition, I left all but one man behind, and he is at the Inn where the Coach lyes.

Trick. Sir Simon, I will, if you please, wait on you to the Inn where your man stays, and then help you to find this Gentleman's house. Pray, where abouts is it, Sir?

Clev. This is the house.

Trick. We 'l be with you in a trice.

Clev. I will in, and give orders for your reception.

B, Page 131.

In Ravenscroft's *The Citizen turned Gentleman* (Act iii.), *M. de Pourceaugnac* is imitated as follows, from the ninth to the sixteenth Scene of the first Act. The first Doctor is called Cureal, and Trickmore disguises himself as a physician.

Enter Mr CLEVERWIT *and* CUREAL.

Clev. Be sure you look well to him; keep all the doors shut and lock'd.

Cur. When he is once in Lobs-pound, he shall not easily escape.

Enter SIR SIMON *and* SERVANT.

Clev. Here he comes. Sir Simon, you are welcome.

Sir S. You see I make bold.

Clev. You honour my house. But where is the Gentleman that was to show you the way?

Sir S. He left me but just now, he showed me the house, and begg'd leave for an hour.

Clev. I shou'd have been glad he had been here to bear you company till my return. I'l step cross the street and fetch Mr Jorden to you. But see here a person into whose hands I commend you, he will treat you with all courtesie possible.

Cur. My profession obliges me, and 't is enough you command my care.

Sir S. This is the Stewart of's house: He must be a person of quality. [*Aside.*

Cur. Yes, I assure you, I'l treat Sir Simon according to the method and rules of Art.

Sir S. Oh, pray, make no ceremony, I beseech you, treat me as a friend, let me be no trouble.

Cur. Such an imploy is not my trouble but delight.

Clev. Here, Sir, is ten pounds advance of what I promis'd you.

Sir S. I beseech you, Sir, I understand not wherefore you should put your self to charge for me: Pray, Sir, let him not buy any thing extraordinary, but let me partake of the usual entertainment of your Family.

Clev. Pray, Sir, give me leave: it is not for what you imagine.

Cur. Not for provision, Sir; a spare dyet is wholesome; much meat sends up fumes from the stomach to the head, and that is very hurtful for the brain, especially to one that is a little disordered.

Sir S. He talks learnedly. But I beseech you, Sir, let me fare like a friend, and not a stranger.

Clev. 'T is that I intend: I pray, Sir, excuse the incivility I commit in leaving you.

Sir S. Oh, Sir, you leave me in good company. [*Exit Cleverwit.*

Cur. It is a great honour to me, Sir, to be chosen one to do you service.

Sir S. I am your servant.

Enter TRICKMORE *in a physician's habit.*

Cur. See there an able man, my great friend, with whom I will consult the manner how to treat you.

Sir S. Once more I request you to make no such ceremony, I am a man content with ordinary usage.

Cur. Come, set chairs here. Sir, please you take that place.

[*Sir Simon sits down in the middle chair, which is biggest, and with arms, which locks him in that he cannot stir.*

Sir S. Ha, what 's the meaning of this ? I am fast.

Trick. An Italian device, we meant to surprise you with a rarity.

Sir S. I cannot get up.

Cur. We can soon set you at liberty, it may be you don't sit easie.

Sir S. Oh, very well, I thank you : I shou'd be loth, were it not among friends, to be so engag'd.

Cur. Come friend, pray draw your chair nearer. Now to our business. Give me your hand, Sir.

Trick. Your hand, Sir, I beseech you. [*Sir Simon gives his hands, as in courtesie, to friends ; they feel his pulse.*

Sir S. Oh, your servant, Gentlemen, your servant.

Cur. Oh, Sir, I beseech you, hold still a little.

Sir S. What means this ?

Cur. Have you a good stomach ? do you eat well, Sir ?

Sir S. Ay, and drink well too.

Cur. So much the worse, this great appetition of cold and humidity is an indication of the heat and driness within. Do you sleep sound ?

Sir S. Yes, when I have eat a good Supper.

Trick. Do you dream, Sir ?

Sir S. Sometimes.

Cur. Of what nature are your dreams ?

Sir S. Why, of the nature of dreams. A Devil, what kind of entertainment is this ?

Cur. How do you go to stool, Sir ?

Sir S. As others do. A plague on 't, I know not what they mean by these Questions ; pray let me be so bold to call for a glass of wine.

Cur. Have patience, Sir : I doubt whether it be good for you ; we will begin and discourse of the thing it self, and that you may the better understand we 'l dispute in English, and resolve upon your food, what meats and drinks are properest for you, and will do you the least harm.

Sir S. What needs so much discourse about my eating and drinking ?

Trick. Patience, Sir, you must be patient.

Sir S. What a devil wou'd they be at ?

Cur. I say with your permission, Sir, that our patient here present is very much assaulted, affected, afflicted, possessed, and o'ercome with this sort of folly, which is very well called Hypochondriack melancholy.

Sir S. These are Doctors, now shall I have a lecture read o'er me.

Trick. I beseech you, Sir, sit still.

Cur. This Hypochondriack Melancholy proceeds from the deprav'd constitution of some part of the neather belly, and inferior region : but particularly from the spleen. To be assured that this is his disease, you need but observe this great dulness which you see, this heaviness accompanied with fear and diffidence, signs, pathognomiques and individuals of this disease so well observed by the divine Hippocrates ; this Physiognomy, these eyes, red, heavy, and dull ; this grisly beard, and grumness ; this swarthy, tawney complexion ; this constitution

of body, lean, spare, and haggard, rough, black, and hairy; all which signs denote him to be very much o'ercome with this disease proceeding from the depravedness of the Hypochondria.

Trick. Sir, you must sit still.

Cur. Now I mean to touch the Therapeia, and remedies which ought to be prescribed to effect a perfect cure. First, then to remedy this Plethora, and this cacochymia, or general depravation of humours throughout all the body; my advice is for Phlebotomy; that he bleed freely; that is to say, plentifully; first of the Basilick, then of the Cephalick vein; and if the disease prove obstinate and refractory, that a vein be opened in his forehead, and that the orifice be very large, that the thick corrupted blood may have passage; and at the same time that he purge, deopitulate and evacuate by proper and convenient purgations; that is to say, by Cholagogues, Melanogogues, etc. But before all these, I find it meet to exhilarate his spirits with harmony resulting from Musick, instrumental and vocal, with which it will not be amiss to joyn some Dancers; to the end that their motions, postures, and agility of bodies, may excite, stirr up, and quicken his spirits stupified with idleness, which occasions the thickness of his blood; from whence proceeds the Malady! these are the Remedies I prescribe, which may be much advantag'd by some others of yours much better and more efficacious, having by your daily practice gain'd great experience, judgment, and knowledge in our Art. *Dixi.*

Sir S. Amen.

Cur. Nay, now Sir, you must have a little longer patience to hear my Brother Docter.

Trick. There remains nothing for me to say to the Gentleman, but that he was a luckie man to fall into your hands, and that he is even too happy in being a fool, in that he shall experiment the efficacie and admirable virtues of these Remedies you have propounded with so much judgment: I approve of all, *Manibus et pedibus descendo in tuam sententiam:* All that I say is, let the number of his bleedings and purgations be odd, *Numero Deus impari gaudet:* To drink often clarified Whey, to bathe often, to have a strait band made with salt in it to bind upon his forehead, for salt is the emblem of Wisdom; and to new whiten the walls of his chamber, to dissipate the darkness of his spirits, *Album est disgregativum visus:* A gentle glister to serve for the introduction of these judicious Remedies, with which he is to be cured, and he ought to receive consolation. Heaven grant that these Remedies you mentioned may according to our intention work their effects upon your patient.

Sir S. Gentlemen, I have listeped to ye all this while, and I have no more patience left. What, do you sport with me?

Cur. Oh, Sir, we don't sport with you.

Sir S. What means all this? what would ye with your mountibank canting?

Cur. Good, see a Diagnostick which we wanted for the confirmation of his disease, and this may well turn to madness.

Sir S. . . . Who am I left here with? [*He spits three or four times.*

Trick. Another diagnostick, his frequent spitting.

Sir S. Let me out here, let me be gone.

Cur. Yet another! and unquietness, his desire to change, and shift places.

Sir S. What's the matter? what a devil ayl ye? what wou'd you do with me.

Trick. Cure you, according to order given.

Sir S. Cure me?

Cur. Yes.

Sir S. What a devil, I am not sick.

Cur. A very ill sign, when a sick man perceives not his own disease.

Sir S. I tell you I am very well.

Cur. Oh, we know better than you how you do; we can see into your constitution.

Sir S. I tell you I was never better since I was born.

Trick. Worse and worse, he has been a fool from his cradle.

Cur. Let him be rul'd by us; we'l cure him, I'l warrant you.

Sir S. I'l be ruled by none of ye, ye are a couple of knaves.

Trick. We are your Physicians, Sir.

Sir S. Worse and worse, ye are the greater knaves for that. Physicians! what have I to do with Physicians? . . . for you, and your physic too: a caudle, Ale-berry, or a good Posset is worth all your damn'd drugs.

Cur. A hone, a hone, the man is a greater fool than we thought him.

Sir S. My father and mother never took physic in their lives, and they are both dead without the help of Physicians.

Cur. I wonder no longer then, that they had a son no wiser; come, let us proceed to the cure, and by the sweet exhilarating of harmony, sweeten, allay, and abate the acrimony of the spirits, which I see ready to inflame him. O here come my Operators.

Sir S. What in the Devil's name is all this? are all the people in this Town mad? I never saw the like in my days, what should it mean?

Enter Two Chymists *dress'd in antic habits, with broad black caps on their heads, that flap down about their ears, no hair seen; Ruffs about their necks, strait lodged doublets, with long close sleeves; Spanish scant breeches, and pumps; followed by four Operators in antic dresses, singing the symphony, sustain'd with a medley of strange instruments.*

Two Chymists sing.

1 *Chy.* What ailest thee thou musing man?
2 *Chy.* What art thou melancholy?
1 *Chy.* Come let's cure him if we can.
2 *Chy.* Sadness is the greatest folly.

Four Operators Sing.

1 *Oper.* Let's cure this wight.
2 *Oper.* He's a gallant knight.
3 *Oper.* 'Tis great pity.
4 *Oper.* That he should dy
All. Of folly.
Or of melancholy.

Two Chymists sing.

1 *Chy.* We to cure thy sadness come.
2 *Chy.* Mirth with us we bring along.
1 *Chy.* Throats let's clear with crying hum.
2 *Chy.* Then treat this gallant with a song.

Four Operators sing.

1 *Oper.* With song we'l advance,
2 *Oper.* With Musick and dance;
3 *Oper.* With these we will clear him.
4 *Oper.* Then give him glisters half a dozen.
1 *Oper.* To purge away melancholy and clear him.
2 *Oper.* Then rinze his body with Canary and Sherry.
3 *Oper.* If this will not make him merry,
4 *Oper.* 'Tis we
1 *Oper.* That be
2 *and* 3 *Oper.* More fools than he,
1 *and* 4 *Oper.* And our art will us couzen.
All. And our art will us couzen.

SONG.

1.

Let him that's melancholy,
Each morning when he gets up
Take of Sack a good cup;
Sing a catch, and again sup;
Sip and sing, sing and sip again and again,
Till he find the Canary doth work in his brain.

2.

Then to dinner go, and after
Let him sit and catch a laughter;
Sing t'other catch, take t'other cup,
Till each hath drunk his bottle up.
Thus laugh, thus quaff, thus quaff, thus laugh again and again,
Till he find the Canary doth work in his brain.

3.

At supper let him eat
But light and little meat ;
Yet trowl the cup roundly away ;
But avoid foggy Ale,
And Beer new or stale :
For wine is the liquour
Makes the wits to grow quicker,
And each o'er his glass to tell a merry tale.

4.

This melancholy evil
Is a sort of a Devil,
Which wine and not holy water will drive away ;
Nothing is so sure,
And perfect a cure
As wine, as mirth, and good companie ;
And if aught doth lack——o
'Tis a pipe o Tobac-coco-coco-coco—
Which taken may be
When to bed he doth go, gogo, gogo, gogo.

[*The Dance ended,* CUREAL *and* TRICKMORE *rise from their seats.*

Cur. Come let's have him up to his Chamber, and there give him the remedies per force, which he refuses to take here.

Trick. Help to let him out of his stool of repentance.

Sir S. Stay, let me take out my handkerchief to blow my nose. The Devil take ye all for Rogues.

[*They let Sir Simon out of the chair, he puts his hand into his pocket, and takes out a pistol ; they start back, he runs out, they discharge their glisters, and run out after him.*]

Enter again TRICKMORE *and* CUREAL.

Trick. He is gone, gone beyond recovery, all my designs are ruin'd.

C, Page 133.

Miller in *The Mother in Law* (Act ii. Scene 3), has imitated as follows Molière's scene between M. de Pourceaugnac and the two doctors. The hero of the piece is called in the English play Looby Headpiece, and the Physicians Mummy and Diascordium.

Loo. Well, Mr Steward, we'll take a Crust and a Bottle together, and then I'll e'en go look out my Uncle, and hear when this same Match is to be made up.

Mum. I am very much honour'd, Sir, in being made choice of to serve you.

Loo. Your Servant, Sir.

Mum. Brother Diascordium, will you walk this way? [*Enter* DIASCORDIUM.] Here's a learned Brother of the Faculty, with whom I shall consult in what manner to treat you, Sir.

Loo. No Ceremony, Gentlemen, pray now. I'm one that am easily satisfied.

Mum. Chairs here.

Loo. These are sorrowful kind of Domestics for a young gentleman, tho'.

Mum. Come, Sir, take your Place, Sir.

[*The two Physicians sit down on each side of Looby, and take hold of his hands to feel his pulse.*

Loo. Your very humble Servant. [*Giving his hands*] What does this mean now? I suppose 't is the fashion here. [*Aside.*

Mum. Do you eat well, Sir?

Loo. Yes, and drink better.

Dias. So much the worse; that great Appetition of Frigid and Humid, is an indication of Heat and Aridity within. Do you sleep much?

Loo. Yes, when I have made a good Supper.

Mum. Do you dream?

Loo. Sometimes.

Dias. Of what Nature are those Dreams?

Loo. Of the Nature of all Dreams, I think. 'S bud! I'm in a Dream now, by what I can find. [*Aside.*

[*All through this scene Looby looks with amazement and terror, first on one Doctor then on t'other.*

Mum. Is your Body open, Sir?

Loo. Hoop, hoop! the Men are mad, I think—my Body's empty, Sir, and I want a little Victuals and Drink, with your Leave.

Dias. A little Patience, Sir, we are going to reason upon your case, and then—

Loo. Hoity, toity! there does not want much Reasoning to eat a Bit.

Mum. As it is so, that no Malady can be cur'd, unless we are acquainted with it; and as we cannot be acquainted with it without establishing an Idea of it, by Symptoms Diagnostick and Prognostick; permit me, my ancient Friend and Brother, to observe, that our Patient here present is unfortunately affected, possess'd, and oppress'd with that sort of Madness which we justly term Hypochondriack Melancholy; so call'd not only by the Latins, but also by the Greeks, which is very necessary to be taken notice of in this Case.

Loo. Sir! What! How!

Mum. No interruption, Sir, I crave. Now the cause of this Distemper lies chiefly in the Splean, the Heat and Inflammation of which conveys to the Brain abundance of crass and fuliginous Effluvia, whose

black and malignant Vapours obscurify, modify, and infest the Animal Spirits, and cause a Depravation of the Functions of the cogitant Faculty. And for an incontestable symptom that our Patient here is tainted with that Distemper, you may only observe that Sadness of Countenance with which he beholds us! that Sorrowfulness of Face, accompanied with Fear and Distrust; that haggard Physiognomy, and those rolling Eyeballs: All this being premis'd and taken for granted, let us proceed to the Remedies necessary to Curation.

Loo. Where the murrain am I! and what the Plague are they going to do to me!

Mum. Good Sir, be silent. First of all, then, I'm of opinion that he should be copiously Phlebotomis'd, especially in the Jugular, where the Orifice ought to be sufficiently large; in the next Place, some potent Cathertieks may safely be administer'd; and lastly, an Emetick or two of the roughest kind may rationally take place—*dixi*—Brother.

Dias. Heaven forbid, Brother, that I should add anything to what you have said. The Arguments you have us'd are so weighty and learned, that 't is impossible but his Distemper must be what you have pronounced; or if it were not, it must necessarily become so for the Beauty and Justness of your Ratiocination. Nothing therefore remains to be done by me, but to compliment the gentleman upon being so happy as to be out of his Wits, that he may experience the Efficacy and Gentleness of your Medicines.

Loo. Gentlemen, 't is an Hour since you began, and so long I have hearken'd to you; be pleas'd to satisfy me if you ben't acting a Comedy here!

Mum. Heaven forbid, Sir——. No, no, we are not in jest. Nobody ever found us so yet, nor is Physic a thing to be jested with.

Loo. What the murrain d' ye mean by all this, then? And what the Devil would ye be at with your Hognostics and Dognostics?

Mum. Good. Injurious Language; this is a Symptom we wanted for a confirmation of his Malady. This may turn to Phrensy.

Loo. Who the Deuce have they put me among here?

Dias. Another Diagnostic, frequent Soliloquy.

Loo. No more of this—but let's be gone.

Mum. Another—Inquietude to change Place.

Loo. In one Word, Friend, what's the Meaning of this Affair? What would you have of me?

Mum. We would make a Cure of you, as we were desired to do.

Loo. Cure me!

Dias. Yes.

Loo. S' blood! I an't sick.

Mum. A bad Symptom. A Patient not to be sensible of his Illness. Look ye, Sir, we know how ye are, better than you do yourself; we are Physicians that can see clearly into your constitution.

Loo. If you are Physicians, avant! I abominate all Doctors and Apothecaries.

Mum. Um! the Man's more mad than we imagin'd.

Loo. I never took so much as a single Pill in my Life. My Father and Mother were o' the same mind, and died both o 'em without the Help of a Doctor.

Mum. I don't wonder then that they got such a Fool of a Son.

Loo. No, no, the Family of the Loobie's had always more sense than to deal in Drugs.

Mum. What do I hear?

Dias. Brother Mummy, you have the Symptoms of Amazement upon you!

Loo. Who! Brother Mummy! this is not my Uncle, sure!

Mum. Merry o' me! it is my Cousin Looby that I have been treating as a Madman all this while.

D, Page 154.

Ravenscroft, in the *Canterbury Guests* (Act ii., Scene 2), has imitated the Ninth and Tenth Scenes of the Second Act of *M. de Pourceaugnac*, as follows: The two women come up together in the English play as Mrs Breeder and Mrs Dazie; M. de Pourceaugnac is called Sir Barnaby Buffler; and Oronte becomes a justice under the name of Greed.

Enter MRS BREEDER, *and* MRS DAZIE *and* CHILDREN.

Breeder. We are come, and please you, to make Oath against a person that is fled to this Town to be married, and disowns both us and his children.

Greed. Who is it?

Dazie. One Sir Barnaby Buffler.

Gr. Here he is, speak to his face.

Daz. O Sir Barnaby, have we found you?

Br. Were you so cunning, to go so far from home to steal a Marriage, that we might not hear on 't?——But we are here to forbid the Banes.

Sir B. What mean you Woman?

Br. Ah, Gentlemen, wonder not at us, for this wicked Sir Barnaby, five years ago, tempted my honesty, and with solemn promises of marriage prevailed over my weakness, and got me with child.

Gr. What! and eat no suppers.

Fur. How's this!

Br. And to increase my sorrow,—I had two at a birth.

Gr. What, and he eat no suppers.

Hil. O rare Sir Barnaby.

Fur. Hold you your Clack, Gossip. [*To Hilaria.*]

Sir B. An impudent Queen I never saw her—I should not know her if I had met her in my dish.

Br. If I had never known you, I had never [*Breeder weeps*]—known sorrow.

Jac. Alas poor woman.

Sir B. Mind her not, she's a queen; *'Tis no more pity to see her weep than to see a Goose go bare foot.*

Daz. You'll say you don't know me too, I warrant you.

Gr. What! has Sir Barnaby been Tennant to your copy-hold too?

Daz. E'en so to my sorrow.

Fur. What, both!

Sir B. A Couple of Carryons—*ne'er a Barrel better Herring.*

Gr. Come, come, here's matter for me, [*Greed turns his chair from the Table*] give me my Chair.

Sir B. Ay Mr Justice, take him *Coram Nobis.*

Gr. I'll examine these matters according to Authority.

Br. Though he won't know us, let's see if he don't know these, come here children, kneel *Johnny,*——kneel down little *Sarah,* ask Father's blessing, and let's see if he can be so unnatural to disown his own Flesh and Blood.

Daz. And do thou kneel *Tommy,* ask blessing—[*The children all kneel down*] 'tis Nown Daddy.

3 *Chil.* Pray Father—pray Daddy—pray Father, pray Daddy.

Sir B. Pray Father, pray Daddy [*Sir Barnaby sits down upon his Hams, and mocks the children.*] Pray Father, pray Daddy, you Jackdaws you, hold your gaping.

Gr. Come before Justice—here you that han't told your story yet ——But first, what's your name.

Br. *Elizabeth Breeder.*

Gr. And Yours.

Daz. *Sarah Dazie,* and please you——

Gr. And what come you for? what's your complaint?

Daz. And please your worship, Mr Justice.

Gr. Speak out——

Daz. And please you this, *Sir Barnaby*——

Gr. Well——but first what are you——

Daz. I am a very honest Farmer's Daughter——

Gr. I believe it wou'd a been better for you, that you had been a Farmer's honest Daughter.

Daz. I had been so and please you——had it not been for Sir *Barnaby.*

Gr. Why, what did he do?

Daz. He knows well enough what was done in the great barn.

Gr. What he thrashed you there did he?

Daz. Here is the fruit of his labour, hold up thy Head *Tommy;* look you Gentlewoman, is he not as like, as if he was spit out of his mouth?

Hil. He has his very Eyes, and the make of his Face.

Br. And see here a pair of pretty Twins, so like the Father.

Jac. These have his Nose, his Forehead, and Chin exactly.

Fur. It cannot be deny'd, but they are pretty Children.

Sir B. Ye all Dream, they are neither like, nor pretty——nor nothing. These are impudent queans.

Arab. This is an abuse to my Brother, designed to hinder his Marriage.

Lov. 'Tis combination, Mr Justice, take care of these baggages; Let 'em kiss the Whipping-post.

Gr. Let me alone [*Justice goes step by step*]. Well, and you Mrs *Breeder*, you say these two Children were begotten on your natural body, by Sir *Barnaby* and born out of lawful Wedlock.

Br. Yes Sir, but not without a Contract.

Gr. Well stand you by—but hold, hold,——one question or two more, What were you when this was done?

Br. A Chambermaid.

Gr. And this was your Chamber practice, what, he did not Ravish you did he?

Br. Not against my Will.

Om. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir B. They both *lie faster than a dog can troe.*

Gr. Trouble not yourself Sir *Barnaby*, they have both confess'd that these are bastard Children, consequently themselves to be Whores, I'll send 'em to the house of Correction.

Br. No, I lay claim to him for my Husband.

Daz. And so do I.

Gr. And the Whipping post lays claim to you both. Come, give me Pen, Ink and Paper, I'll make their *Mittimus.*

Dash. Here and please your Worship, I have both.

[*Dash. pulls out Pen and Ink.*

Carl. Now Baggages present, present,——

Br. A word and please your Worship.

[*Carl speaks to Breed and Daz.*

Gr. Well———

Br. Here is a Collar of Brawn, which my Father sends you as a token of his respect, for your prudent moderation in this affair.

Gr. Humph—Brawn—Brawn!———I say you are a notorious Baggage, Rare Brawn, Rare Brawn! [*Aloud.*

Br. 'Tis ready souc'd for your Worship's eating.

Gr. Speak Softly———abuse so worthy a Person as Sir *Barnaby!* rare Brawn, there will be no living without Justice; delicate Brawn ———I'll make you an example———Set it behind my Chair—rare Brawn, rare Brawn!

Carl. He swallows the bribe.

Lov. The Jades act it well.

Daz. Mr Justice.

Gr. What, now you'll sing the second part to the same Tune, will ye.

Daz. My Mother has sent your Worship this couple of fat Capons, for a present.

Gr. Dainty Birds, speak for you! hang you!

Daz. She was dairy Maid to your Worship's Mother——

Gr. No, no, not I you are a most impudent strumpet——dainty birds, dainty birds.

Daz. They are of her own Cramming.

Gr. Softly——abuse such a Person as Sir *Barnaby*, dainty birds indeed, I'll swinge you both——dainty birds I am enrag'd, I shall never be able to do Justice with moderation. He——He——He——Ah——dainty birds.

Corl. Mr Justice, being these Women are come a great way, and have small Children to provide for, were it not better to send 'em home again than to keep 'em here, and put the Town to charge.

Hil. Od's life, old Sir discharge 'em; or let me be their bail.

Gr. Truly Sir, my Heart is mollified. I think with you 'twere best to send them back to their own Country, and Sir *Barnaby* may do well to give 'em a small Sum to bear their charges back.

Sir B. Hang 'em————*Not a Cross to bless themselves with*——e'en let 'em go *Barefoot or ten Toes* for me.

Fur. Well here's Angels a piece upon condition they trouble us no more with their clamour.

Br. } We thank your Worship.
Daz. }

Gr. Dainty Birds, dainty birds.

Fur. And hereafter if we find good ground for what you say, I'll prevail with Sir *Barnaby* to allow something yearly for maintenance of your children.

Gr. Dainty Birds————

Br. *Dazie*, Thank you Sir,——thank you.

Gr. Go, go, get you gone————you are beholden to these Friends.

Br. Go Johnny————go Sarah, you may never see your Father more, therefore ask him blessing.

Daz. Ay, do Tommy, ask Father blessing too.

3 *Chil.* Pray Father————pray Father.

Sir B. Bastards, Whores-birds! the Devil take ye all.

3 *Chil.* Pray Father,——pray Daddy,——[*The three children run after him*] pray Father——pray Daddy——pray Father.

Hil. Ha, ha, ha.——

Arab. Poor Infants. [*Sir Barnaby and Children Exeunt.*

LES AMANTS MAGNIFIQUES.

COMÉDIE-BALLET.

THE MAGNIFICENT LOVERS.

A COMEDY-BALLET IN FIVE ACTS.

(THE COMEDY IN PROSE, THE INTERLUDES IN VERSE.)

FEBRUARY 4TH, 1670.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

On the 4th of February 1670 was represented at Saint Germain-en-Laye, before the King and the whole Court, *The Magnificent Lovers*—of which "his Majesty chose the subject." For this reason it was called, with the interludes, *The Divertissement Royal*. Louis XIV. danced, in the first interlude, the part of Neptune, and that of Apollo in the sixth; but only during the first representation of the play.[1] It was never represented at Paris, and was printed only after Molière's death, in the first collected edition of his works. It has no particular merit, as far as I can see, and seems to be borrowed from the same source as Corneille's *Don Sancho of Arragon*.

In the two plays, a man of inferior birth is in love with, and beloved by a princess whose hand is sought by two rivals; but Don Sancho, before his marriage, is discovered to be a King's son, whilst Sostrates, Molière's hero, remains his own ancestor. The expenses for the machinery of this play were considerable; the engineer de Vigarani received 27,092 livres, while 16,000 livres were spent for the entertainment and salary of Molière's troupe and assistants for the 4th of February only.

In a little book just published [2] I find an account of the expenses of the representation of *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, as given at Saint-Germain-en-Laye on the 6th of March 1670, as well as of the two last representations of *The Magnificent Lovers*, given at the same place. Every article is mentioned there, even the price of the carriage which brought Molière from Paris to Saint-Germain and back again; the cost of the dresses of the *danseuses*; the sum paid for the cravats, breeches, stockings, dancing pumps, garters, scarfs, ribands, gloves, wigs, beards, and even the pomatum and powder for the chief actors, as well as for the supernumeraries. The cost of printing 1760 ordinary books of the ballet is also given, as well as that of 280 books for the King, the royal family, and their immediate followers,—which latter *libretti* were in marble covers, and ornamented with ribands. Among the different items specified, I find one for glasses, bottles, bread, wine, &c.; one for the horses' feed; one for the carriage of personal luggage and musical instruments; and even one for the door-keepers: the whole, certified

[1] See Vol. IV., page 6, note 7.

[2] Emile Campardon, *Nouvelles Pièces sur Molière*, &c., 1876, pp. 92-103.

by Louis-Marie d' Aumont de Rochebaron, Duke and Peer of France, First Gentleman of the Chamber of the King, at 16,808 livres 2 sols. On the 6th of September of the same year, *The Magnificent Lovers* was played before the Duke of Buckingham, in a theatre built on purpose, and at a cost of about 9000 livres.

Molière was now the regular provider of Court entertainments, and of the five plays in this volume, four were written for the special delectation of Louis XIV., then thirty-one years old, and at the height of his lustful and gluttonous appetites. The King had become at this time so infatuated with his ideas of royal dignity, so saturated with the nauseous flattery of his courtiers, so thoroughly convinced that he could do whatever he wished to do, that he probably thought he was really conferring a favour on Molière when he chose a subject for his play. But kings are seldom good *collaborateurs*, and the *Grand Monarque* proved no exception to this rule; hence *The Magnificent Lovers* is perhaps the least able play of Molière.

Still it is not wholly without talent; Clitidas is something like Moron, the Court fool from *The Princess of Elis* (See Vol. III., page 1), another comedy written by order of Louis XIV., and certainly not one of Molière's best; and Anaxarchus, as the astrologer, with his tricks and sham-Venus, with his taking money from two rivals, and promising both of them to favour their suits, is very amusing. Astrology had not completely gone out of fashion, for an astrologer drew Louis XIV.'s horoscope, officially, at his birth; and about twenty years before this play had been represented, a certain physician Morin, who had abandoned the practice of medicine for that of astrology,—thinking, perhaps, that there was less guess-work in the latter science than in the first—was the honoured correspondent of the celebrated Descartes, and of many, I shall not say high-born, but highly intellectual, people of the time. He lost, however, a great deal of his influence by predicting the death of the well-known philosopher Gassendi, who, however, did not die until five years afterwards.

The *Divertissement Royal* was acted again on the 13th and 17th of February, and on the 4th and 8th of March of the year 1670, and had the honour of being officially described in an Extraordinary Gazette. We shall give only the beginning of that description:—

"Let people not boast any longer about the Olympic games and the other amusements of the Greeks, nor about the Circuses and other spectacles of the Romans. Those, which have been the best organised and the most brilliant, ought to lose all the reputation which history has given them when compared to the festivals of the first Court of the world . . . All grace and gallantry have been reserved for the rejoicings of a monarch who serves in this as an example even to the most polished princes of his century, and who is the first in the fine manner of these amusements, as he is the greatest in power and in glory; and who, in short, does not understand less to honour the days of peace

which he has so generously given to Europe, by surprising magnificences and rejoicings, than in displaying in war victories and conquests wholly marvellous. This is proved by many festivals which he has already given to his Court, in which nothing has been seen but what was extraordinary and worthy of being described for posterity; and this has been confirmed by this last amusement with which his Majesty has wished to treat his Court during this carnival, in the interval of the great cares which He incessantly takes for the happiness of his peoples and for the glory of his State."

It has been said that Benserade, who had until lately written the verses for the ballets danced by the King,—verses in which there was always some political, courtly, or amorous allusion,—and who had abdicated his official Court-poet position in the month of February of the year before, felt rather annoyed when Molière took his place. On having been told, probably before the play was represented, two lines of the third interlude, "And trace on the verdure the image of our songs," he said aloud that it ought to be "the image of our dancing-pumps," playing on the similarity between the words *chansons*, songs, and *chaussons*, dancing-pumps. When the verses on the King representing Neptune, in the first interlude, and those on the King representing the Sun, in the sixth, were read the courtiers, who were ignorant that Benserade had not composed these couplets, complimented the latter on his elegant diction; and this gentleman did not deny the impeachment, until Molière declared that he had written them, to the great confusion of the discomfited pretender. Another rumour of the period says that Molière wished to parody Benserade's style and manner; but this is more than doubtful, for to ridicule the praises bestowed on Louis XIV., and to say in a spirit of irony "that virtue never suffers shipwreck" with the King, would undoubtedly have ended seriously for our dramatist.

It has also been mentioned that Mademoiselle de Montpensier, then forty years old, a niece of the King, wished to marry the Count de Lauzun, and that Molière knew of this, and endeavoured to predispose the minds of the courtly public by sketching the love of the high-born Princess Eriphila for the low-born general Sostrates. This is possible; for *The Magnificent Rivals* was played on the 4th of February 1670, and it was only at the end of that year that Mademoiselle de Montpensier mentioned her project to the King, who gave his consent to the marriage on the 15th of December, and withdrew it on the 18th of the same month. But is it not natural to suppose that Mademoiselle de Montpensier, after seeing the play of Molière, may have plucked up courage to inform the *Grand Monarque* of her proposed espousal?

Wonderful to relate, nothing has been borrowed from this play by English dramatists, at least as far as I have been able to trace.

PREFACE.

The King who will have nothing but what is extraordinary in all that he undertakes, proposed to give his court a diversion made up of all those that the stage could furnish; and, to take in so vast an idea, and chain together so many different things, His Majesty chose for the subject two rival princes, who, in the Vale of Tempe, where the Pythian games were to be celebrated, vie with each other in treating a young princess and her mother with all the gallantries that could be thought of.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IN THE COMEDY.

IPHICRATES, *a prince, in love with Eriphila.*
TIMOCLES, *a prince, in love with Eriphila.*
SOSTRATES, *a general in the army, in love with Eriphila.*
ANAXARCHUS, *an astrologer.*
CLÉON, *his son.*
CHOREBUS, *in the suite of Aristione.*
CLITIDAS, *a court jester, among the attendants of Eriphila.*[3]
ARISTIONE, *a princess, mother to Eriphila.*
ERIPHILA, *a princess, her daughter.*
CLEONICE, *her confidante.*
A SHAM VENUS, *in concert with Anaxarchus.*

IN THE INTERLUDES.

First Interlude.

EOLUS, SINGING TRITONS, SINGING STREAMS, SINGING CUPIDS, DANCING CORAL-FISHERS, NEPTUNE, SIX SEA-DEITIES *(dancing).*

Second Interlude.

THREE DANCING MIMES.

Third Interlude.

THE NYMPH OF THE VALLEY OF TEMPE.

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[3] This part was played by Molière. In the inventory taken after his death, we find "a theatrical classical cuirass (*tonnelet*), a chemisette, a skirt, a pair of drawers and cuishes; the above cuirass of green moire, ornamented with two kinds of lace, gold and silver; the chemisette of velvet with a gold ground; the shoes, garters, stockings, scallops, ruff and ruffles, the whole ornamented with fine silver."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—*Continued.*

IN THE PASTORAL.

Musical.

TIRCIS, *a shepherd, in love with Caliste.*
LICASTE, *a shepherd, his friend.*
MENANDER, *a shepherd, his friend.*
FIRST SATYR, *in love with Caliste.*
SECOND SATYR, *in love with Caliste.*
PHILINTE, *a shepherd.*

SIX DANCING FAWNS.
THREE SMALL DANCING FAWNS.
CALISTE, *a shepherdess.*
CLIMÈNE, *a shepherdess.*
SIX DANCING DRYADS.
THREE SMALL DANCING DRYADS.

Fourth Interlude.

EIGHT DANCING STATUES.

Fifth Interlude.

FOUR DANCING MIMES.

Sixth Interlude.

FEAST OF THE PYTHIAN GAMES.

The priestess, two singing sacrificers, six ministers of the sacrifice (carrying hatchets, dancing), chorus of people, six acrobats (on wooden horses), four slave leaders (dancing), eight dancing slaves; four men in Greek dresses, four women in Greek dresses, a herald, six trumpeters, a cup-bearer, Apollo, attendants on Apollo, (dancing).

Scene—THESSALY, IN THE VALE OF TEMPE.

THE MAGNIFICENT LOVERS.

(LES AMANTS MAGNIFIQUES).

FIRST INTERLUDE.

The scene opens with the pleasant sound of a quantity of instruments; and represents at first a sea bordered on each side by four large rocks. On the summit of each is a River-god leaning upon the insignia of these kinds of deities. At the foot of these rocks are twelve Tritons on each side; and in the middle of the sea, four Cupids on dolphins, and behind them the god Eolus, floating on a small cloud above the waves. Eolus commands the winds to withdraw; and while the four Cupids, twelve Tritons, and eight River-gods answer him, the sea becomes calm, and an island rises from the waves. Eight fishermen come out of the sea with mother of pearl and branches of coral in their hands, and, after a charming dance, seat themselves each on a rock above a River-god. The musical chorus announces the advent of Neptune; and while this god is dancing with his suite, the fishermen, Tritons, and River-gods accompany his steps with various movements, and the clattering of the pearl shells. The whole of this spectacle is a splendid compliment paid by one of the princes to the princesses during their maritime excursion.

First Entry of the Ballet.

Neptune and Six Sea-gods.

Second Entry of the Ballet.

Eight Coral Fishers.

VERSES SUNG.

Recital of Eolus.

Ye winds, who trouble the fairest days,
Retire into your deepest grottos;
And leave the Cupids and the Zephyrs
To reign over the waves.

A Triton.

What charming eyes have penetrated to our moist abodes ?
Come, come, ye Tritons ; hide yourselves, ye Nereids.

All the Tritons.

Let us all advance to meet these divinities ;
And to their charms let us render homage by our songs.

A Cupid.

Ah ! How fair are these princesses !

Another Cupid.

What hearts could withstand them ?

Another Cupid.

The fairest of immortals,
Our mother has less charms than they.

Chorus.

Let us all advance to meet these divinities ;
And to their charms let us render homage by our songs.

A Triton.

What noble spectacle now meets our eyes ?
Neptune, the great god Neptune, with his court,
Comes with his august presence
To shed honour on this charming spot.

Chorus.

Let us our songs increase
And make the air resound
With our rejoicings.

Verses for the king, representing Neptune.[4]

Heaven, among the gods most renowned,
Has given me a considerable rank,

[4] See Vol. I., page xxix. note 13,

And, in vesting me with sway over the azure waves,
Renders my power feared by the whole universe.

There is no land, if it look well at me,
But what must tremble at my spreading over it;
No state but what at any moment I could inundate
With the impetuous waves which my power commands.

Nothing could stay their fierce overflow;
And if a threefold dyke opposes their force,
We would see them break down the obstacle,
And easily clear for themselves a way anywhere.

But I know how to curb the fury of these waves
By the wise equity of the power I wield,
And to maintain everywhere, to the sailors' delight,
The sweet liberties of a peaceful commerce.

Sometimes there are shoals found in my States;
We perceive that some vessels are lost there by storms;
But against my power there is no murmuring,
And with me virtue never suffers shipwreck.[5]

For M. Le Grand, representing a sea-god.

The empire in which we live is fertile in treasures,
All mortals in crowds rush to its banks.
And, to make in a short time a very great fortune,
We need nothing but the favour of Neptune.

For M. the Marquis De Villeroi, representing a sea-god.

On the word of this god of the watery empire,
We may safely embark with all assurance.
The waves themselves may inconstant be,
Not so Neptune, he is ever constant.

For M. the Marquis De Rassent, representing a sea-god.

Journey on this sea with indomitable zeal;
These are the means to curry favour with Neptune.

[5] It has been said that our author parodied in the above verses the way in which Benserade wrote his poetic flatteries, but we doubt if Molière would have dared to have taken this liberty. See Introductory Notice, page 195.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SOSTRATES, CLITIDAS.

Clit. [*Aside*] He is buried in thought.

Sos. [*Believing himself alone*] No, Sostrates, I see nothing to which you can have recourse, and your ills are of such a nature as to leave you no hope of getting rid of them.

Clit. [*Aside*] He argues with himself.

Sos. [*Believing himself alone*] Alas!

Clit. [*Aside*] These are sighs that mean something, and my conjectures may become true.

Sos. [*Believing himself alone*] On what fancies, tell me, could you build any hope, and what else stares you in the face but a horrible, protracted and wretched life, and annoyances to be ended only by death?

Clit. [*Aside*] This head is more confused than my own.

Sos. [*Believing himself alone*] Ah! my heart! ah! my heart! to what have you brought me?

Clit. Your servant, my lord Sostrates.

Sos. Where go you, Clitidas?

Clit. But you rather, what are you doing here? and what secret melancholy, what sombre humour, if it please you, retains you in these woods, while every one is rushing to the magnificent festival with which the love of prince Iphicrates is regaling the maritime excursion of the princesses; while they are receiving marvellous entertainments of music and dancing, and while even the rocks and the waves deck themselves with divinities to do honour to their charms?

Sos. Without seeing it, I can imagine this magnificence well enough; and, as a rule, so many people are anxious to add to the crowds at these festivals, that I have thought it right not to augment the number of nuisances.

Clit. You know well enough that your presence never spoils anything, and that you are never one too many, no matter where you go. Your countenance is welcome everywhere; and it is not one of these ill-favoured countenances which are never well received by sovereign looks. You stand equally well with the two princesses; and the mother and the daughter show you sufficiently the esteem in which they hold you, to prevent all dread of your tiring their sight; and, in short, it is not that fear which has kept you back.

Sos. I confess that I have no great natural curiosity for these kinds of things.

Clit. Good Heavens! even if one had no curiosity for these things, one has always somewhere to go where one finds everybody else; and, whatever you may say, people do not remain all alone, during a festival, dreaming among the trees, as you do, without having something on their minds that troubles them.

Sos. What should I have on my mind?

Clit. Ay, I do not know where it comes from; but there is a scent of love somewhere here. It is not I. Ah! upon my word, it is you.

Sos. How foolish you are, Clitidas!

Clit. I am not foolish. You are in love; I have a delicate nose, and I smelt it directly.

Sos. On what do you found this idea?

Clit. On what? You would be very much surprised if I told you, besides, with whom you are in love.

Sos. I?

Clit. Yes. I wager that I shall guess on the spot the one whom you love. I have my secrets as well as our astrologer, with whom the princess Aristione is so taken up; and, if he be possessed of the science of reading in the stars the fate of men, I possess the one of being able to read in the eyes the name of the person with whom one is in love.

Hold up your head a little, and open your eyes. E, making a syllable by itself;[6] e, r, i, eri; p, h, i, phi, ; l, a, la; Eriphila. You are in love with the princess Eriphila.

Sos. Ah! Clitidas, I confess that I cannot conceal my trouble, and you strike me with a thunderbolt.

Clit. Do you see how clever I am!

Sos. Alas! if, by some accident, you have been able to discover the secret of my heart, I beseech you at least not to reveal it to any one, and above all to keep it concealed from the fair princess whose name you have just mentioned.

Clit. And, seriously speaking, if I have been able from your actions for some time to find out the passion which you wish to keep secret, do you think that the princess Eriphila could have been so obtuse as not to perceive it? The fair, believe me, are always the most clear-sighted in discovering the passions which they inspire; and the language of the eyes and of sighs is better understood than any other by the one to whom it is addressed.

Sos. Let us leave her, Clitidas, let us leave her to perceive, if she can, in my sighs and looks, the passion with which her charms have inspired me; but let us take great care that she never find it out in any other way.

Clit. And what do you dread? Is it possible that this same Sostrates, who feared neither Brennus nor all the Gauls, and whose arm has so gloriously contributed to rid us of that deluge of barbarians which ravaged Greece; is it possible, I say, that a man so dauntless in war can be so timid in love, and that I see him tremble at the very mention that he does love?

Sos. Ah! Clitidas, I tremble with reason; and all the Gauls in the world are much less to be dreaded than two beautiful eyes full of charms.

[6] In the original *per soi*, being an old formula for "making a syllable by itself."

Clit. I am not of that opinion; and I know well, as far as I am concerned, that one single Gaul, sword in hand, would make me tremble more than fifty beautiful eyes, though they were altogether the most charming in the world. But, just tell me, what do you intend to do?

Sos. To die without declaring my passion.

Clit. That is a fair prospect! Come, come, you are jesting; a little boldness always succeeds with lovers: the bashful only lose in the game of love; and I would declare my passion to a goddess, if I fell in love with her.

Sos. Too many things, alas! condemn my passion to an eternal silence.

Clit. Eh! what?

Sos. The humbleness of my condition, with which it pleases Heaven to abate the ambition of my love; the rank of the princess, which puts between her and my desires a distance so vexatious; the rivalry of two princes supported by all the great titles, which can sustain the pretensions of their affection; of two princes disputing with each other, at every moment, through many thousand splendours, the glory of winning her, and whose love we expect daily to be decided by her choice; but more than all, Clitidas, that inviolable respect with which her beautiful eyes subjugate all the violence of my passion.

Clit. Respect very often does not lay us under the many obligations that love does; and unless I am very much mistaken, the young princess is aware of your affection, and is not insensible to it.

Sos. Ah! Do not endeavour to flatter out of pity the heart of a poor wretch.

Clit. My conjecture is well founded. I see her postpone the choice of a husband for a long time, and I wish to find out something of this little matter. You know that I am somewhat in favour with her, that I have free access to

her, and that by dint of giving myself a deal of trouble I have acquired the privilege of mixing in the conversation, and of speaking at random upon all subjects. Sometimes it does not succeed, but again at times it does. Let me manage it; I am one of your friends; people of merit gain my heart, and I shall watch my time to entertain the princess with . . .

Sos. Ah! for pity's sake, with whatever kindness my misfortune may inspire you, be very careful not to tell her anything of my passion. I would rather die than lay myself open to be accused by her of the slightest impertinence; and this profound respect with which her divine charms . . .

Clit. Silence, here comes everyone.

SCENE II.

ARISTIONE, IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, SOSTRATES, ANAXARCHUS, CLÉON, CLITIDAS.

Aris. [*To Iphicrates*] Prince, I cannot get tired of saying so, that there has never been a spectacle in the universe to vie in magnificence with the one which you have just given us. This festival has had some decorations which, without doubt, surpass everything which one could see; and it has shown us something so noble, so grand, and so majestic, that Heaven itself could no farther go; and I can say with confidence that there is nothing in the universe that could equal it.

Tim. They are decorations with which we could not expect every festival to be adorned; and I have reason to fear, Madam, for the simplicity of the little entertainment which I am preparing for you in the wood of Diana.

Aris. I think that we shall see nothing there but what is very agreeable; and we must certainly admit that the country ought to appear beautiful to us, and that we have

had no time to become weary in this charming spot which all the poets have celebrated under the name of Tempe. For, after all, not to speak of the pleasures of the chase which we can enjoy at any hour, and of the solemnity of the Pythian games which are about to be celebrated, you both take care to glut us with all the entertainments that can charm the most melancholy grief. How is it, Sostrates, that we did not see you at our maritime excursion?

Sos. Madam, a slight indisposition prevented me from going there.

Iphic. Sostrates is one of those men, Madam, who think it unbecoming to be curious like others; and it is nice to affect not to go where everyone goes.

Sos. My Lord, affectation has no share whatever in aught that I do; and, without wishing to compliment you, there were things at this entertainment which could have attracted me, if some other cause had not detained me.

Aris. And has Clitidas seen it all?

Clit. Yes, Madam, but from the banks.

Aris. And why from the banks?

Clit. Really, Madam, I was afraid of one of those accidents which generally occur in these confusions. Last night I dreamt of dead fishes and broken eggs;[7] and I have gleaned from Anaxarchus that broken eggs and dead fishes mean mishap.

Anax. I always remark one thing; that Clitidas would have nothing to say, if he did not speak of me.

Clit. It is because there are so many things to say of you that one cannot speak enough of them.

Anax. You might choose some different subjects of conversation, since I have asked you to do so.

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[7] See *The Love-Tiff*, Vol. I. page 171, note 43, about the dreaming of "broken eggs."

Clit. But how can I? Do not you say that destiny is stronger than everything? and if it be written in the stars that I should be inclined to speak of you, how would you have me resist my fate?

Anax. With all due respect to you, Madam, there is something that is very annoying at your court, that every one there takes the liberty of speaking, and that the most honourable man is exposed to the raillery of the first spiteful wag whom he meets.

Clit. I thank you for the compliment.

Aris. [*To Anaxarchus*] How foolish of you to fret yourself about what he says.

Clit. With every respect for you, Madam, there is one thing that astonishes me in astrology: how people who know all the secrets of the gods, and who possess the knowledge to place themselves above all men, should be in need of paying court, and of asking for something.

Anax. You ought to earn your money a little better, and utter some wittier jokes to this lady.

Clit. Upon my word, one gives them as one can. It is very easy for you to speak thus; and the trade of a wit is not like that of an astrologer: to tell lies well, and to tell jokes well are two very different things; and it is far easier to deceive people than to make them laugh.

Aris. Eh! what does this mean?

Clit. [*Speaking to himself*] Peace, impertinent fellow that you are! do not you know that astrology is an affair of State, and that you must not touch upon that point? I have told you so several times, you are too forward, and you are taking certain liberties which will play you a scurvy trick, I warrant you. You will find that one of these days you will be kicked out, and that you will be bundled off like a rogue. Hold your tongue if you be wise.

Aris. Where is my daughter?

Tim. She has strolled away, Madam; and I offered her my arm, which she refused to accept.

Aris. Princes, since the affection which you have for Eriphila has been content to submit itself to the laws which it has been my pleasure to impose upon you; since I have been able to obtain from you that you should be rivals without becoming enemies, and that with full submission to the sentiments of my daughter you are awaiting a choice in which I have left her sole mistress, open to me, both of you, the recesses of your minds, and tell me truly what progress you think you have made on her heart.

Tim. Madam, I will not flatter myself. I have done all I could to move the heart of the princess Eriphila, and I have set about it, I believe, in every tender way that a lover could adopt. I have rendered her the submissive homage of my affection; I have shown assiduity; I have paid my attentions every day; I have ordered my passion to be sung to her with the most melting voices, and have given it expression in verses composed for me by the most delicate of pens; I have complained of my martyrdom in the most impassioned terms; I have made my eyes as well as my lips speak of the despair of my love; I have uttered languishing sighs at her feet; I have even shed tears; but all that was useless, and I am not aware that in her heart she reciprocates my love.

Aris. And you, prince?

Iph. As for me, Madam, knowing her indifference, and the little value which she sets upon the attentions paid to her, I did not wish to waste complaints, sighs, or tears upon her. I know that she is entirely submissive to your wishes, and that it is from your hand alone that she will accept a husband; thus, it is only to you that I address myself to obtain her; to you rather than to her that I offer all my attentions and all my homage. And would to Heaven,

Madam, that you could have resolved to take her place; that you had been willing to enjoy the conquests which you make for her, and to receive for yourself the affection which you refer to her!

Aris. Prince, the compliment is that of a skilful lover, and you have heard it said that one must cajole the mothers in order to obtain the daughters; but, in this case, unfortunately, all that becomes of no use, and I have bound myself to leave the choice entirely to the inclination of my daughter.

Iph. With whatever power you may have invested her for this choice, it is not a compliment, Madam, that I have uttered to you. I pretend to the princess Eriphila only because she is of your blood; I find her charming through everything which she derives from you, and it is you whom I adore in her.

Aris. That is very pretty.

Iph. Yes, Madam, every one sees in you attractions and charms, which I . . .

Aris. Pray, prince, let us leave those charms and attractions; you know that they are words which I eliminate from the compliments which people wish to pay me. I allow folks to praise my sincerity; to say that I am a worthy princess, that I have a good word for everybody, a warm feeling for my friends, and esteem for merit and virtue; I can digest all that, but as for charms and attractions, I am very glad that they are not served up to me; and whatever truth there may be found in them, one must have some scruple in tasting praises, when one is mother to a daughter like mine.

Iph. Ah! Madam, it is you who will play the mother in spite of all the world; there is not an eye that does not oppose itself to it; and if you wished it, the princess Eriphila might pass for your sister.

Aris. Good Heavens! prince, I have no taste for all this nonsense which most women like: I wish to be a mother because I am one, and it would be in vain not to wish it. This title has nothing to shock me, since, with my own consent, I have exposed myself to receive it. This is a weakness of our sex, from which, thank Heaven, I am exempt; and I do not trouble myself about these grand disputes about age, so common with many foolish women. Let us come back to our conversation. Is it possible that up till now you have been unable to find out which way the inclination of Eriphila tends?

Iph. It is a mystery to me.

Tim. And to me an impenetrable one.

Aris. Modesty perhaps hinders her from explaining herself to you and to me. Let us make use of some one else to find out the secret of her heart. Sostrates, do this for me, and render this good office to these princes, to discover skilfully from my daughter towards which of the two her feelings may turn.

Sos. Madam, you have a hundred persons at your court on whom you might better bestow the honour of such a task; and I feel myself ill-fitted to execute what you desire of me.

Aris. Your merit, Sostrates, is not confined to the employment of war only; you have brain, aptitude, skill; and my daughter sets store by you.

Sos. Some one better than I, Madam . . .

Aris. No, no; your refusal is useless.

Sos. Since it is your wish, Madam, I must obey; but I swear to you that, in all your court, you could not have chosen any one who would not have been able to acquit himself far better than I can of such a commission.

Aris. You are too modest; and you will always acquit yourself well of whatever you may be charged with. Gently find out the sentiments of Eriphila, and make her remember that she is to go in good time to the wood of Diana.

SCENE III.

IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, SOSTRATES, CLITIDAS.

Iph. [*To Sostrates*] Rest assured that I share in the esteem which the princess shows you.

Tim. [*To Sostrates*] Rest assured that I am delighted at the choice that has been made of you.

Iph. Now you are in a position to serve your friends.

Tim. You have now the means of rendering good service to the people whom it may please you to serve.

Iph. I do not commend my interests to you.

Tim. I do not ask you to speak for me.

Sos. It would be useless, gentlemen. I should be wrong to exceed my orders; and you will not think it amiss if I speak neither for the one nor the other.

Iph. I leave you to do as you please.

Tim. You shall act as you judge best.

SCENE IV.

IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, CLITIDAS.

Iph. [*Aside to Clitidas*] Will Clitidas be kind enough to remember that he is one of my friends; I recommend him always to forward my interests with his mistress against those of my rival.

Clit. [*Aside to Iphicrates*] Let me manage it. There is no comparison between you and him! and he is a finely-built prince to dispute her with you!

Iph. [*Aside to Clitidas*] I shall remember this service.

SCENE V.

TIMOCLES, CLITIDAS.

Tim. My rival pays his court to Clitidas; but Clitidas knows well that he has promised me to support the pretensions of my love.

Clit. Assuredly; and he is but jesting to think to gain the day over you. A nice specimen of a prince he is, compared with you!

Tim. There is nothing which I could refuse to Clitidas.

Clit. [*Alone*] Sweet words on all sides! Here comes the princess; I shall watch my opportunity of speaking to her.

SCENE VI.

ERIPHILA, CLÉONICE.

Clé. People will think it strange, Madam, that you have thus strolled away from every one.

Eri. Ah! how agreeable a little solitude sometimes is to persons like us, who are always pestered with so many people! and how sweet it is, after a thousand impertinent conversations, to commune with one's own thoughts! Let me walk here all alone.

Clé. Would you not like, Madam, to see a little specimen of the agility of these admirable personages, who wish to enter your service. They are people who, by their steps, their gestures and movements, express everything to the eye; and we call them pantomimists? I have trembled to say this word to you;[8] and there are people in your court who would not forgive me for it.

Eri. You look to me much, Cléonice, as if you intended to treat me here to an annoying entertainment; for, thank

[8] A proof that the art and the word were new in France; *pantomime*, meaning "pantomime," was introduced much later.

Heaven, you always wish to produce indiscriminately everything that is offered to you; and yours is an affability that rejects nothing: thus it is to you alone we see that the Muses, when in want, have recourse; you are the great patroness of unrecognised merit; and everything in the shape of indigent virtue in the world steps down at your place.

Clé. If you have no wish to see them, Madam, you have only to leave them where they are.

Eri. No, no; let us see them: let them come.

Clé. But their dance may be bad, perhaps, Madam.

Eri. Bad or not, we must see it. It would be only postponing the thing with you; and it is better to have done with it.

Clé. It will be only an ordinary dance now; Madam, another time . . .

Eri. No preamble; Cléonice, let them dance.

SECOND INTERLUDE.

The confidante of the young Princess calls forth three dancers, under the name of Pantomimists, that is, who express all sorts of things by their movements. The Princess sees them dance, and receives them into her service.

Entry of the Ballet

of the three Pantomimists.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ERIPHILA, CLÉONICE.

Eri. Very admirable, indeed. I do not think that people could dance better, and I am very glad to have them belonging to me.

Clé. And I, Madam, am very glad that you have seen that I have not such bad taste as you thought.

Eri. Do not boast too much; you will not be long in giving me an opportunity of vindicating my opinion. Leave me now.

SCENE II.

ERIPHILA, CLÉONICE, CLITIDAS.

Clé. [*Coming to meet Clitidas*] I warn you, Clitidas, that the princess wishes to be alone.

Clit. Let me manage it, I know my court etiquette well enough.

SCENE III.

ERIPHILA, CLITIDAS.

Clit. [*Singing*] La, la, la, la. [*Pretending to be surprised at seeing Eriphila*] Ah!

Eri. [*To Clitidas, who makes a show of going*] Clitidas!

Clit. I did not see you there, Madam.

Eri. Come here. Where do you come from?

Clit. I have just left the princess, your mother, who is going towards the temple of Apollo, accompanied by a great many people.

Eri. Do you not find that these spots are the most charming in the world?

Clit. Assuredly. The princes, your lovers, were there.

Eri. The stream Peneus has some agreeable windings here.

Clit. Very agreeable. Sostrates was also there.

Eri. How is it that he did not come to the excursion?

Clit. He has something on his mind which prevents him from taking pleasure in all these beautiful entertainments. He wished to speak to me about it; but you have so ex-

pressly forbidden me to charge myself with any affair for you, that I did not wish to listen to him, and I told him at once that I had no time to hear him.

Eri. You were wrong to tell him so, and you ought to have listened to him.

Clit. I told him at first that I had no time to listen, but I gave him a hearing afterwards.

Eri. You have done well.

Clit. Truth to tell, he is a man who pleases, a man such as I should like men to be, not assuming boisterous manners and a provoking tone of voice; prudent and careful in all things, never speaking but to the point, not too prompt in deciding, not at all annoying by exaggeration; and, whatever beautiful verses our poets may recite to him, I have never heard him say, There! that is more beautiful than anything Homer ever wrote. In short, he is a man for whom I feel some inclination; and, were I a princess, he would not be unhappy.

Eri. He is a man of great merit, no doubt. But of what did he speak to you?

Clit. He asked me whether you showed much pleasure at the magnificent entertainment which they have given you, spoke of you with the greatest possible transports, lauded you to the skies, and gave you all the praises that one could give to the most accomplished princess on earth, intermixing them with sundry sighs that told more than he intended. In short, by dint of turning him on all sides, and of urging him to tell the cause of that profound melancholy which is noticed by the whole court, he has been obliged to acknowledge to me that he is in love.

Eri. What, in love! what boldness is his! He is a hare-brained fellow whom I will never see again in my life.

Clit. Of what do you complain, Madam?

Eri. To have the audacity to love me! and what is more, to have the audacity to say so!

Clit. It is not you with whom he is in love, Madam.

Eri. It is not I?

Clit. No, Madam; he respects you too much for that, and is too sensible to think of it.

Eri. And with whom then, Clitidas?

Clit. With one of your ladies-in-waiting, young Arsinoé.[9]

Eri. Has she so many charms that he could find no one worthier of his love than she?

Clit. He loves her madly, and beseeches you to honour his flame with your protection.

Eri. I?

Cli. No, no, Madam. I see that the affair does not please you. Your anger has obliged me to use this subterfuge; and, to tell you the truth, it is you whom he loves to madness.

Eri. You are an insolent fellow to come thus to surprise my feelings. Come, leave this; you would read into peoples' thoughts, penetrate into the secrets of a princess's heart! Out of my sight, and let me never set eyes upon you again, Clitidas.

Clit. Madam?

Eri. Come here; I forgive you this affair.

Clit. You are too kind, Madam . . .

Eri. But on condition—mind well what I say to you—that you open your lips to no one, at the peril of your life.

Clit. That is sufficient.

Eri. Sostrates has told you then that he loved me?

Clit. No, Madam. I must tell you the truth. I have wrung from his heart, by surprise, a secret which he wishes to hide from all the world, and with which, he says, he is

[9] In the first Scene of the fourth Act of *The Princess of Elis* (See Vol. III., p. 1), there is a similar ruse employed by the princess.

resolved to die. He is in despair at the subtle theft which I have committed; and very far from charging me to discover it to you, he has besought me, with all the fervent prayers one could utter, to reveal nothing of it to you; and what I have said to you just now is treason against him.

Eri. So much the better! it is by his respect only that he can please me; and, if he were bold enough to declare his love to me, he would for ever lose both my presence and my esteem.

Clit. Have no fear Madam, that . . . .

Eri. Here he comes. Remember, at least, if you are wise, what I have forbidden you.

Clit. That is already done, Madam. One must not be an indiscreet courtier.

SCENE IV.

ERIPHILA, SOSTRATES.

Sos. I have an excuse, Madam, for daring to disturb your solitude; and I have received from the princess, your mother, a commission which authorises the liberty which I now take.

Eri. What commission, Sostrates?

Sos. This one, Madam, to endeavour to learn from you towards which of the two princes your heart inclines.

Eri. The princess, my mother, shows a judicious spirit in the choice which she has made of you for such a task. This commission, Sostrates, has, no doubt, been very agreeable to you, and you have accepted it with great joy?

Sos. I have accepted it, Madam, through the necessity which my duty imposes upon me to obey; and if the princess would have been satisfied with my excuses, she would have honoured some one else with this commission.

Eri. What reason, Sostrates, obliged you to refuse it?

Sos. The fear, Madam, of acquitting myself ill in it.

Eri. Do you think that I do not esteem you sufficiently well to open my heart to you, and to give you all the information that you could wish about these two princes ?

Sos. I desire none for myself upon the subject, Madam; and I ask for no other than that which you may deem yourself obliged to accord to the commands which bring me here.

Eri. Till now, I have avoided explaining myself, and the princess, my mother, has been kind enough always to allow me to postpone the choice which is to bind me; but I should be very glad to show the world that I would do something for the love of you; and, if you press me to it, I shall pronounce the verdict for which they have already been waiting so long.

Sos. It is a matter, Madam, in which you shall not be troubled by me; and I could not make up my mind to press a princess who so well knows what she has to do.

Eri. But that is what the princess my mother expects from you.

Sos. Have I not told her also that I should but ill acquit myself of this commission ?

Eri. Come now, Sostrates, people like you have always far-seeing eyes; and I think that there must be few things that escape yours. Have your eyes not been able to discover that which everybody is so much concerned about ! and have they not given you some small glimpse of the inclination of my heart ? You see the attentions that are paid to me, the homage shown to me. Upon which of the two princes, think you, do I look with the most favourable eyes ?

Sos. The doubts which one forms upon these sorts of matters are generally regulated by the interest which one takes in them.

Eri. For which of the two, Sostrates, would you incline? Which is the one, tell me, whom you would wish me to marry?

Sos. Ah! Madam, not my wishes, but your inclination shall decide the matter.

Eri. But if I consulted you upon this choice?

Sos. If you consulted me, I should be very much at a loss.

Eri. Could not you say, which of the two seems to you the most worthy of this preference?

Sos. If from my own eyes I were to judge, there would be no one worthy of this honour. All the princes of the world are not good enough to aspire to you; the gods only might pretend to do so; and you should accept from men only incense and sacrifice.

Eri. That is very kind, and you are one of my friends: but I wish you to tell me for which of the two you feel the greatest inclination, which is the one whom you would place first in the rank of your friends.[10]

SCENE V.

ERIPHILA, SOSTRATES, CHOREBUS.

Chor. Madam, here is the princess who comes hither to take you to the wood of Diana.

Sos. [*Aside*] Alas! how seasonably you come in, little boy!

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[10] It has been well said that princesses are condemned, in friendship as well as in love, to make overtures, and that the respect which surrounds them often obliges the most discreet and the most proud to make advances, which other ladies would not dare to do. See, in confirmation of this, the introductory notice to this play.

SCENE VI.

ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA, IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, SOSTRATES, ANAXARCHUS, CLITIDAS.

Aris. You have been asked for, daughter; and there are some people whom your absence frets very much.

Eri. I think, Madam, that I have been asked for out of compliment; and that people do not fret so much as you say.

Aris. There is such a series of entertainments here, given for our sakes, that all our time is occupied; and we have not a moment to lose, if we wish to enjoy them all. Let us quickly enter the wood, and see what awaits us there. This is the most charming spot in the world; let us take our places quickly.

THIRD INTERLUDE.

The stage represents a forest to which the princess has been invited. A nymph does the honours, singing; and, to amuse them, a small musical comedy is played, the subject of which is as follows:—A shepherd complains to two others, his friends, of the coldness of her whom he loves; the two friends console him; at that moment the beloved shepherdess appears, and the three retire to observe her. After a plaintive love ditty, she reclines on the turf, and abandons herself to sweet slumber. The lover makes his two friends approach to contemplate the charms of his shepherdess, and invokes all things to contribute to her rest. The shepherdess, on waking, finds her swain at her feet, complains of his persecution; but, taking his constancy into consideration, grants to him what he wishes, and consents to be beloved by him, in the presence of the two shepherd friends. Upon this two satyrs arrive, upbraid her with her change of affection, and feeling the disgrace into which they have fallen, seek their consolation in wine.

THE PERSONAGES OF THE PASTORAL.

The Nymph of the Vale of Tempe, Tircis, Lycaste, Menander, Caliste, Two Satyrs.

PROLOGUE.

The Nymph of Tempe, alone.

Come, great princess, with all your charms,
Come, view the innocent delights
Which our wilderness presents to you;
Do not seek here the splendour of the court festivals;
Nothing but love is felt in these spots,
Love is the sole burden of our songs.

Scene I. Tircis, alone.

You sing in your leafy retreat,
Sweet nightingales replete with love;
And with your tender strains
You awake by turns
The echoes of these groves.
Alas! ye little birds, alas!
Had you my griefs, you would not sing.

Scene II. Lycaste, Menander, Tircis.

Lyc. Eh, what! ever languishing, sombre and cast down?
Men. Eh, what! to tears, as always, wed?
Tirc. Ever adoring Caliste,
And ever unhappy.
Lyc. Then overcome, overcome, ye shepherd, the grief that haunts you.
Tirc. Alas! how can I, alas!
Men. Make, make an effort for yourself.
Tirc. Alas! how can I, when the evil is too great?
Lyc. The evil will find its remedy.
Tirc. I shall not be cured except through death.
Lyc. & Men. Ah! Tyrcis!
Tirc. Ah! shepherds!
Lyc. & Men. Control your feelings more.
Tirc. Nothing can come to my aid.
Lyc. & Men. It is giving way too much, too much.
Tirc. It is suffering too much, too much.

Lyc. & Men. What weakness!
Tirc. What martyrdom!
Lyc. & Men. You must take courage.
Tirc. Rather let me die.
Lyc. There is no shepherdess
So cold and so severe,
But what the pressing ardour
Of a heart that perseveres,
Can overcome her coldness.
Men. There are, in these affairs
Of amorous mystery,
Certain little moments
In which the most severe change,
And make lovers happy.
Tirc. I behold the cruel one
Bending her steps towards this spot.
Let us take care not to be seen by her;
For, alas! the ungrateful one
Would not then come hither.

Scene III. Caliste, alone.

Ah, how on our hearts
The cruel honour's law
Exercises merciless sway!
For Tircis I show nought but coldness;
And all the while, too sensible to his poignant grief,
I sigh in secret over his langour,
And would like to relieve his martyrdom.
To you alone I breathe this much,
Ye trees, do not repeat the words.
Since Heaven has been pleased to create
Within us hearts which love can kindle,
What pitiless rigour
Forces us to arm ourselves against his sweetest darts!
And why, without aught to be blamed,
Can we not love
What we find loveable?
Alas! how happy are ye,

Ye guileless beasts, to live without restraint,
And to be able to follow without fear
The sweet transports of your amorous hearts!
Alas! ye little birds, how happy are you
To feel no restraint,
And to be able to follow without fear
The sweet transports of your amorous hearts!
But slumber on my eyelids
Sheds the agreeable coolness of its poppies;
I yield to it with all my heart;
There is no severe law
Forbidding our senses to taste its sweetness.

Scene IV. *Caliste (asleep), Tircis, Lycaste, Menander.*

Tirc. Towards my charming foe
Let us without noise bend our steps,
Yet taking care not to awaken
Her coldness, which now slumbers.

All three. Sleep on, sleep on, fair eyes, lovely conquerors;
And taste that peace which you wrest from all hearts;
Sleep on, sleep on, fair eyes.

Tirc. Now silence keep, ye little birds;
Ye winds, stir nought around;
Ye streams, run sweetly on:
For Caliste is slumbering.

All three. Sleep on, sleep on, fair eyes, lovely conquerors;
And taste that peace which you wrest from all hearts;
Sleep on, sleep on, fair eyes.

Calis. *(awakening, to Tircis).*
Ah! what exceeding cruelty!
To dog my steps where'er I go!

Tirc. What else would you have me follow, alas!
But the beloved?

Calis. Say, shepherd, what would you with me?

Tirc. To die, fair shepherdess,
To die at your feet,

And end my misery.
Since, in vain, at your feet I sigh,
I must die there.

Calis. Hence, Tircis; I fear that this day
The pity in my heart is but the harbinger of love.

Lyc. & Men. (one after another) Be it pity, be it love,
It well becomes to be tender;
You too long have been unbending;
Shepherdess, you must yield
To his constant flame.
Be it pity, be it love,
It well becomes to be tender.

Cal. (to Tircis) Too severe, too cruel I have been.
Your ardour I have treated ill,
While loving you all the time.
Avenge yourself on my heart,
Tircis, which I now yield to you.

Tirc. O, Heavens, shepherds! Caliste, I am beside myself
If joy can kill, then I shall lose my life.

Lyc. Worthy reward of your love!

Men. O fate to be envied;

Scene V. Two Satyrs, Caliste, Tircis, Lycaste, Menander.

1*st Satyr (to Caliste)* What, you fly from me; and I see you,
Ungrateful woman, prefer this shepherd to me!

2*d Satyr.* Have my vows no effect upon your indifference?
And for this languid swain your heart is softened!

Cal. Fate wills it thus!
Take patience both of you.

1*st Satyr.* To swains who are driven to despair
Love causes to shed tears;

But this is not to our taste,
And the bottle has some charms,
Which console us for everything.

2d Satyr. Our passion does not aye obtain
Whate'er it may desire ;
But we have another resource,
And good wine makes us laugh
When others mock our loves.

All. Ye rustic divinities,
Ye fauns, and dryads, come out
From your peaceful retreats ;
Join your steps to our sounds,
And trace on the verdure
The image of our songs.[11]

First Entry of the Ballet.

At the same time, six Dryads and six Fauns come out of their grottos, and execute a beautiful dance ; then they open their ranks all at once, and reveal a shepherd and shepherdess who perform a small musical scene of a love-tiff.

THE LOVE-TIFF.

Climène, Philinte.

Phil. When I was pleasing to your eyes,
I with my life was satisfied,
And saw nor king nor god,
Whose lot inspired me with envy.

Clim. When to every one else
Your affection preferred me,
I would have left a crown
To reign over your heart.

Phil. Another has cured my heart
Of the passion which I had for you.

Clim. Another has revenged my flame
Of your perjured faith.

Phil. Chloris, who is lauded much,

[11] See Introductory Notice to this play.

Loves me with a faithful love;
If her eyes told me to die
Gladly I would expire for her.

Clim. Myrtil, so worthy of envy,
Cherishes me more than the day;
And I, I would lose my life
To show him my affection.

Phil. What, if returning love again
Should make me your bright charms adore,
Should Chloris from my bosom chase,
And re-instate you in her stead?

Clim. Though with the utmost tenderness,
Myrtil might ever cherish me,
With you, I still confess, I would
And live, and die.[12]

The two together. More than ever let us love
And live and die in bonds so sweet.

All the Actors in the Pastoral.

Ye lovers, how sweet and nice
Are your quarrels and bickerings!
How we see follow, one after another,
Pleasure and tenderness!
Quarrel continually
To make it up again.
Ye lovers, how sweet and nice
Are your quarrels and bickerings! &c.

Second Entry of the Ballet.

The Fauns and the Dryads recommence their dancing, which the Shepherds and Shepherdesses accompany by their music and song, while three little female Dryads and three little Fauns reproduce, at the back of the stage, everything that goes on in front.

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[12] Molière had already attempted a paraphrase of Horace's ode, *Donec gratus eram tibi*, in *the Love Tiff*, (See Vol. I. page 105) as well as in *Tartuffe* (See Vol. IV., page 95), and in *The Citizen who apes the Nobleman*, (See *seq.*) The above piece bears the same title as the first mentioned play.

The Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Let us enjoy, let us enjoy, the innocent pleasures
With which the fire of love charms our senses.
Let those who like care for grandeur;
All these honours so greatly envied,
Cause grief which is often too poignant.
Let us enjoy, let us enjoy, the innocent pleasures
With which the fire of love charms our senses.

While we love, everything pleases in life;
Two united hearts are contented with their lot,
Such ardour, followed up by pleasure,
Makes of our days eternal spring.
Let us enjoy, let us enjoy, the innocent pleasures
With which the fire of love charms our senses.

ACT III. SCENE I.

ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA, IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, ANAXARCHUS, SOSTRATES, CLITIDAS.

Aris. The same words come continually to our lips; one must always exclaim: That is admirable! nothing could be more beautiful! it surpasses aught that has ever been seen!

Tim. The praise is too great for such trifles, Madam.

Aris. Trifles like these may agreeably occupy the most serious persons. In truth, daughter, you are very much obliged to these princes, and you cannot acknowledge sufficiently all the trouble which they take for you.

Eri. I am as grateful as possible for it, Madam.

Aris. Still you make them languish a long while for what they expect from you. I have promised not to constrain you; but their affection urges you to declare your-

self, and no longer to delay the reward for their services. I have charged Sostrates gently to discover the sentiments of your heart; and I do not know if he has begun to acquit himself of this commission.

Eri. Yes, Madam; but it seems to me that I cannot too long postpone the choice for which I am pressed, and which I am unable to make without being, to some extent, to blame. I feel equally obliged for the love, the zeal, and the services of these two princes; and I think it somewhat of a great injustice to show myself ungrateful, either to the one or the other, by the refusal I should have to make in my preference for his rival.

Iph. This is certainly, Madam, a very pretty compliment, in order to refuse us both.

Aris. This scruple, daughter, ought not to trouble you; and these two princes have submitted, long ago, to the preference which your inclination might cause you to make.

Eri. Inclination, Madam, is very apt to be mistaken, and disinterested eyes are much more capable of choosing justly.

Aris. You know that I have pledged my word to give no opinion upon this; and between these two princes, your inclination cannot go wrong, or make a choice that can be bad.

Eri. In order not to violate your promise or my scruples, please to accept, Madam, a way which I make bold to propose.

Aris. What, daughter?

Eri. Let Sostrates decide whom I should prefer. You have selected him to find out the secret of my heart, now permit me to choose him to get me out of the plight in which I find myself.

Aris. I value Sostrates so much, that, whether you wish to employ him to explain your sentiments, or whether you

will be absolutely guided by him; I value, say I, his virtue and judgment so much, that I consent with all my heart to the proposal which you make to me.

Iph. That means, Madam, that we must pay our court to Sostrates?

Sos. No, my lord, you will have to pay me no court; and with all the respect due to the princesses, I decline the glory to which they intend to raise me.

Aris. Whence comes that, Sostrates?

Sos. I have reasons, Madam, which do not allow me to receive the honour which you offer to me.

Iph. Do you fear, Sostrates, to make yourself an enemy?

Sos. I would little fear, my lord, the enemies whom I might make, while obeying the will of my sovereigns.

Tim. For what reason, then, do you refuse to accept the power given to you, and to acquire the friendship of that prince who shall owe all his happiness to you?

Sos. For the reason that I am unable to grant that prince what he would wish from me.

Iph. What might that reason be?

Sos. Why press me so much on the subject? I may, perhaps, my lord, have some secret interest that opposes itself to the pretensions of your love. I may, perhaps, have a friend whose heart, without daring to avow it, burns with a respectful flame for the divine charms by which you are captivated. This friend is perhaps making me a daily confidant of his martyrdom, is daily bewailing to me the cruelty of his fate, and is looking upon the nuptials of the princess as the terrible verdict that consigns him to the grave; and if this were so, my lord, would it be just that he should receive his death-blow from my hands.

Iph. You, Sostrates, might perhaps yourself be that friend whose interests you have so much at heart.

Sos. Do not seek, I pray you, to render me odious to the

persons who are listening to you. I know myself, my lord; and unfortunate men like me well know to what their position permits them aspire.

Aris. Let us drop this; we shall find the means of overcoming the irresolution of my daughter.

Ana. Can there be a better way, Madam, to conclude matters to the satisfaction of everyone than the light which Heaven can throw upon this match. I have, therefore, begun, as I told you, to cast the mysterious figures which our art teaches us; and I hope to be able to show you by-and-bye what the future has in store regarding this much-desired union. Can there be any vacillation after this? Shall the glory and prosperity which Heaven promises to the one or the other choice, not be sufficient to determine it; and can the rejected one be offended, when Heaven itself shall decide this preference?

Iph. As for me, I submit entirely to it; and I declare that this way seems to me the most reasonable.

Tim. I am of the same opinion; and Heaven could do nothing but what I would subscribe to without repugnance.[13]

Eri. But my lord Anaxarchus, do you really see so clearly into destiny that you are never deceived, and who, pray, will be the guarantee for this glory and prosperity, which, say you, Heaven promises us?

Aris. Daughter, you have some trifling incredulity that does not leave you.

Ana. The proofs, Madam, which everybody has seen of the infallibility of my predictions, are sufficient guarantees for the promises which I can make. But, in short, when I shall have shown you what Heaven marks out for you, you shall regulate your conduct after your own fancy; and it will be for you to choose the lot of either the one or the other.

[13] We shall see, farther on, in the fourth Scene of the third Act that the astrologer had promised to be favourable to each of the two rival princes.

Eri. Will Heaven, Anaxarchus, show me the good or bad fortune[14] which shall attend me ?

Ana. Yes, Madam ; the happiness which shall be your lot, if you marry the one ; and the misfortunes which shall accompany you, if you wed the other.

Eri. But as it is impossible that I should wed them both, it must then be written down in Heaven, not only what is to occur, but also what is not to occur.

Clit. [*Aside*] Behold my astrologer non-plussed.

Anax. I should have to make a long discussion upon the principles of astrology, Madam, to make you understand this.

Clit. Well answered. Madam, I say no harm of astrology : astrology is a good thing, and my lord Anaxarchus is a great man.

Iph. The truth of astrology is incontestable ; and there is no one who can dispute against the certainty of its prognostications.

Clit. Assuredly.

Tim. I am incredulous enough about many things ; but as regards astrology, there is nothing more sure and more constant than the certainty of the horoscopes which it draws.

Clit. They are the clearest things in the world.

Iph. A hundred foretold adventures happen every day, which convince the most stubborn.

Clit. That is true.

Tim. Can we contest, on this matter, the famous incidents which are vouched for by history ?

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[14] The original has *fortune*, which, in Molière's time, meant "fate, lot, luck," but not "riches," as it does generally now. Still the word is sometimes used in its proper sense, above all, with an adjective, as *bonne fortune, mauvaise fortune*, also *la fortune me sourit*. In English we have kept generally to the primary meaning, as "fortune favours the brave ;" but with the indefinite article it often means "wealth," as "he has a fortune of ten thousand pounds."

Clit. It would not be common sense. To contest what is ordained.[15]

Aris. Sostrates does not say a word. What is his opinion?

Sos. Madam, every mind is not born with the qualities required for the delicacy of these grand sciences, which we call abstruse; and there are some so material, that they cannot conceive what others understand in the easiest manner possible. There is nothing more agreeable, Madam, than all the great promises of these sublime studies. To transform everything into gold; to cause people to live for ever; to cure by words; to make ourselves beloved by whom we wish; to know all the secrets of the future; to cause to descend from Heaven, at one's will, impressions of good fortune on metals; to command demons; to create invisible armies, and invulnerable soldiers: all this is charming, no doubt; and there are people who have not the slightest trouble in comprehending the possibility of it; for them it is the easiest thing to conceive. But, as for me, I confess candidly that my coarse mind has some difficulty in understanding and in believing it; and I have always found it too good to be true. All these beautiful arguments of sympathy, of magnetic force, and of occult influence, are so subtle and delicate, that they escape my material understanding; and, without speaking about the rest, it has never been in my power to conceive how the smallest particulars of the least important man's fate could be found written in Heaven. What relation, what connection, what correspondence can there be between us and globes so immeasurably distant from our earth? and whence, in short, can this beautiful science have come to man? Which god has revealed it? or what experience can

[15] The original has *moulé*, printed. Molière perhaps did not like to use the word *imprimé*, so as to avoid an anachronism.

have been formed from observing this great number of stars which no one as yet has been able to see twice in the same order ?

Anax. It will not be difficult to make you conceive it.

Sos. You will be more clever than all others.

Clit. [*To Sostrates*] He will deliver you a lecture upon all this, whenever you like.

Iph. [*To Sostrates*] If you do not understand things, at least you can believe them from what we see every day.

Sos. As my understanding is too coarse to comprehend anything, my eyes are also so unfortunate that they have never seen anything.

Iph. As for myself, I have seen, and convincing things too.

Tim. And I also.

Sos. Since you have seen, you do well to believe ; and your eyes must be differently made from mine.

Iph. But, in short, the princess believes in astrology, and it seems to me that one may well believe after her. Has she not her sense, and wits about her, Sostrates ?

Sos. The question is somewhat startling, my lord. The understanding of the princess is no rule for mine ; and her intelligence may lift her to glimpses of certain things to which my senses cannot soar.

Aris. No, Sostrates, I will not say anything about a number of matters to which I give no more credence than you do ; but, as for astrology, I have been told and have been shown things so positive, that I cannot doubt them.

Sos. There can be no answer to that, Madam.

Aris. Let us drop this conversation, and please to leave us for a moment. Let us direct our walk towards this beautiful grotto, daughter, whither I have promised to go. Delicate attentions at every step !

FOURTH INTERLUDE.

The stage represents a grotto, where the princesses go to take a walk; and whilst they are entering it, eight statues, each bearing two torches in their hands, come down from their recesses, and execute a varied dance of different figures and several fine attitudes in which they pose at intervals.

Entry of the Ballet
of Eight Statues.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA.

Aris. From whomsoever it comes, nothing could be more gallant and better arranged. Daughter, I have wished to separate from the crowd to converse with you; and I wish you to hide nothing of the truth from me. Have you not in your heart some secret inclination which you will not reveal to us?

Eriph. I, Madam?

Aris. Speak openly, daughter. What I have done for you well deserves that you should be candid with me. To turn all my thoughts upon you, to prefer you to aught else, to close my ears, in the position which I occupy, to all the proposals which a hundred princesses, in my place, would have listened to with satisfaction; all this ought to persuade you sufficiently that I am a good mother, and that I am not likely to treat with severity the laying bare of your heart.

Eriph. If I had so badly followed your example, as to have allowed myself to be carried away by some feelings of inclination which I had reason to hide, I should have sufficient self-control, Madam, to impose silence on such a passion, and to prevent myself from displaying aught that were unworthy of your blood.

Aris. No, no, daughter; you may, without scruple, lay bare your feelings to me. I have not confined your inclination to the choice between the two princes; you may extend it to wherever you wish; and merit, with me, has so great an influence, that I consider it equal to everything; and if you frankly avow matters to me, you will find me subscribe without repugnance to the choice which your heart has made.

Eriph. Madam, I cannot sufficiently extol your kindness to me: but I shall not put it to the test in the matter on which you are speaking; and all that I ask from it is not to urge me to a marriage upon which I am as yet not resolved.

Aris. Till now I have left you mistress in everything; and the impatience of the princes, your suitors. . . . But what is this noise which I hear? Ah! daughter, what spectacle meets our sight! Some divinity descends hither, and it is the goddess Venus who apparently wishes to speak to us.

SCENE II.

VENUS, *accompanied by four little Cupids in a machine;* ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA.

Venus. [*To Aristione*]—

Princess, in your cares there shines an exemplary zeal
Which by immortals ought to be rewarded;
And that you may have a son-in-law illustrious and happy,
Their hand will point you out the choice that you ought to make.
They all by my voice announce to you
The glory and the grandeur which, by this worthy choice,
Your house for ever shall enjoy.

Then, there is an end to your difficulties ;
Give your daughter
To him who shall save your life.

SCENE III.

ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA.

Aris. Daughter, the gods impose silence on all our arguments. After this, we have nothing more to do than to receive what they are preparing to give us, and you have just now distinctly heard their will. Let us go into the first temple to assure them of our obedience, and to render them thanks for their favours.

SCENE IV.

ANAXARCHUS, CLÉON.

Clé. Behold the princess just going ; do you not wish to speak to her ?

Ana. Let us wait until her daughter is away. She has a spirit which I fear, and which is not of a stamp to be led like that of her mother. At last, as we have seen, my son, through this gap, our stratagem has succeeded. Our Venus has done wonders ; and the admirable engineer who has prepared this trick has so well arranged everything, has so cleverly cut the floor of this grotto, so dexterously hidden his wires and all his springs, so nicely adjusted his lights, and tastefully dressed his personages, that there are few people who would not have been deceived ; and as the princess Aristione is very superstitious, there is no doubt that she fully believes in this deception. I have prepared this machine a long while, my son, and I shall soon have reached the goal of my ambition.

Clé. But for which of these two princes have you invented this contrivance ?

Ana. Both have invited my assistance, and to both I have promised the influence of my art. But the presents of prince Iphicrates and the promises which he has made me by far exceed all that the other could have done. Thus it will be he who shall receive the favourable effects of all the springs which I have set in motion ; and as his ambition will owe me everything, our fortune, my son, is as good as made. I shall take my time to keep up the error in the mind of the princess, to dispose her the better still by the connection which I shall skilfully show her between the words of Venus and the prognostications of the heavenly signs which I shall tell her that I have cast. Go you, and look to the rest of the work ; prepare our six men to hide themselves carefully in their boat behind the rock, to wait quietly until the princess Aristione comes to take her evening's walk by herself on the shore ; to pounce upon her, at the right time, as if they were pirates, so as to give prince Iphicrates an opportunity of bringing her that aid which, according to the decrees of Heaven, is to place in his hands the princess Eriphila. This prince has been warned by me ; and, on the faith of my prediction, is to hold himself in readiness in this little wood which abuts on the shore. But let us get out of this grotto ; while we are walking along, I shall inform you of all things to be observed. Here comes the princess Eriphila : let us avoid a meeting with her.

SCENE V.

ERIPHILA, *alone.*

Alas ! what a destiny is mine ! and what have I done to the gods to merit all the care which they wish to take of me ?

SCENE VI.

ERIPHILA, CLEONICE.

Clé. I have found him, Madam, and here he is; and, at your first commands, he has followed me here.

Eri. Let him come hither, Cleonice; and leave us together for a moment.

SCENE VII.

ÉRIPHILA, SOSTRATES.

Eri. Sostrates, you love me.

Sos. I, Madam ?

Eri. Enough, Sostrates ; I know it, I approve of it, and allow you to tell me so. Your passion seemed to me accompanied by all the worth that could make it agreeable. Were it not for the rank in which Heaven has given me birth, I might tell you that this passion would not have been an unhappy one, and that a hundred times I should have wished for it the support of a fate which might have allowed me openly to show the secret feelings of my soul. It is not, Sostrates, because merit alone has not in my eyes all the value which it ought to have, and because I do not prefer, in my inmost heart, the virtues which you possess to all the magnificent titles with which the others are clothed. It is not even because the princess, my mother, has not left me the disposal of my feelings; and I do not doubt, I confess to you, but that my prayers could have turned her consent the way which I would have desired. But there are stations in life, Sostrates, in which it would not be honourable to do all that one would wish. It is sad to be put above all things; and the vexatious reports of fame often make us pay too dearly for the pleasure which we might have had in satisfying our inclinations. To this, Sostrates, I could never have made

up my mind; and I deemed it sufficient to avoid the engagements which I was entreated to make. But, in short, the gods themselves will take the burthen of providing me with a husband; and all these long delays with which I have postponed my marriage, and which the kindness of the princess, my mother, has granted to my wishes; these delays, I say, are no longer permitted to me, and I must resolve to submit to the decree of Heaven. Be assured, Sostrates, that it is with the utmost repugnance that I submit to this marriage; and that, had I been mistress of myself, I should have been yours, or no one's. This, Sostrates, is what I had to tell you; this is what I thought was due to your worth, and is all the consolation which my tenderness can afford to your affection.

Sos. Ah! Madam, this even is too much for an unhappy wretch! I was not prepared to die with so much glory; and, from this moment, I shall cease to complain of my fate. If it caused me to be born in a station less elevated than I could have desired, it has at least caused me to be born sufficiently fortunate to attract some pity from the heart of a great princess; and this glorious pity is worth crowns and sceptres, is worth the fortune of the greatest princes of the earth. Yes, Madam, from the moment I have dared to love you (it is you, Madam, who gave me leave to use this bold word), from the moment, I say, that I have dared to love you, I first condemned the pride of my aspirations; I have myself prepared that fate which I ought to expect. My death-blow, Madam, will have nothing to surprise me, as I was prepared for it; but your kindness loads it with an honour for which my affection never dared to hope; and I shall die, after this, the most contented and glorious of all mortals. If I could still wish for aught, there are two favours, Madam, which I make bold to ask of you on my knees: to be willing to endure my presence until this happy marriage

which is to end my life; and amidst this great glory and long prosperity which Heaven promises to your union, to think sometimes of the love-stricken Sostrates. May I, divine princess, flatter myself with this so precious favour.

Eri. Go, Sostrates, depart from this. You do not care for my peace in asking me to remember you.

Sos. Ah! Madam, if your peace . . .

Eri. Away, I tell you, Sostrates, spare my weakness, and expose me to no more than I have resolved upon.

SCENE VIII.

ERIPHILA, CLEONICE.

Cle. Madam, I see you are very sad in spirit: will it please you that your dancers, who express all passions so well, shall give you a sample of their skill?

Eri. Yes, Cleonice; anything they like, as long as they leave me to my thoughts.

FIFTH INTERLUDE.

Four pantomimists, as a sample of their skill, adjust their movements and their steps to the uneasiness of the young princess Eriphila.

Entry of the Ballet

Of four pantomimists.

ACT V. SCENE I.

ERIPHILA, CLITIDAS.

Cli. Which way shall I turn? whither can I go? and where am I now likely to find princess Eriphila? It is no small advantage to be the first to carry news. Ah! there she is: Madam, I have come to announce to you that Heaven has just now given you the husband it allotted to you.

Eri. Eh! leave me, Clitidas, to my gloomy melancholy.

Cli. Madam, I ask your pardon. I thought I was doing well in coming to tell you that Heaven has just now given you Sostrates for a husband; but, as it seems to annoy you, I shall pocket my news, and go back again as straight as I came.

Eri. Clitidas! Clitidas!

Cli. I leave you, Madam, to your gloomy melancholy.

Eri. Stay, I tell you; come here. What have you come to tell me?

Cli. Nothing, Madam. One is sometimes hasty to come to tell great people about certain things, for which they do not care, and I pray you to excuse me.

Eri. How cruel you are!

Cli. Another time I shall have the discretion not to come to interrupt you.

Eri. Keep me no longer in suspense. What have you come to tell me?

Cli. Just a trifle about Sostrates, Madam, which I will tell you another time, when you shall be less engaged.

Eri. Do not tire me any longer, I say, and tell me the news.

Cli. You wish to know it, Madam?

Eri. Yes; make haste. What have you to tell me about Sostrates?

Cli. A marvellous adventure, which no one expected.

Eri. Tell me quickly what it is.

Cli. It will not trouble your gloomy melancholy, Madam ?

Eri. Come, speak promptly.

Cli. I must tell you then, Madam, that the princess, your mother, was passing nearly alone through the forest, by those little paths which are so pleasant, when a hideous wild boar (those nasty wild boars always cause such disorders, and they ought to be banished from well-kept forests), when, I say, a hideous wild boar, driven at bay, I believe, by some hunters, crossed the road where we were.[16] In order to adorn my tale, I ought to give you an elaborate description of the boar of which I speak ; but you will dispense with it, if you please, and I shall content myself by telling you that it was a formidable animal. It was going its way, and it would have been as well not to meddle with it, to pick no quarrel with it; but the princess wished to show her dexterity, and inflicted with her dart, which, with all respect to her, she used somewhat untimely, quite a small wound just above the ear. The boar, ill-behaved, impertinently turned round on us : we were two or three wretches there, who turned pale with fright ; each one made for his tree, and the princess, defenceless, remained exposed to the fury of the brute, when suddenly Sostrates appeared, as if he had been sent by the gods.

Eri. Well ! Clitidas ?

Cli. If my story wearies you, Madam, I shall put off the remainder till another time.

Eri. Finish quickly.

Cli. Indeed, it is quickly that I shall finish, for a little bit of cowardice has prevented me from noticing all the details of the struggle ; and all that I can tell you is, that,

[16] In *The Princess of Elis* (see Vol. III.), a wild boar threatens also the life of the Princess, and terribly frightens Moron, who is even a greater coward than Clitidas.

returning to the spot, we found the boar dead, weltering in his blood; and the princess full of joy, proclaiming Sostrates her deliverer, and the worthy and fortunate husband whom the gods destined for you. At these words, I thought that I had heard enough, and I hastened, before every one else, to come and bring you the news.

Eri. Ah! Clitidas, could you have given me any that was more agreeable?

Cli. Here they come to look for you.

SCENE II.

ARISTIONE, SOSTRATES, ERIPHILA, CLITIDAS.

Aris. I see, daughter, that you already know everything that we can tell you. You see that the gods have explained themselves sooner than we thought: my danger has not been long in revealing their wishes to us; and it will be sufficiently clear that it is they who have interfered with this choice, since merit alone shines out in this selection. Can you have any repugnance to reward with your heart one to whom I owe my life? and would you refuse Sostrates for your husband?

Eri. Both from the hands of the gods and from yours, Madam, I could receive no gift more agreeable to me.

Sos. Heaven! is not this some dream replete with glory, with which the gods wish to flatter me? and shall not some wretched awakening replunge me into the misery of my fate?

SCENE III.

ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA, SOSTRATES, CLEONICE, CLITIDAS.

Cleon. Madam, I have come to tell you that, till now, Anaxarchus has been deceiving both princes, by holding out the hope that the selection would take place, for which they

have been waiting so long; and that, at the rumour of your accident, they have both given way to their resentment against him, to that extent that, from words to words, matters have become more warm, and he has received some wounds, of which the issue is very uncertain. But here they come.

SCENE IV.

ARISTIONE, ERIPHILA, IPHICRATES, TIMOCLES, SOSTRATES, CLEONICE, CLITIDAS.

Aris. You both act with too great a violence, princes; and if Anaxarchus has offended you, I was the one to do you justice.

Iph. And what justice, Madam, could you have done us with him, seeing that you give so little consideration to our rank in the choice which you make?

Aris. Did you not both submit to what the decrees of Heaven, or the inclination of my daughter, might decide in this matter?

Tim. Yes, Madam, we submitted to what they might decide between prince Iphicrates and myself, but not to find both of us repulsed.

Aris. And if each of you could have submitted to see the other preferred, what has occurred for which you should not be prepared? and what difference can the interests of his rival make to either the one or the other?

Iph. Yes, Madam, it does make a difference. It is some consolation to see a man equal to one's self preferred; but your blindness is a frightful matter.

Aris. Prince, I do not wish to fall out with one who has been so gracious as to pay me many compliments; and I pray you, with all possible honesty, to base your grief upon a more reasonable foundation; to remember, if you please, that Sostrates is invested with a worth which has shown

itself to all Greece, and that the rank to which Heaven raises him to-day, will fill up every gulf which has existed between him and you.

Iph. Yes, yes, Madam, we shall remember it. But perhaps you will please also to remember that two outraged princes are not two enemies to be lightly overlooked.

Tim. Perhaps, Madam, the joy of having despised us will not be tasted long in peace.

Aris. I forgive all these threats for the sake of the grief for an affection which believes itself insulted; and we shall not the less assist at the feast of the Pythian games with the utmost tranquillity. Let us go there immediately, and let us crown, by this glorious spectacle, this marvellous day.

SIXTH INTERLUDE

WHICH IS THE SOLEMNITY OF THE PYTHIAN GAMES.

The scene represents a great hall in the form of an amphitheatre opening upon a grand arcade at the farther end, above which is a tribune, closed by a curtain, and in the distance is seen an altar prepared for sacrifice. Six men, dressed as if they were almost naked, each carrying a hatchet on his shoulder, as if they were going to sacrifice, enter by the portico, to the sound of violins, and are followed by two sacrificers who play, by a priestess also playing, and by their suite.

The Priestess.

Sing in thousand spots, ye people, sing
The brilliant marvels of the god whom we serve;
Range Heaven and earth:
No song so precious you could sing
Nothing so dulcet to the ear.

A Greek Woman.

Nothing resists this god
So full of charm, this god so full of strength.

Another Greek Woman.

Nothing on earth exists
Except by his goodness.

Another Greek Woman.

All the earth is sad
When he is not seen.

Chorus.

Let us to his memory sing
Such touching concerts,
That from, his glory's height,
He may listen to our song.

First Entry of the Ballet.

Six men carrying hatchets execute among themselves a dance exhibiting all the postures in which strength can be expressed ; then they file off to the two sides of the stage to make room for six vaulters.

Second Entry of the Ballet.

Six vaulters show, to music, their skill upon wooden horses, which are brought by slaves.

Third Entry of the Ballet.

Four leaders of slaves bring in, to music, twelve slaves, who dance and show their joy at having recovered their freedom.

Fourth Entry of the Ballet.

Four men and four women, armed in the Greek fashion, execute a kind of assault at arms.

The tribune opens. A herald, six trumpeters, and a kettle-drum player, joining the other instruments, proclaim, with great noise, the arrival of Apollo.

Chorus.

Let us all open our eyes
To the supreme brilliancy
Which flashes in these places.

What extreme grace!
What glorious bearing!
Where else can gods be seen
Fashioned as he is.

Apollo, to the sound of trumpets and violins, enters by the portico, preceded by six young men, who bear laurel wreathed round a stick, and a golden sun at the top, with the royal device in the form of a trophy. The six young men, in order to dance with Apollo, give their trophy to the six men with hatchets to take care of, and begin, with Apollo, a heroic dance, in which there joins, in various attitudes, the six men carrying the trophy, the four women with their cymbals, and the four men with their drums, while the six trumpeters, the kettle-drum player, the sacrificers, the priestess, and the chorus of music accompany all this, joining it at different intervals; which finishes the Pythian games, and the whole entertainment.

Fifth and Last Entry of the Ballet.

Apollo, and six young men of his suite, chorus of music.

For the king representing the sun.

I am the source of all light;
And the most vaunted stars,
Whose beauteous circle is around me,
Are only brilliant and respected,
By the splendour which I give them.

From the car on which I sit,
I see the wish to behold me
Shared by the whole of nature;
And the wide world has but its hope
In the sole blessings of my light.

Very happy everywhere,
And full of exquisite wealth,
The lands on which I throw
The sweet caresses of my glances![17]

17 These verses are sufficiently fulsome. Can we wonder that Louis XIV. thought himself made of a different clay from the rest of humanity?

For M. Le Grand, attendant of Apollo.

Though near the sun all other brilliancy must fade,
One does not the less desire to remain,
And thus you see, that whatever he may do,
One always remains as near as possible to him.

For the Marquis De Villeroi, attendant of Apollo.

From our incomparable master,
You behold me inseparable ;
The powerful zeal, which binds me to his command
Follows him through the waters and the flames.

For the Marquis de Rassent, attendant of Apollo.

I would not be vain, if I did not believe
That another better than myself can follow his steps
everywhere.

LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME.

COMÉDIE-BALLET.

THE CITIZEN WHO APES THE NOBLEMAN.

COMEDY-BALLET IN FIVE ACTS.

(THE ORIGINAL IN PROSE, THE INTERLUDES IN VERSE.)

OCTOBER 13TH, 1670.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

On the 13th of October, 1670, was played at Chambord, before the court, *The Citizen who apes the Nobleman*,[1] and this play was repeated on the 20th and 21st of the same month; then at Saint Germain-en-Laye on the 9th, 11th, and 13th of November. On the 23d of the latter month, it was played for the first time at the Palais-Royal, and was acted alternately with Corneille's *Bérénice* from the 26th of the same month. Molière's comedy was represented twenty-four times, until the theatre closed for Easter.

In M. Jourdain, Molière attacks a folly more pre-eminently Gallic than any other—the folly of strutting about in the dress of a Mamamouchi—of becoming a somebody, of wearing a nice embroidered coat, of being the cynosure of an admiring set of gapers. The desire of showing off one's personal air and graces; of pretending to be more than one really is; of taking a title to which one has no right; of wearing a coloured ribband which one is not entitled to fasten to one's button-hole; of pluming one's self on imaginary intellectual or amatory conquests, was, and is still, characteristically French;—and something like an epitome of these follies may be seen in Molière's citizen. The purse-proud vulgarian, who desires to ally himself to a noble family, is to be found in all countries.

Dorante, the representative nobleman, is in this play not much better than the bumptious citizen. He is not so insolent as Don Juan, nor most probably so well born; but he is mean enough to borrow money from a man whom he despises and mocks; bad enough to let that man pay for the entertainments and presents which he offers to the

[1] It is difficult to give the correct meaning of the French title, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Mr Ozell translates it *The Gentleman Cit*, which to my mind gives the idea of a gentleman who was also a citizen. In the translation of the select Comedies, published in 1732, and afterwards brought out in ten volumes, this play is called *The Cit turned Gentleman*, which is not correct, for Monsieur Jourdain never became a gentleman. Besides, in Molière's time the word *gentilhomme* indicated a certain noble descent or rank, and was also bestowed upon the holders of some offices; in the same sense as we even say now in English, "the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms." M. Jourdain was not a noble by manners or birth, but does his best to imitate one. I first intended to call the play *The Citizen who would become a Nobleman;* but Jourdain does not desire to be ennobled, but only strives to imitate the man of quality's elegant manners, splendid apparel, loose way of living, and learning.

object of his love; and sufficiently a scoundrel to pretend to pander to Jourdain's worst vices. Such a character was not improbable; and many of the courtly gallants who listened to the remarks of Dorante might have thought himself pourtrayed, and felt perhaps flattered by the delineation. The *Mémoires* of the Count de Grammont prove at least that cheating at play, and defrauding even with violence, were not unknown to the courtiers of Louis XIV.

Dorimène and Mrs Jourdain offer also a pretty contrast. The first is a titled widow of some experience who has seen the world, but who pretends to be innocence itself, and who does not at all suspect that the presents which her swindling lover give, come from the old idiot who is in love with her. The second is an honest but rather common-place woman, endowed with a good deal of shrewd common-sense, nearly always right in her remarks; although wrong in the way of expressing herself. Mrs Jourdain has been compared to Teresa, the wife of Sancho Panza, the worthy squire of Don Quixote, and it is certain that they who will read the fifth chapter of the second part of that celebrated Spanish novel, may discover a great analogy between the domestic consultation of Sancho and his wife about the marriage of their daughter Mary, whom Sancho refuses to give to Lope, "old Joan Tocho's son, a hale jolly young fellow," and whom he wishes to marry a nobleman.

It has been said that Molière intended to sketch, in M. Jourdain, a certain hat manufacturer, Gandouin, who had spent fifty thousand crowns with a woman whom Molière knew, afterwards tried to commit a murder, and was locked up in a lunatic asylum, whence he escaped. But all this is mere guess-work; for Molière simply formed one fool from the many who surrounded him, and put him upon the stage, as a lesson for others.

It has also been mentioned that Molière invented the reception of Jourdain as Mamamouchi, in order to avenge Louis XIV. for an imaginary slight which the Turkish ambassador is supposed to have done to the King, by saying that the Sultan had more precious stones on the trappings of his horse than there were on the royal dress; and that the only remark which that ambassador made when he saw the Citizen's investiture, was, "that the bastinado was always applied to the soles of the feet, and not to the back." This again appears to be a mere piece of groundless gossip; for the Turkish ambassador extraordinary, Muta Ferrace, had left on the 29th of May 1670, and *The Citizen who apes the Nobleman* was not represented until the 13th of October of the same year. Moreover, according to the *Mémoires* of the Chevalier d'Arvieux, who had lived twelve years in the Levant, and spoke Turkish and Arabic perfectly well, it was the King himself who had ordered him to arrange with Molière and Lulli about the dresses, manners, and customs of the Turks for the play of *The Citizen who apes the Nobleman*. To him we owe also the few Turkish and Arabic words which are found there.

The gullability of M. Jourdain in being made a Mamamouchi may appear incredible; but sixteen years after the first representation of this play, a certain Abbé de Saint Martin was persuaded that the Emperor of Siam had sent an embassy to France, to create him a mandarin and Marquess of Miskou; and he received his new dignity with ceremonies still more extraordinary than those employed for our Citizen. And besides, does not every day produce sufficient evidence that credulity knows no bounds, and that in the financial, social, political, and even literary world, nothing is easier to discover than "blind belief?" There are many people wandering about only too anxious to be literally and figuratively basted and-roasted.

Lulli composed the music for this comedy, and played the part of the Mufti; but this gave great offence to the secretaries of the king, of whom Lulli wished to be one, and they incited M. de Louvois to speak to the Italian musician. The minister did so, and said that he was astonished that "a mere musician, whose only service was to make the king laugh, could aspire to become one of that monarch's secretaries." "You would do the same, if you could," replied Lulli. However, Louis XIV. had only to say one word, and the musician was elected. Nay, more, he gave his colleagues a splendid repast, and afterwards invited them to come at the representation of *The Triumph of Love*, then playing at the Opera. M. de Louvois, meeting Lulli sometime afterwards in the Gallery of Versailles, said to him, with a grim smile, "Good morning, colleague."

Tradition says that Louis XIV., during the first representation of Molière's comedy, did not utter a single word, nor give any sign that he was satisfied. The courtiers thereupon fell foul of the dramatist. said that his vein was exhausted, that his *hala bala bala chou* proved his poverty of invention, and showed at the same time that he mistook them for fools. During the seven days which passed between the first and second representations Molière kept his room at Chaubord, and sent Baron to find out what was thought of his piece; but the latter brought back always bad tidings. After the second representation, the King said to Molière: "I have not spoken to you about your play since it was first performed, because I was afraid of being prejudiced by the way in which it was acted; but, really, Molière, you have as yet not written anything which has amused me more, and your piece is excellent!" Immediately, the courtiers began to stammer forth a chorus of praises, declared that Molière was inimitable, and that he had more comic power than all the ancients taken together!

In the second volume of the translations of "the select Comedies of M. de Molière," this play, under the title of *The Cit turn'd Gentleman*, is dedicated to His Royal Highness, the Duke, in the following words:—

SIR,—The following Attempt to make the BURGEOIS of *Moliere* speak *English*, implores Your ROYAL HIGHNESS'S Acceptance and Patronage. Your Name is

Ornamental, and will be auspicious to the Work; For who sees, or hears, or but reads of the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND without Pleasure?

That Fair Form, SIR, which so much captivates the Eye, that Sweetness and Condescension, which so strongly engage the Heart, tho' most conspicuous, are look'd upon as Graces of an inferior Rank, in Your ROYAL HIGHNESS, by those who have the Honour to be near Your Person.

They see you copy, Sir, the Princely Virtues of the ROYAL PAIR, who gave you Birth; and prove You more lovely in Your Mind than in Your Person. They have almost ceas'd to wonder at that quick Apprehension, that nice Discernment, that delicate Taste, which have so often surpriz'd and prevented Your *Preceptors.*

You no less charm the Public, SIR, whether You appear in the Courtly Circle, or at the Head of Your little Military Company, marshalling and training that Band of blooming Heroes, whose Names, under Yours, may adorn future Histories: Or, whether You show Your Skill and Address in the *Menage,* by provoking, curbing, and mastering the generous Steed.

Think, YOUNG PRINCE, what a Figure our Imaginations represent You as making hereafter, in our Fleets, our Armies, or our Councils; and aspire to the arduous Task of rising above our Expectations.

In the meantime, SIR, when relax'd from Your Princely Studies, and Exercises, *Moliere* waits upon You to divert You with his CIT: An Author justly grown to the Authority of a classic; than whom none understood or copy'd Nature better; as pure in his Moral as he is terse in his Wit; whose Writings therefore can be no improper Entertainment for a Young Prince of Virtue and Genius. The Folly and Affectation of a *Cit turn'd Gentleman,* is what Your ROYAL HIGHNESS cannot fail of observing about a Court; and as the Original has given you Diversion, so 'tis hop'd, will a Copy drawn at full Length by *Moliere.*

The Translator of this Piece, SIR, presumes to affirm that the Text of Moliere presents it self to Your ROYAL HIGHNESS more correct and beautiful than it ever yet appear'd. But he is too conscious of the fine Taste Your HIGHNESS has already in both Languages, and his own Imperfections, to aspire to any thing more than Your Amusement, by giving You an Opportunity of judging how hard it is to transplant the Beauties of *Moliere,* or to hit the Delicacy of his Sentiments, in any other Language or Words than his own.

The Persons, SIR, for whose Use this Work is chiefly calculated, are such who neither want the Taste, nor the good Sense to be charm'd with *Moliere,* yet are not Masters enough of his Language to read him without Assistance, to whom, that He may have the strongest Recommendation, Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's Name is presum'd to be plac'd at the Head of this Piece, hoping that Goodness, which is so natural to You, will pardon this Presumption in,—SIR, *Your Royal Highness's most Devoted, most Obedient, Humble Servant,*

THE TRANSLATOR.

Ravenscroft has imitated Molière's play in his *Mamamouchi; or the Citizen turned Gentleman;* (see Introductory Notice to *M. de Pourceaugnac,* Vol. V., p. 111); and also in his *Scaramouche, a Philosopher, Harlequin a School Boy, Bravo, Merchant and Magician.* (See Introductory Notice to *The Forced Marriage,* Vol. II., p. 329.) In Ravenscroft's first play, which is dedicated to Prince Rupert, and is a medley of *M. de Pourceaugnac* and *The Citizen who apes the Nobleman,* it is Lucia the daughter who takes the part of the Master of Philosophy. In his second play he makes use of whatever he did not employ of Molière's comedy in his *Mamamouchi.*

Farquhar, in his *Love and a Bottle*, acted at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1699, has partly imitated M. Jourdain in "Mockmode, a young Squire, come newly from the University, and setting up for a Beau;" and the scenes between the Squire, Rigadoon, the dancing-master, and Nimblewrist, a fencing-master, appear to be freely followed from Molière's comedy.

Foote's *The Commissary*, acted at the Haymarket in 1765, is also borrowed partly from Molière. Zachary Fungus had acquired a large fortune as a Commissary in Germany, and though a man of low birth, wishes to be made a complete gentleman. For this purpose he places himself under several masters, Mr Gruel and Dr Catgut,—by whom it is said Dr Arne was meant,—and these scenes are certainly more or less borrowed from Molière. The Commissary's brother Isaac is also partly an imitation of Madam Jourdain. The fencing scene (Act ii., Scene 1) between the Commissary and Mrs Mechlin, is nearly identical with the scene between M. Jourdain and Nicole (Act iii., Scene 3), in Molière's play.

There exists also an alteration of Molière's play, called, *He would be a Lord*, a comedy in three acts, in prose, published in 1874, adapted for male characters, and which is a curiosity in its way. It appears to have been arranged for Roman Catholic boys' schools. Instead of Madam Jourdain we have "George, brother to M. Jourdain;" Nicole becomes "Nicholas," and Cléonte, Captain Dubar. The pupil of the music-master sings in the first act a song to the air of "Tara's Halls," of which the last four lines are:—

> "My eye runs wet when mem'ry brings
> Thy image to my soul,
> And bounds my heart, whene'er I see,
> The picture of thy pole."

M. Jourdain sings to the festive tune of "We'll not go home until morning," the song "Malbrough has gone to war," etc. The scene in which M. Jourdain is made a Mamamouchi is omitted, as well as several others. When the marriage-contract has been signed, in which, of course, the chief character, Lucile, being a young lady, is absent, M. Jourdain discovers that his daughter has not married the son of the Grand Turk, but Gustavus Dubar. He endeavours to refuse his consent, is threatened by the notary with "ten years' imprisonment in Cayenne and perpetual degradation," is taken prisoner by "an officer" on a charge of procuring and wearing a dress worn only and exclusively by the peers of France, is accused of "high treason, and that means death," imagines that he is shot dead, and falls down; and finally accepts Captain Dubar as his son-in-law.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IN THE COMEDY.

MR JOURDAIN, *citizen.*[2]
CLÉONTE, *in love with Lucille.*
DORANTE, *a count, Dorimène's lover.*
COVIELLE, *Cléonte's valet.*
A TEACHER OF MUSIC.
A PUPIL OF THE TEACHER OF MUSIC.
A DANCING-MASTER.
A FENCING-MASTER.
A PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY.
A MASTER TAILOR.
HIS ASSISTANT.
TWO LACQUEYS.
MRS JOURDAIN.
LUCILE, *Jourdain's daughter.*
DORIMÈNE, *a marchioness.*
NICOLE, *Jourdain's maid servant.*

IN THE BALLET.

First Act.

A FEMALE MUSICIAN.
TWO MUSICIANS.
DANCERS.

Second Act.

DANCING TAILOR'S ASSISTANTS.

Third Act.

DANCING COOKS.

Fourth Act (Turkish Interlude).

THE MUFTI.
TURKS, *the Mufti's Assistants (Singing).*
SINGING DERVISHES.
DANCING TURKS.

Fifth Act (Ballet of Nations).

A DISTRIBUTOR OF BOOKS (*Dancing*).
HANGERS-ON (*Dancing*).
TROOP OF SPECTATORS (*Singing.*)
FIRST AND SECOND MAN.
FIRST AND SECOND WOMAN.
FIRST AND SECOND GASCON.
A SWISS.
AN OLD CHATTERING CITIZEN.
AN OLD CHATTERING FEMALE CITIZEN.
SINGING AND DANCING SPANIARDS.
AN ITALIAN MAN AND WOMAN.
TWO SPRITES.
TWO JESTERS.
HARLEQUIN.
TWO POITEVINS (*Singing and Dancing*).
MEN AND WOMEN (*Poitevins Singing and Dancing*).

Scene—PARIS, IN M. JOURDAIN'S HOUSE.

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2 Molière played this part himself. In the Inventory, taken after his death, we find:—"A striped dressing gown, lined with deep yellow and green taffeta, breeches of red plush, a morning jacket of blue plush, a night-cap and a skull-cap, hose and a scarf of linen, painted like chintz, a Turkish waistcoat and turban, a sword, hose of flowered silk also ornamented with green and deep yellow ribbands and two Sedan laces. The doublet of green taffeta, ornamented with imitation silver lace. The belt, green silk stockings and gloves, with a hat with dark yellow and green feathers." M. Soulié justly remarks that M. Jourdain "showed his music-master his tight red velvet breeches and his green velvet jacket; and that therefore the valuer must have made a mistake in the inventory."

THE CITIZEN WHO APES THE NOBLEMAN.

(*LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME.*)

ACT I. SCENE I.

[*The overture is played by a great many instruments; and in the middle of the stage, the pupil of the music-master is busy composing a serenade, ordered by M. Jourdain.*]

A MUSIC-MASTER, A DANCING-MASTER, THREE MUSICIANS, TWO VIOLIN PLAYERS, FOUR DANCERS.

Mus.-Mas. [*To the Musicians*] Come, retire into that room, and rest yourselves until he comes.

Dan.-Mas. [*To the Dancers*] And you also, on that side.

Mus.-Mas. [*To his Pupil*] Is it done?

Pup. Yes.

Mus.-Mas. Let me look. . . . That is right.

Dan.-Mas. It is something new?

Mus.-Mas. Yes, it is an air for a serenade, which I made him compose here, while waiting till our gentleman is awake.

Dan.-Mas. May one have a look at it?

Mus.-Mas. You shall hear it by-and-by, with the dialogue, when he comes; he will not be long.

Dan.-Mas. Our occupations, yours and mine, are no small matter just at present.

Mus.-Mas. True: we have both of us found here the very man whom we want. It is a nice little income for us

this Mr Jourdain, with his notions of nobility and gallantry, which he has taken into his head; and your dancing and my music might wish that everyone were like him.

Dan.-Mas. Not quite; and I should like him to be more of a judge than he is, of the things we provide for him.

Mus.-Mas. It is true that he knows little about them, but he pays well; and that is what our arts require just now above aught else.

Dan.-Mas. As for myself, I confess, I hunger somewhat after glory. I am fond of applause, and I think that, in all the fine arts, it is an annoying torture to have to exhibit before fools, to have one's compositions subjected to the barbarism of a stupid man. Do not argue; there is a delight in having to work for people who are capable of appreciating the delicacy of an art, who know how to give a sweet reception to the beauties of a work, and who, by approbations which tickle one's fancy, reward one for his labour. Yes, the most pleasant recompence one can receive for the things which one does, is to find them understood, and made much of by applause which does one honour. There is nothing, in my opinion, that pays us better for all our troubles; and enlightened praises are exquisitely sweet.[3]

Mus.-Mas. I quite agree with you, and I enjoy them as much as you do. Assuredly, there is nothing that tickles our fancy more than the applause you speak of; but such incense does not give us our livelihood. Praise pure and simple does not provide for a rainy day: there must be something solid mixed withal; and the best way to praise is to put one's hand in one's pocket. M. Jourdain is a man,

[3] The dancing-master speaks in the language of the *Précieuses*. Dancing-masters were held in high estimation at the court of Louis XIV.; hence it was not so strange, as it would appear at the present time, to have a dancing-master prefer praise to money.

it is true, whose knowledge is very small, who discourses at random upon all things, and never applauds but at the wrong time; but his money makes up for his bad judgment; he has discernment in his purse; his praises are minted, and this ignorant citizen is of more value to us, as you see, than the great lord who introduced us here.

Dan.-Mas. There is some truth in what you say; but I think you make a little too much of money; and the interest in it is something so grovelling, that no gentleman ought ever to show any attachment to it.

Mus.-Mas. You are glad enough, however, to receive the money which our gentleman gives you.

Dan.-Mas. Assuredly; but I do not make it my whole happiness; and I could wish that with all his wealth he had also some good taste.

Mus.-Mas. I could wish the same; and that is what we are aiming at both of us. But, in any case, he gives us the means of becoming known in the world; and he shall pay for others, and others shall applaud for him.

Dan.-Mas. Here he comes.

SCENE II.

M. JOURDAIN [*in dressing-gown and night-cap*], MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER, PUPIL OF MUSIC-MASTER, A FEMALE MUSICIAN, TWO MUSICIANS, DANCERS, TWO LACQUEYS.

M. Jour. Well, gentlemen! What is it? Will you show me your little drollery?

Dan.-Mas. How now! What little drollery?

M. Jour. Eh! the . . . What do you call it? Your prologue or dialogue of songs and dancing.

Dan.-Mas. Ah! ah!

Mus.-Mas. We are quite prepared.

M. Jour. I have kept you waiting a little; but that is because I am to be dressed to-day like your people of quality; and my tailor has sent me some silk stockings which I thought I would never get on.

Mus.-Mas. We are here only to await your leisure.

M. Jour. I pray you both not to go away until my dress has been brought, so that you may see it.

Dan.-Mas. Whatever may please you.

M. Jour. You shall see me equipped in style, from head to foot.

Mus.-Mas. We do not doubt it.

M. Jour. I have had this chintz dressing-gown made for me.

Dan.-Mas. It is very handsome.

M. Jour. My tailor told me that people of quality wear one like this in the morning.

Mus.-Mas. It becomes you marvellously.

M. Jour. Fellows! hullo! where are my two lacqueys?

1*st Lac.* What do you wish, Sir?

M. Jour. Nothing. It is only to see whether you hear me readily. [*To the Music-Master and Dancing-Master*] What do you think of my liveries?

Dan.-Mas. They are magnificent.

M. Jour. [*Partly opening his dressing-gown, and showing his tight scarlet velvet breeches, and green velvet morning jacket*] This is a kind of undress to go about in the morning.

Mus.-Mas. It is charming.

M. Jour. Fellow!

1*st Lac.* Sir?

M. Jour. The other fellow!

2*d Lac.* Sir?

M. Jour. [*Taking his dressing-gown off*] Hold my

gown. [*To the Music-Master and Dancing-Master*] Do you think I look well like this?

Dan.-Mas. Very well indeed; it could not be better.

M. Jour. Now let us have a look at this matter of yours.

Mus.-Mas. I should like you to hear beforehand an air which [*Pointing to his pupil*] he has composed just now for the serenade which you asked of me. He is one of my pupils, who has an admirable talent for this kind of thing.

M. Jour. Yes, but you ought not to have left this to a pupil; and you were not too good for this business yourself.

Mus.-Mas. You must not let the name of pupil impose upon you, Sir. These sort of pupils know as much as the greatest masters; and the air is as beautiful a one as could be composed. Only listen.

M. Jour. [*To his lacqueys*] Hand me my gown, so that I may hear better . . . Stay, I think I shall be better without it. No, give it me back again; that will be best.

Fem. M. I languish night and day, past bearing is my pain,
Since those fair eyes imposed their cruel chain,
If thus, fair Iris, you treat those who love you,
Alas! what could you do to your enemies.

M. Jour. This song seems to me somewhat lugubrious; it sends one to sleep, and I should like you to enliven it a little here and there.

Mus.-Mas. It is necessary that the air should be suited to the words, Sir.

M. Jour. Somebody taught me a very pretty one a little while ago. Wait a moment . . . . the . . . How is it?

Dan.-Mas. Really, I do not know.

M. Jour. There is a sheep in it.

Dan.-Mas. A sheep ?

M. Jour. Yes. Ah ! [*He sings*]—

I fancied my Jenny,
As gentle as fair ;
I fancied my Jenny,
More gentle than a sheep.
Alas ! alas !
She is a hundred times,
A thousand times more cruel
Than a tiger in the woods.

Is it not pretty ?

Mus.-Mas. The prettiest thing in the world.

Dan.-Mas. And you sing it well.

M. Jour. And that without having learnt music.

Mus.-Mas. You ought to learn it, Sir, as you do dancing. They are two arts which are closely bound together.

Dan.-Mas. And which open a man's mind to the beauty of things.

M. Jour. Do people of quality learn music too ?

Mus.-Mas. Yes, Sir.

M. Jour. I shall learn it then. But I do not know what time I could take for it ; for besides the fencing-master who teaches me, I have engaged a professor of philosophy who is to begin this morning.

Mus.-Mas. Philosophy is something, but music, Sir, music . . .

Dan.-Mas. Music and dancing . . . Music and dancing, that is all that is necessary.

Mus.-Mas. There is nothing so useful in a State as music.

Dan.-Mas. There is nothing so necessary to men as dancing.

Mus.-Mas. Without music, a State cannot exist.

Dan.-Mas. Without dancing, a man can do nothing.

Mus.-Mas. All the disorders, all the wars that occur in the world, happen because people have not learned music.

Dan.-Mas. All the misfortunes of mankind, all the sad reverses with which history is filled, the political blunders, the miscarriage of great commanders, all this comes from want of skill in dancing.

M. Jour. How is that?

Mus.-Mas. Does not war proceed from want of concord among men?

M. Jour. That is true.

Mus.-Mas. And if every one were to learn music, would that not be the means of harmonising together, and of seeing universal peace in the world?

M. Jour. You are right.

Dan.-Mas. When a man has committed an error in his conduct, be it in family affairs, or in the government of a State, or in the command of an army, is it not always said: So-and-so has made a false step in such-and-such an affair?

M. Jour. Yes, that is what people say.

Dan.-Mas. And can a false step proceed from aught else than from not knowing how to dance?

M. Jour. That is true, and you are right, both of you.

Dan.-Mas. That will show you the excellence and the utility of dancing and music.[4]

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[4] It is said that Marcel, a well-known male dancer of the last century, pretended to know a politician by his steps in dancing; and that Vestris, another gentleman of the same profession, and of nearly the same period, said in a serious manner, "There are only three great men in Europe: the King of Prussia, Voltaire, and myself."

M. Jour. I perceive it at a glance.

Mus.-Mas. Will you look at our two compositions?

M. Jour. Yes.

Mus.-Mas. I have already told you that it is a short essay that I composed formerly upon the different passions which music can express.

M. Jour. Very well.

Mus.-Mas. [*To the Musicians*] Come, step forward. [*To M. Jourdain*] You are to imagine that they are dressed as shepherds.

M. Jour. Why always as shepherds? Nothing else is seen anywhere.

Dan.-Mas. When we have to make people speak in music, it is necessary that, for probability's sake, we take to the pastoral. Song has from the earliest times been affected by shepherds; and it is not at all natural that princes or citizens should sing their passions in dialogue.[5]

M. Jour. Proceed, proceed. Let us see what it is.

DIALOGUE IN MUSIC.

A FEMALE MUSICIAN AND TWO MALE MUSICIANS.

Fem. M. A heart, when under love's empire,
By thousand cares is always swayed.
It's said that people find a pleasure in languishing, in sighing;
But whatever may be said,
Nothing is so sweet as liberty.

1*st Mus.* There's nought so sweet as the tender ardour
Which binds two hearts in self-same flame;

[5] This is a hit against the grand Italian opera which Mazarin had introduced in 1645. Only one year before *The Citizen who apes the Nobleman* was represented, the *Académie royale de Musique* had been instituted.

People cannot be happy without an amorous passion ;
Take love away from life,
You take away its pleasures.

2d Mus. Sweet it would be to bow to love's sway
If constancy were to be found in love ;
But, alas ! O severe cruelty !
We see no faithful shepherdess ;
And this fickle sex, too unworthy to live,
Is the cause that we for ever abandon love.

1st Mus. Amiable ardour !

Fem. M. Happy independence !

2d Mus. Deceitful sex !

1st Mus. How dear you are to me !

Fem. M. How you delight my heart !

2d Mus. How I abhor you !

1st Mus. Abandon, for love, this mortal hate !

Fem. M. We can, we can show you
A faithful shepherdess.

2d Mus. Alas ! where could we see one now ?

Fem. M. In defence of our glory,
I offer you my heart.

2d Mus. But can I believe, shepherdess,
That you will not deceive me ?

Fem. M. Let us see, by experience,
Who of us two shall love best.

2d Mus. Whoever shall be inconstant,
May the gods punish him !

All three. Let our hearts be kindled
By so fair a flame ;
Ah ! how sweet it is to love,
When two hearts are faithful.

M. Jour. Is this all ?

Mus.-Mas. Yes.

M. Jour. I think it nicely arranged, and there are some little sayings in it which are rather pretty.

Dan.-Mas. Now for my share, a little essay of the

nicest movements and the most beautiful attitudes with which a dance can be varied.

M. Jour. Are they shepherds too?

Dan.-Mas. They will be what you please. [*To the Dancers*] Come!

ENTRY OF THE BALLET.

Four Dancers execute the various movements and all kinds of steps which the Dancing-Master orders them.

ACT II. SCENE I.

M. JOURDAIN, MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER.[6]

M. Jour. This is not at all bad; and these folks trip it very well.

Mus.-Mas. When the dance shall be accompanied by the music, it will have greater effect still; and you shall see something very gallant in the little ballet which we have put together for you.

M. Jour. That will be for by-and-by, mind! and the personage for whom I have had all this arranged is to do me the honour of coming to dine here.

Dan.-Mas. Everything is ready.

Mus.-Mas. Besides, Sir, this is not enough; a person like you, who are so splendid, and who have an inclination for beautiful things, should have a concert at his house every Wednesday or Thursday.[7]

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[6] The acts of this play are separated by interludes; but as the same persons are always on the stage, nothing would be easier than to unite the five acts; for *The Citizen who apes the Nobleman* is in reality a comedy in one act, separated by *entrées de ballet*. In the official libretto, it has only three acts, and the first "entry" does not divide the first and second act.

[7] These two days appear to have been specially selected for private musical parties, because then no representation took place at the Opera. But in winter, the Thursday was an opera-night, and generally devoted to the production of new pieces.

M. Jour. Do people of quality have it?

Mus.-Mas. Yes, Sir.

M. Jour. Then I shall have it. Will it be nice?

Mus.-Mas. Undoubtedly. You must have three voices, a treble, a counter-tenor, and a bass, which must be accompanied by a bass viol, a theorbo-lute, and a harpsichord for the thorough-basses, with two violins to play the refrains.

M. Jour. We ought also to have a trumpet-marine.[8] The trumpet-marine is an instrument that pleases me, and is very harmonious.

Mus.-Mas. Let us arrange matters.

M. Jour. At any rate, do not forget to send me some musicians by-and-by to sing at table.

Mus.-Mas. You shall have all that is necessary.

M. Jour. But, above all, let the ballet be nice.

Mus.-Mas. You will be pleased with it; and, amongst other things, with certain minuets which you shall see in it.

M. Jour. Ah! minuets are my dance, and I wish you to see me perform one. Come, master.

Dan.-Mas. A hat, Sir, if you please. [*M. Jourdain takes the hat from his lacquey, and puts it on the top of his night-cap. The teacher takes hold of his hands, and makes him dance to a minuet air, which he hums.*] La, la, la, la, la, la; la, la, la, la, la, la; la, la, la, la, la, la; la, la, la, la, la, la; la, la, la, la, la. In time, if you please. La, la, la, la, la. The right leg, la, la, la. Do not move your shoulders so much. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. Your two arms are disabled. La, la, la, la, la. Hold up your head. Turn the point of the foot outwards. La, la, la. Your body erect.

M. Jour. Eh!

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[8] A trumpet-marine has nothing to do with the navy; but it is an ancient specimen of one-string instrument, played with a bow, and producing a sound resembling that of a trumpet.

Mus.-Mas. It could not possibly be better.

M. Jour. While I think of it! just teach me how I must bow to salute a marchioness; I shall have occasion for it by-and-by.

Dan.-Mas. A bow to salute a marchioness?

M. Jour. Yes. A marchioness whose name is Dorimène.

Dan.-Mas. Give me your hand.

M. Jour. No. You just show me; I shall remember it quite well.

Dan.-Mas. If you wish to salute her with a great deal of respect, you must first of all bow, stepping backward, then come towards her, bowing three times, and at the last one down to her very knees.

M. Jour. Just show me a little. [*After the dancing-master has made three bows*] Right.

SCENE II.

M. JOURDAIN, MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER, A LACQUEY.

Lac. Sir, your fencing-master is here.

M. Jour. Tell him to come in here to give me my lesson. [*To the Music and Dancing-Masters*] I wish you to see me at it.

SCENE III.

M. JOURDAIN, FENCING-MASTER, MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER, LACQUEY, *carrying two foils.*

Fen.-Mas. [*After having taken two foils from the hand of the lacquey, and having presented one to M. Jourdain*] Come, Sir, salute. Your body straight. Lean a little on the left thigh. Your legs not so far from each other. Your feet on the same line. Your wrist opposite your hip. The point of your sword facing your shoulder. Your arm not

quite so straight. The left hand on a level with your eye. The left shoulder more squared. Your head erect. A bold look. Advance. Your body steady. Thrust carte, and finish off the same. One, two. Recover. Once more, your feet firm. A leap back. When you make a pass, your sword should be disengaged, and your body kept in as much as possible. One, two, thrust tierce, and finish the same. Advance, the body firm. Advance. Disengage. One, two. Recover. Once more, one, two. A leap back. Parry, parry, Sir. [*The Fencing-Master makes two or three feints at him, in saying: parry.*]

M. Jour. Eh!

Mus.-Mas. Admirable.

Fen.-Mas. I have already told you, the whole secret of fencing consists but in two things, to give and not to receive; and as I showed you the other day by demonstrative reason, it is impossible for you to be hit, if you know how to turn the sword of your enemy from the line of your body; which depends only on a slight motion of the wrist, either inwards or outwards.

M. Jour. In that manner, then, a man, without having any courage, is sure of killing his man, and of not being killed himself?

Fen.-Mas. Undoubtedly; did not you see it plainly demonstrated?

M. Jour. Yes.

Fen.-Mas. And from this you may see what importance we must be to the State; and how highly the science of arms excels all the other useless sciences, such as dancing, music . . .

Dan.-Mas. Gently, Mr fencing-master! please not to speak of dancing except with respect.

Mus.-Mas. Learn, pray, to treat the excellence of music somewhat better.

Fen.-Mas. You are very funny people, truly, to wish to compare your sciences to mine!

Mus.-Mas. Just look at the importance of the man!

Dan.-Mas. A funny animal, surely, with his plastron.

Fen.-Mas. My little dancing-master, I shall make you dance properly directly. And you, little musician, I shall make you sing prettily.

Dan.-Mas. Master iron-beater, I shall teach you your trade.

M. Jour. [*To the Dancing-Master*] Are you mad to go and seek a quarrel with him, who understands tierce and carte, and who knows how to kill a man by demonstrative reason?

Dan.-Mas. I laugh at his demonstrative reason, and at his tierce, and his carte.

M. Jour. [*To the Dancing-Master*] Gently, I tell you!

Fen.-Mas. [*To the Dancing-Master*] How! you little impertinent fellow!

M. Jour. He! Mr fencing-master.

Dan.-Mas. [*To the Fencing-Master*] How, you great coach-horse!

M. Jour. Eh! Mr dancing-master!

Fen.-Mas. If I were to fall upon you . . .

M. Jour. [*To the Fencing-Master*] Gently!

Dan.-Mas. If I were to lay hands on you . . .

M. Jour. [*To the Fencing-Master*] Softly!

Fen-Mas. I shall currycomb you in such a manner . . .

M. Jour. [*To the Fencing-Master*] Pray!

Dan.-Mas. I shall drub you in such style . . .

M. Jour. [*To the Dancing-Master*] Let me beg of you. . . .

Mus.-Mas. Just leave it to us to teach him how to speak.

M. Jour. Good Heavens! stop!

SCENE IV.

A PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, M. JOURDAIN, MUSIC-MASTER, DANCING-MASTER, FENCING-MASTER, A LACQUEY.

M. Jour. Hullo! Mr Philosopher, you arrive just in time with your philosophy. Pray, come and restore peace a little between these people.

Pro. What is the matter then? what is amiss, gentlemen?

M. Jour. They have got angry about the preference of their professions to such an extent as to insult each other, and to wish to come to blows.

Pro. How now, gentlemen! is it right to get angry in that way? and have you not read the learned treatise that Seneca has composed about anger? Is there aught more vile and shameful than this passion, which changes man into a ferocious animal? and ought reason not to be the mistress of all our actions?

Dan.-Mas. What, Sir! he comes to insult us both, in despising dancing which I practice, and music, which is his profession!

Pro. A wise man is above all the insults which one can give him; and the great answer one ought to give to all outrages, is moderation and patience.

Fen.-Mas. They both had the audacity to wish to compare their professions to mine!

Pro. Should that disturb you? Men should not dispute about vain-glory and rank among themselves; and that which distinguishes us perfectly one from another, is wisdom and virtue.

Dan.-Mas. I maintain to him that dancing is a science to which too great an honour cannot be paid.

Mus.-Mas. And I, that music is one to which every age has paid reverence.

Fen.-Mas. And I, I maintain against them both that the science of handling arms is the most beautiful and necessary of all sciences.

Pro. And what will become of philosophy then? I think you all three very impertinent in speaking before me with this arrogance, and in impudently applying the name of science to things which ought not even to be honoured with the name of art, and which can only be comprised under the miserable trade of gladiator, singer, and mountebank!

Fen.-Mas. Away with you, you philosophic cur.

Mus.-Mas. Away with you, you pedantic noodle.

Dan.-Mas. Away with you, you arrant college-scout.

Pro. What! you miserable boobies. . . . [*The Philosopher falls upon them, and the three belabour him with blows.*]

M. Jour. Mr Philosopher!

Pro. Rogues, infamous, insolent wretches.

M. Jour. Mr Philosopher!

Fen.-Mas. Plague upon the beast!

M. Jour. Gentlemen!

Pro. Impertinent wretches!

M. Jour. Mr Philosopher.

Dan.-Mas. Devil take the stupid ass!

M. Jour. Gentlemen!

Pro. Wretches!

M. Jour. Mr Philosopher!

Mus.-Mas. To the devil with the impertinent fellow!

M. Jour. Gentlemen!

Pro. Rogues, beggars, wretches, impostors!

M. Jour. Mr Philosopher! Gentlemen! Mr Philosopher! Gentlemen! Mr Philosopher!

[*They go out, fighting together.*

SCENE V.

M. JOURDAIN, A LACQUEY.

M. Jour. Oh! fight as much as you like: I shall not interfere with you, and spoil my gown in separating you. I should be very foolish to thrust myself among them, and get some blows that might hurt me.

SCENE VI.

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, M. JOURDAIN, A LACQUEY.[9]

Pro. [*putting his collar straight*] Now for our lesson.

M. Jour. Ah, Sir, I am sorry for the blows they have given you.

Pro. It is nothing. A philosopher knows how to take these things; and I shall compose against them a satire in the style of Juvenal, which shall cut them up most gloriously. Let that pass. What have you a mind to learn?

M. Jour. Whatever I can; for I have every possible desire to be learned; and it drives me mad to think that my father and mother did not make me study all the sciences when I was young.

Pro. That is a reasonable feeling; *nam, sine doctrina, vita est quasi mortis imago.* You understand that, and you know Latin, no doubt?

M. Jour. Yes; but do as if I did not know it. Explain to me what that means.

Pro. It means that, *without knowledge life is as it were an image of death.*

M. Jour. That Latin is right.

Pro. Have you not some principles, some rudiments of the sciences?

M. Jour. Oh yes! I know how to read and write.

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[9] See Appendix, Note A.

Pro. Where would you have us to begin, if you please ?[10] Would you like me to teach you logic ?

M. Jour. What may this logic be ?

Pro. It is that which teaches the three operations of the mind.

M. Jour. What are they, these three operations of the mind ?

Pro. The first, the second, and the third. The first is to conceive well, by means of universals ; the second, to judge well, by means of categories ; and the third, to draw a conclusion properly by means of figures ; *Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton.*[11]

M. Jour. These words stick in my throat too much. This logic does not seem to suit me. Let us learn something more pretty.

Pro. Will you learn moral philosophy ?

M. Jour. Moral philosophy ?

Pro. Yes.

M. Jour. What does it say, this moral philosophy ?

Pro. It treats of happiness, teaches men to moderate their passions, and . . .

M. Jour. No ; let us leave that. I am choleric like the very devil ; and in spite of morality, I will put myself in a passion as much as I like, when the fit takes me.

Pro. Will you learn physics ?

M. Jour. What does this physics say for itself ?

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[10] There is some analogy between this dialogue and one from Aristophanes' *Clouds*—between Socrates and Strepsiades.

[11] Universals and categories are words belonging to the antiquated jargon of logic. The barbarous words from *Barbara* to *Baralipton* were a kind of *memoria technica* to remember the nineteen regular syllogisms, formerly taught in the schools. Each word is formed of three syllables, representing the three propositions of a syllogism, and the vowel of each syllable shows the nature of each proposition. See also *The Forced Marriage*, Vol. II., page 342, note 19.

Pro. Physics is that which explains the principles of things natural, and the properties of bodies; which discourses of the nature of elements, of metals, of minerals, of stones, of plants and animals, and teaches us the causes of all the meteors, the rainbow, wills-o'-the-wisp, comets, lightning, thunder, thunder-bolts, rain, snow, hail, winds, and whirlwinds.[12]

M. Jour. There is too much hurly-burly in this, too much confusion.

Pro. What is it you wish me to teach you then?

M. Jour. Teach me orthography.

Pro. With all my heart.

M. Jour. Afterwards you shall teach me the almanac, that I may know when there is a moon, and when not.

Pro. Be it so. To pursue this thought of yours in the right way, and treat this matter as a philosopher, we must begin, according to the order of things, with an exact knowledge of the nature of letters, and the different ways of pronouncing them all. And on this head, I must tell you that letters are divided into vowels, called vowels because they express the voice; and into consonants, called consonants because they are sounded with the vowels, and only mark the various articulations of the voice. There are five vowels or voices: A, E, I, O, U.[13]

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[12] This passage seems to be imitated from Lucretius *On the Nature of Things*, Book V., line 1189-1193, which says:—"Through the sky the night and the moon are seen to revolve; the moon, I say, the day and the night, and the august constellations of the night, and the nocturnal luminaries of the heavens, and the flying meteors, as well as the clouds, the sun, rain, snow, winds, lightnings, hail, and the vehement noises and loud threatening murmurs of the thunder." See also Introductory Notice to *The Misanthrope*, Vol. III., page 261.

[13] It is said that Molière owes the idea of the pronunciation of the vowels in French—which is different from the English—to a work of M. de Cordemoy, called *Discours physique de la Parole*, which was dedicated to Louis XIV., and published two years before Molière's

M. Jour. I understand all that.

Pro. The vowel A is formed by opening the mouth very wide: A.

M. Jour. A, A. Yes.

Pro. The vowel E is formed by drawing the lower jaw near to the upper: A, E.

M. Jour. A, E, A, E. Indeed it is. Ah! how pretty that is.

Pro. And the vowel I, by drawing the jaws still nearer to one another, and stretching the two corners of the mouth towards the ears: A, E, I.

M. Jour. A, E, I, I, I, I. There is truth in that. Long life to science!

Pro. The vowel O is formed by re-opening the jaws, and by drawing in the lips at the two corners, the upper and lower: O.

M. Jour. O, O. Nothing can be more correct. A, E, I, O, I, O. That is admirable! I, O; I, O.

Pro. The opening of the mouth makes exactly a little ring, which represents an O.

M. Jour. O, O, O. You are right. O. Ah! how nice it is to know something!

Pro. The vowel U is formed by bringing the teeth together without altogether joining them, and pouting both lips outwardly, bringing them likewise together, without absolutely joining them: U.

M. Jour. U, U. Nothing could be more true: U.

Pro. Your two lips must pout out, as if you were

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play was acted. This work is a translation of a Latin treatise on the same subject, written in the fifteenth century by Galeotus, which treatise our dramatist seems also to have known. That, however, the pronunciation of the vowels may be well and scientifically treated, may be seen in Prof. Max Müller's *Lectures on the Science of Language, 2d Series*, pp. 115-125.

making faces; so that if you wish to make them to some one, and to make fun of him, you have but to say U.

M. Jour. That is true. U, U. Ah! why did I not study earlier to know all this!

Pro. To-morrow, we shall pass in review the other letters, which are the consonants.

M. Jour. Is there anything as curious in them as in these?

Pro. Undoubtedly. The consonant D, for instance, is pronounced by clapping the tip of the tongue above the upper teeth: DA.

M. Jour. DA, DA. Yes! Ah! the charming things! the charming things!

Pro. The F, in pressing the upper teeth on the lower lip: FA.

M. Jour. FA, FA. It is the truth. Ah! father and mother, what a grudge I owe you!

Pro. And the R, by bringing the tip of the tongue to the top of the palate; so that being grazed by the air which rushes out with a certain strength, it yields to it, and always comes back to the same place, causing a kind of thrill: R, RA.

M. Jour. R, R, RA; R, R, R, R, R, RA. That is true. Ah! What a clever man you are, and how have I lost my time! R, R, R, RA.

Pro. I shall explain all these peculiarities more fully to you.[14]

M. Jour. Pray do. Besides, I must impart something in great confidence to you. I am in love with a person of great quality, and I should like you to help me to write something to her in a small note which I intend to drop at her feet.

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[14] See Appendix, Note B.

Pro. Very well!

M. Jour. It will be gallant, will it not?

Pro. Undoubtedly. Are they verses which you wish to write to her?

M. Jour. No, no; no verses.

Pro. You wish only prose?

M. Jour. I wish neither prose nor verse.

Pro. It must be one or the other.

M. Jour. Why so?

Pro. For the reason, Sir, that, to express one's self, there is only prose or verse.

M. Jour. There is nothing but prose or verse?

Pro. No Sir. All that is not prose is verse, and all that is not verse is prose.

M. Jour. And what is it when we speak?

Pro. Prose.

M. Jour. What! when I say: Nicole, bring me my slippers, and give me my night-cap, is that prose?[15]

Pro. Yes, Sir.

M. Jour. On my word, I have been speaking prose for more than forty years, without being aware of it; and I am most obliged to you for having informed me of it. Well, then, I should like to put in a note: *Fair marchioness, your beautiful eyes make me die with love*; but I should like this put in a gallant manner, nicely turned.

Pro. You would like to put, that the fire of her eyes has reduced your heart to ashes; that day and night you suffer on account of her the tortures of . . .

M. Jour. No, no, no, I do not wish all that. I simply wish what I tell you: *Fair marchioness, your beautiful eyes make me die with love.*

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[15] This exclamation is said to have been uttered by the Count de Soissons, if we may believe a letter of Mad. de Sévigné, dated June 12th, 1681.

Pro. The matter must be somewhat amplified.

M. Jour. No, I tell you. I wish nothing but these words in that note; but turned fashionably, arranged as they should be. Pray tell me, just that I may see, the various ways in which they could be put.

Pro. First of all, they could be put as you have said: *Fair marchioness, your beautiful eyes make me die with love.* Or else: *with love they make me die, fair marchioness, your beautiful eyes.* Or else: *your beautiful eyes with love make me, fair marchioness, die.* Or else: *die, your beautiful eyes, fair marchioness, make me.* Or else: *me make your beautiful eyes die, fair marchioness, with love.*

M. Jour. But of all these ways, which is the best?

Pro. The one you said: *Fair marchioness, your beautiful eyes make me die with love.*

M. Jour. Yet for all that, I did not study; and I did it at once. I thank you with all my heart, and beg of you to come early to-morrow.

Pro. I shall not fail.

SCENE VII.

M. JOURDAIN, A LACQUEY.

M. Jour. [*To his Lacquey*] What, has my suit not come yet?

Lac. No, Sir.

M. Jour. This confounded tailor keeps me waiting long enough, and just a day when I have so much to do. I burst with rage. May the quartan fever catch this villain of a tailor! To the devil with the tailor! may the plague choke the tailor. If I had him here now, this detestable tailor, this cur of a tailor, this wretch of a tailor, I . . .

SCENE VIII.

M. JOURDAIN, A MASTER TAILOR, THE ASSISTANT, *carrying the clothes of M. Jourdain,* A LACQUEY.

M. Jour. Ah! you are there. I was just going to get in a rage with you.[16]

Tail. I could not come sooner, and I set twenty hands to work at your coat.

M. Jour. The silk stockings you sent me are so tight that I have had all the trouble in the world to put them on, and there are already two stitches broken in them.

Tail. They will be but too large soon enough.

M. Jour. Yes, if I go on breaking the stitches. The shoes which you made for me hurt me also tremendously.[17]

Tail. Not at all, Sir.

M. Jour. How! not at all?

Tail. No, they do not hurt you.

M. Jour. I tell you they do hurt me.

Tail. You imagine so.

M. Jour. I imagine so because I feel it. A nice argument that is.

Tail. There, this is the handsomest coat at the Court, and the most suitable. It is a work of art to have invented a sober coat, that was not black, and I will allow the cleverest tailors to try six times to do the like.

M. Jour. What is this? You have put the flowers with the stalks upwards.

Tail. You did not say that you wanted them downwards.

M. Jour. Is it necessary to say so?

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[16] The very polite way in which M. Jourdain addresses the tailor, after having stormed against him, produces a very ridiculous effect.

[17] At the time Molière wrote, the tailor sold everything belonging to the dress of a gentleman.

Tail. Indeed it is. All people of quality wear them in this way.

M. Jour. People of quality wear their flowers with the stalks upwards?

Tail. Yes, Sir!

M. Jour. Oh! then it is all right.

Tail. If you wish, I will put them with the stalks downwards.

M. Jour. No, no.

Tail. You have but to say so.

M. Jour. No, I tell you, you have done right. Do you think that my coat suits me?

Tail. A pretty question! I defy a painter, with his brush, to make you anything that fits better. I have an assistant at home, who, for mounting a *rhingrave*[18] is the greatest genius in the world; another who in putting together a doublet is the hero of our age.

M. Jour. The wig and the feathers, are they as they ought to be?

Tail. Everything is right.

M. Jour. [*Looking at the tailor's coat*] Ah, ah! Mr Tailor, here is some of the stuff of the last suit which you made for me. I recognize it well enough.

Tail. The stuff seemed so nice to me that I wished to treat myself to a coat of it.

M. Jour. Yes, but you ought not to have treated yourself with my stuff.

Tail. Do you wish to put your coat on?

M. Jour. Yes, give it me.

Tail. Stay; we must not do things like this. I have brought some people with me to dress you to music, and these kinds of coats are put on with ceremony. Hullo! come in, you.

[18] See *The Misanthrope*, Vol. III., page 301, note 11.

SCENE IX.

M. JOURDAIN, MASTER TAILOR, ASSISTANT, ASSISTANT TAILORS, *dancing*, A LACQUEY.

Tail. [*To his assistants*] Put this gentleman's coat on him, in the way you do to people of quality.

First Entry of the Ballet.

The four dancing tailor's assistants draw close to M. Jourdain. Two of them pull off his breeches, two others his jacket, after which they put on his new suit, always to music. M. Jourdain walks round in the midst of them, to see whether his dress fits him.

Assis. My lord, please to give the assistants something to drink your health with.

M. Jour. What do you call me?

Tail. My lord.

M. Jour. My lord! That comes from being dressed like a person of quality! If you go on for ever in the garb of a citizen, no one will say to you, my lord. [*Giving him some money*] There, this is for my lord.

Assis. Your excellency, we are infinitely obliged to you.

M. Jour. Your excellency! Oh! oh! Wait a minute, friend. Your excellency deserves something; it is not a small word that, your excellency! There, that is what your excellency gives you.

Assis. Your excellency, we shall drink your grace's health.

M. Jour. Your grace! Oh! oh! oh! Wait a minute, do not go yet. Your grace! [*Softly, aside*] Upon my word, if he goes as far as Highness, he shall have the whole purse. [*Aloud*] There, that is for my grace.

Assis. Your excellency, we humbly thank you for your generosity.

M. Jour. Indeed, he has done right. I was going to give him all.

Second Entry of the Ballet.

The four assistants rejoice, dancing, over the generosity of M. Jourdain.

ACT III. SCENE I.

M. JOURDAIN, TWO LACQUEYS.

M. Jour. Follow me, that I may go and show my suit in town, and take care, above all, to walk both close to my heels, so that people may see that you belong to me.

Lac. Yes, sir.

M. Jour. Just call Nicole, that I may give her some orders. Do not stir; here she is.

SCENE II.

M. JOURDAIN, NICOLE, TWO LACQUEYS.

M. Jour. Nicole!

Nic. Please?

M. Jour. Listen.

Nic. [*Laughing*] Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi.[19]

M. Jour. What have you to laugh at?

Nic. [*Laughing*] Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi, hi.

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19 The actress who played this part was Mademoiselle Beauval, who had the misfortune of nearly always laughing when on the stage, which displeased the King. Molière wrote Nicole on purpose for her; and she acted it so well, and laughed so naturally, that Louis XIV. approved of her.

M. Jour. What does this slut mean ?

Nic. Hi, hi, hi. How you are built ! Hi, hi, hi.

M. Jour. How is that ?

Nic. Ah ! ah ! good Heaven! Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi.

M. Jour. What jade is this ? Are you making a fool of me ?

Nic. Not at all, Sir ; I should be very sorry. Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi.

M. Jour. I shall tap you on the nose, if you laugh any more.

Nic. I cannot help it, Sir. Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi, hi.

M. Jour. Will you not stop ?

Nic. I really beg your pardon, Sir ; but you look so ridiculous, that I cannot keep myself from laughing. Hi, hi, hi.

M. Jour. Did one ever see such insolence !

Nic. You are altogether so funny. Hi, hi.

M. Jour. I shall . . .

Nic. I beg of you to excuse me. Hi, hi, hi, hi.

M. Jour. Look here, if you laugh again in the least, I swear to you that I shall give you one of the finest boxes on the ear that ever was given.

Nic. Well, then, Sir, I have done; I shall laugh no more.

M. Jour. You had best be careful. You must by-and-by clean . . .

Nic. Hi, hi.

M. Jour. You must clean properly . . .

Nic. Hi, hi.

M. Jour. You must, I say, clean the drawing-room, and . . .

Nic. Hi, hi.

M. Jour. What again ?

Nic. [*Falls down with laughing*] There, Sir, beat

me rather, but let me have my laugh out; that will do me more good: Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi.

M. Jour. I am bursting with rage.

Nic. Pray Sir, I beg of you, let me laugh. Hi, hi, hi.

M. Jour. If I take you . . .

Nic. I shall burst if I do not laugh, Sir. Hi, hi, hi.

M. Jour. Did one ever see such a hussy as this, who comes and laughs insolently in my face, instead of attending to my orders?

Nic. What do you wish me to do, Sir?

M. Jour. That you take care, you slut, to get the place ready for the company which is to be here by-and-by.

Nic. [*Getting up*] Ah! upon my word, I have no more inclination to laugh; for all your company makes such a litter here, that this word is enough to put me out of temper.

M. Jour. Would you have me shut my door against society to please you?

Nic. You ought at least to shut it against certain people.

SCENE III.

MRS JOURDAIN, M. JOURDAIN, NICOLE, TWO LACQUEYS.

Mrs Jour. Ha! ha! this is something new again! What is the meaning of this curious get-up, husband? Are you setting the world at nought to deck yourself out in this fashion? and do you wish to become a laughing-stock everywhere?

M. Jour. None but he-fools and she-fools will make a laughing-stock of me, wife.

Mrs Jour. In truth, they have not waited until now; and all the world has been laughing for a long while already at your vagaries.

M. Jour. Who is all this world, pray?

Mrs Jour. All this world is a world which is right, and which has more sense than you have. As for myself, I am disgusted with the life which you lead. I do not know whether this is our own house or not. One would think it is Shrove Tuesday[20] every day; and from early morn, for fear of being too late, one hears nothing but the noise of fiddles and singers disturbing the whole neighbourhood.

Nic. The mistress is right. I shall never see the ship-shape again with this heap of people that you bring to your house. They have feet that pick up the mud in every quarter of the town to bring it in here afterwards; and poor Françoise is almost worked off her legs, with rubbing the floors which your pretty tutors come to dirty again regularly every day.

M. Jour. Good gracious! Miss Nicole, your tongue is sharp enough for a country-lass!

Mrs Jour. Nicole is right; and she has more sense than you have. I should much like to know what you want with a dancing-master, at your age.

Nic. And with a great hulking fencing-master, who shakes the whole house with his stamping, and uproots all the floor-tiles in our big room.

M. Jour. Hold your tongues, you girl and my wife.

Mrs Jour. Do you wish to learn dancing against the time when you shall have no longer any legs?

Nic. Do you want to kill any one?

M. Jour. Hold your tongues, I tell you: you are ignorant women, both of you; and you do not know the benefits of all this.

Mrs Jour. You ought rather to think of seeing your daughter married, who is of an age to be provided for.

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20 In the original, *carême-prenant*, the days which precede Lent.

M. Jour. I shall think of seeing my daughter married when a suitable party shall present himself for her; but I shall also think of acquiring some polite learning.

Nic. I have also heard, Mistress, that, for fear of shortcoming, he has taken a philosophy-master to-day.

M. Jour. Very good. I wish to improve my mind, and to know how to argue about things amongst gentle-folks.

Mrs Jour. Shall you not go, one of these days, to school, to get the birch, at your age?

M. Jour. Why not? Would to Heaven I could have the birch at this hour before everybody, and that I could know all that they teach at school!

Nic. Yes, indeed! that would improve your legs.

M. Jour. No doubt it would.

Mrs Jour. All this is highly necessary to manage your house!

M. Jour. Assuredly. You both talk like fools, and I am ashamed at your ignorance. [*To Mrs Jourdain*] For instance, do you know what you are saying at this moment?

Mrs Jour. Yes. I know that what I say is very well said, and that you ought to think of leading a different life.

M. Jour. I am not speaking of that. I am asking you what these words are which you are speaking just now.

Mrs Jour. They are very sensible words, and your conduct is scarcely so.

M. Jour. I am not speaking of that, I tell you. I ask you, what I am speaking with you, what I am saying to you at this moment, what that is?

Mrs Jour. Nonsense.

M. Jour. He, no, that is not it. What we are saying both of us, the language we are speaking at this moment?

Mrs Jour. Well?

M. Jour. What is it called?

Mrs Jour. It is called whatever you like.

M. Jour. It is prose, you stupid.

Mrs Jour. Prose?

M. Jour. Yes, prose. Whatever is prose is not verse, and whatever is not verse is prose. Eh! that comes from studying. [*To Nicole*] And do you know what you are to do to say U?

Nic. How?

M. Jour. Yes. What do you do when you say U?

Nic. What?

M. Jour. Say U, just to see.

Nic. Well! U.

M. Jour. What do you do?

Nic. I say U.

M. Jour. Yes: but when you say U, what do you do?

Nic. I do what you tell me to do.

M. Jour. Oh! what a strange thing to have to deal with fools! You pout the lips outwards, and bring the upper jaw near the lower one; U, do you see? I make a mouth, U.

Nic. Yes: that is fine.

Mrs Jour. That is admirable!

M. Jour. It is quite another thing, if you had seen O, and DA, DA, and FA, FA.

Mrs Jour. But what is all this gibberish?

Nic. What are we the better for all this?

M. Jour. It drives me mad when I see ignorant women.

Mrs Jour. Go, you should send all these people about their business, with their silly stuff.

Nic. And above all, this great lout of a fencing-master, who fills the whole of my place with dust.

M. Jour. Lord! this fencing-master sticks strangely in your gizzard![21] I will let you see your impertinence directly. [*After having had the foils brought, and giving one of*

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[21] See Appendix, Note C.

them to Nicole] Stay, reason demonstrative. The line of the body. When one thrusts in carte, one has but to do so, and when one thrusts in tierce, one has but to do so. This is the way never to be killed; and is it not very fine to be sure of one's game when one has to fight somebody? There, just thrust at me, to see.

[*Nicole thrusts several times at M. Jourdain.*

Nic. Well, what!

M. Jour. Gently! Hullo! ho! Softly! The devil take the hussy!

Nic. You tell me to thrust at you.

M. Jour. Yes; but you thrust in tierce, before thrusting at me in carte, and you do not wait for me to parry.

Mrs Jour. You are mad, husband, with all your fancies; and this has come to you only since you have taken it in your head to frequent the nobility.

M. Jour. When I frequent the nobility, I show my judgment; and it is better than to frequent your citizens.

Mrs Jour. Indeed![22] really there is much to gain by frequenting your nobles; and you have done a great deal of good with this beautiful count, with whom you are so smitten!

M. Jour. Peace; take care what you say. Do you know, wife, that you do not know of whom you are speaking, when you speak of him? He is a personage of greater importance than you think, a nobleman who is held in great consideration at court, and who speaks to the King just as I speak to you. Is it not a great honour to me to see a person of such standing come so frequently to my house, who calls me his dear friend, and who treats me as if I were his

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22 The original has *çamon vraiment!* Génin, in his *Lexique comparé de la langue de Molière*, remarks that *çamon* is formed from *ce a mon*, and was used as an affirmative exclamation; it was also sometimes employed with a negative, as *ce n' a mon.*

equal? He has more kindness for me than one would ever imagine, and, before all the world, shows me such affection, that I am perfectly confused by it.

Mrs Jour. Yes, he shows you kindness and affection; but he borrows your money.

M. Jour. Well! is it not an honour to lend money to a man of that condition? and can I do less for a nobleman who calls me his dear friend?

Mrs Jour. And this nobleman, what does he do for you?

M. Jour. Things you would be astonished at, if you knew them.

Mrs Jour. But what?

M. Jour. That will do! I cannot explain myself. It is enough that if I have lent him money, he will return it to me, and before long.

Mrs Jour. Yes, you had better wait for it.

M. Jour. Assuredly. Has he not said so?

Mrs Jour. Yes, yes, he will be sure not to fail in it.

M. Jour. He has given me his word as a nobleman.

Mrs Jour. Stuff!

M. Jour. Good gracious, you are very obstinate, wife! I tell you that he will keep his word; I am sure of it.

Mrs Jour. And I, I am sure that he will not, and that all the caresses he loads you with are only so much cajoling.

M. Jour. Hold your tongue. Here he comes.

Mrs Jour. It wanted nothing but this. He comes perhaps to ask for another loan; and the very sight of him spoils my dinner.

M. Jour. Hold your tongue, I tell you.

SCENE IV.

DORANTE, M. JOURDAIN, MRS JOURDAIN, NICOLE.

Dor. My dear friend, M. Jourdain, how do you do?

M. Jour. Very well indeed, Sir, my humble service to you.

Dor. And Mrs Jourdain, how does she do?

Mrs Jour. Mrs Jourdain does as well as she can.

Dor. Why, M. Jourdain, you look most handsome!

M. Jour. Do you see?

Dor. You look exceedingly well in this dress; and we have no young people at court who are better made than you.

M. Jour. He, he!

Mrs Jour. [*Aside*] He scratches him where it itches.

Dor. Just turn round. It gives you quite a gallant appearance.

Mrs Jour. [*Aside*] Yes, as foolish behind as he is in front.

Dor. Upon my word, M. Jourdain, I was rather anxious to see you. Of all men I esteem you most; and no later than this morning I was speaking of you in the King's apartments.

M. Jour. You do me much honour, Sir. [*To Mrs Jourdain*] In the King's apartments!

Dor. Come! put on your hat.

M. Jour. Sir, I know the respect I owe you.

Dor. Good Heavens! put on your hat. No ceremony betwixt us, I pray.

M. Jour. Sir . . .

Dor. Put on your hat, I tell you, M. Jourdain: you are my friend.

M. Jour. I am your servant, Sir.

Dor. I shall not put mine on, unless you do.

M. Jour. [*Putting his hat on*] I'll rather be uncivil than troublesome.[23]

Dor. I am your debtor, as you know.

Mrs Jour. [*Aside*] Yes: we know it but too well.

Dor. You have generously lent me money on several occasions; and, certainly, obliged me with the best possible grace.

M. Jour. You are jesting, Sir.

Dor. But I know how to return what is lent to me, and to acknowledge services done to me.

M. Jour. I do not doubt it, Sir.

Dor. I wish to finish this little business between us; and I have come to settle our accounts.

M. Jour. [*Softly, to Mrs Jourdain*] Well! you see your impertinence now, wife.

Dor. I am a man who likes to pay my debts as soon as I can.

M. Jour. [*Softly, to Mrs Jourdain*] I told you so.

Dor. Just let us see how much I owe you.

M. Jour. [*Softly, to Mrs Jourdain*] There you are now, with your ridiculous suspicions.

Dor. Do you remember rightly all the money you have lent me?

M. Jour. I think I do. I have made a little memorandum of it. Here it is. Once to yourself two hundred louis.

Dor. That is true.

M. Jour. Another time, six score.

Dor. Yes.

M. Jour. And another time, a hundred and forty.

Dor. You are right.

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[23] Compare Shakspeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* (Act i., Scene 1), when Master Slender, upon taking precedence of Mrs Page, at her repeated request, says: "I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome."

M. Jour. These three items make four hundred and sixty louis, which come to five thousand and sixty livres.[24]

Dor. The account is quite correct. Five thousand and sixty livres.

M. Jour. One thousand eight hundred and thirty-two livres to your plume-maker.

Dor. Correct.

M. Jour. Two thousand seven hundred and eighty livres to your tailor.

Dor. Quite true.

M. Jour. Four thousand three hundred and seventy-nine livres, twelve sols eight deniers to your merchant.

Dor. Very good. Twelve sols eight deniers; the account is quite right.

M. Jour. And one thousand seven hundred and forty-eight livres, seven sols four deniers to your saddler.

Dor. All that is correct. How much does that make?

M. Jour. The sum total, fifteen thousand eight hundred livres.

Dor. The sum total is exact. Fifteen thousand eight hundred francs. Add to this two hundred pistoles,[25] which you are going to give me: that will make exactly eighteen thousand francs, which I shall pay you at the first opportunity.

Mrs Jour. [*In a whisper, to M. Jourdain*] Well! did I not guess it?

M. Jour. [*In a whisper, to Mrs Jourdain*] Peace!

Dor. Would it incommode you to give me what I say?

M. Jour. Oh! no.

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[24] The *louis* was worth eleven *livres*, and the livre was about a franc.

[25] For *pistole* see Vol. I., page 12, note 7. The *louis* was worth eleven *francs*; but in conversation *pistole* was often used instead of *louis*.

Mrs Jour. [*In a whisper, to M. Jourdain*] This man is making a milch-cow of you.

M. Jour. [*In a whisper, to Mrs Jourdain*] Hold your tongue.

Dor. If it incommodes you, I shall get it elsewhere.

M. Jour. No, Sir.

Mrs Jour. [*In a whisper, to M. Jourdain*] He will not be satisfied until he has ruined you.

M. Jour. [*In a whisper, to Mrs Jourdain*] Hold your tongue, I tell you.

Dor. You have but to tell me if this puts you to any strait.

M. Jour. Not at all, Sir,

Mrs Jour. [*In a whisper, to M. Jourdain*] He is a regular cajoler.

M. Jour. [*In a whisper, to Mrs Jourdain*] Do hold your tongue.

Mrs Jour. [*In a whisper, to M. Jourdain*] He will suck you to the last penny.

M. Jour. [*In a whisper, to Mrs Jourdain*] Will you hold your tongue?

Dor. Many people would lend it me with pleasure; but as you are my best friend, I thought I was doing you a wrong if I asked it of any one else.

M. Jour. It is too much honour you do me, Sir. I shall go and fetch what you want.

Mrs Jour. [*To M. Jourdain*] What! you are going to give him that also?

M. Jour. [*In a whisper, to Mrs Jourdain*] What am I to do? Would you have me refuse a man of that rank, who spoke of me this morning in the King's apartments.

Mrs Jour. [*In a whisper, to M. Jourdain*] Go, you are a regular dupe.

SCENE V.

DORANTE, MRS JOURDAIN, NICOLE.

Dor. You seem very low-spirited. What ails you, Mrs Jourdain?

33 × *Mrs Jour.* My head is bigger than my fist, and yet it is not swollen.

Dor. Your daughter, where is she, that I have not seen her?

Mrs Jour. My daughter is very well where she is.

Dor. How is she going on?

Mrs Jour. She is going on on her two legs.[26]

Dor. Would you not like, one of these days, to come with her and see the ballet and the comedy that is played at court.

Mrs Jour. Yes, indeed! we have great inclination to laugh, great inclination indeed!

34 ×*Dor.* I think, Mrs Jourdain, that you must have had many lovers in your young days, handsome and good-humoured as you must have been.

Mrs Jour. Zounds! Sir, has Mrs Jourdain grown decrepit, and is she shaking her head already?

Dor. Ah! upon my word, Mrs Jourdain, I ask your pardon, I was not thinking that you are still young; and I am often wandering. I beg of you to excuse my impertinence.

SCENE VI.

M. JOURDAIN, MRS JOURDAIN, DORANTE, NICOLE.

M. Jour. [*To Dorante*] Here are two hundred louis cash.

Dor. I assure you, M. Jourdain, that I am entirely yours, and that I long to do you a service at court.

[26] This joke is borrowed from Terence's *Eunuch*.

M. Jour. I am infinitely obliged to you.

Dor. If Mrs Jourdain has a wish to see the royal entertainment,[27] I will procure her the best places in the room.

Mrs Jour. Mrs Jourdain kisses your hands.

Dor. [*Softly, to M. Jourdain*] Our fair marchioness, as I informed you by my note, will be here by-and-by to be present at the ballet and the collation; and I have made her consent at last to accept the ~~present~~ which you wished to give her.

M. Jour. Let us go a little farther away, for reasons.

Dor. I have not seen you for eight days, and I did not send you any tidings about the diamond which you placed in my hands to make her a present in your name; but it is because I have had all the trouble in the world to overcome her scruples; and it is only to-day that she has made up her mind to accept it.

M. Jour. How did she like it?

Dor. Marvellously; and unless I am very much mistaken, the beauty of this diamond will have an admirable effect for you upon her mind.

M. Jour. Would to Heaven!

Mrs Jour. [*To Nicole*] When once he is with him, he cannot leave him.

Dor. I have made her estimate properly the richness of this present, and the violence of your love.

M. Jour. This kindness, Sir, overwhelms me; and I am in the greatest possible confusion to see a man of your standing lower himself for me to do what you do.

Dor. Are you jesting? Does one stick at these scruples among friends? and would you not do the same for me, if the opportunity presented itself?

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[27] See Introductory Notice to *The Magnificent Lovers*, page 193.

M. Jour. Oh! certainly, and with all my heart!

Mrs. Jour. [*To Nicole*] How his presence weighs me down!

Dor. As for me, I never mind anything when I am serving a friend; and when you made me a confidant of the passion which you had conceived for this charming marchioness with whom I was acquainted, you saw that directly I myself made you an offer to serve your love-affair.

M. Jour. It is true. These favours confound me.

Mrs Jour. [*To Nicole*] Is he not going?

Nic. They are very comfortable together.

Dor. You have taken the right road to touch her heart. Women love above all the expenses which we make for them; and your frequent serenades, your continual banquets, this superb display of fireworks which she witnessed on the water, the diamond which she received from you, and the entertainment which you are preparing for her; all this says more in favour of your love than all the words which you could have spoken to her yourself.

M. Jour. No expense would be too great for me, if by that means I could find the way to her heart. A woman of quality has powerful charms for me; and it is an honour which I would purchase at any price.

Mrs Jour. [*Softly, to Nicole*] What can they have so much to say to each other? Just go softly and listen.

Dor. By-and-by you shall enjoy at your ease the pleasure of seeing her; and your eyes shall have ample time to satisfy themselves.

M. Jour. To be at full liberty, I have arranged so that my wife shall go and dine with my sister, where she will pass the whole afternoon.

Dor. You have done wisely, and your wife might have been somewhat in the way. I have given the necessary orders for you to the cook, and for all the things that are wanted for the ballet. I have invented it myself, and

provided the execution comes up to the conception, I am certain that it will be found. . . .

M. Jour. [*Perceiving that Nicole is listening, and giving her a box on the ear*] Good gracious, you are very impertinent! [*To Dorante*] Let us go out, if you please.

SCENE VII.

MRS JOURDAIN, NICOLE.

Nic. Troth, Mrs, the curiosity has cost me something; but I believe there is a snake in the grass; and they were talking of some affair at which they do not wish you to be present.

Mrs Jour. This is not the first time, Nicole, that I have conceived some suspicion, about my husband. Unless I am most cruelly mistaken, there is some love affair going on; and I am doing my best to discover what it may be. But let us think of my daughter. You know the affection Cléonte has for her: he is a man whom I like; and I will aid his suit, and give him Lucile, if I can.

Nic. Really, Mrs, I am infinitely delighted to find you in this mind; for if the master suits you, the servant suits me no less; and I could wish that our wedding could be close upon theirs.

Mrs Jour. Go and speak to him in my name, and tell him to come to see me by-and-by, so that we may make together the request for my daughter's hand to my husband.

Nic. I am hastening thither joyfully, Mrs, and I could not receive a more agreeable commission. [*Alone*] I fancy, I shall be giving much pleasure to some people.

SCENE VIII.

CLÉONTE, COVIELLE, NICOLE.

Nic. [*To Cléonte*] Ah! You are just in time! I am a messenger of joy, and I come. . .

Clé. Begone, you perfidious woman, and do not come to amuse me with treacherous speeches.

Nic. Is it thus that you receive. . .

Clé. Begone, I tell you, and now go and tell your faithless mistress, that she shall never deceive the too simple Cléonte.

Nic. What craze is this? My poor Covielle, just tell me what this means?

Cov. Your poor Covielle, you little wretch! Go quickly out of my sight, hussy, and leave me in peace.

Nic. What! you come also to . . .

Cov. Get out of my sight, I say; and never in your life speak more to me.

Nic. [*Aside*] Good gracious! what gad-fly has stung them both? I had better go and tell my mistress this pretty story.[28]

SCENE IX.

CLÉONTE, COVIELLE.

Clé. What! To treat a lover thus; and that a lover the most constant and the most passionate of all lovers!

Cov. It is a most horrible thing that they have done to us both.

Clé. I display all the ardour and tenderness imaginable to a lady; I love no one on earth but her, and think of nothing but her; she is all my care, all my desire, all my joy; I speak but of her, think but of her, dream but of her;

[28] This is the third time Molière makes use of a tiff between lovers and of reconciliation afterwards. First in *The Love-Tiff* (See Vol. I.); secondly in *Tartuffe* (See Vol. IV.), and thirdly above.

I live but for her, my heart beats but for her, and this is the worthy reward of so much affection! I am two days, which to me are two horrible ages, without seeing her: I meet her by accident; at the sight of her my heart feels quite elated, joy is displayed on my countenance, rapturously I fly towards her, and the faithless one averts her looks, and passes abruptly on, as if she had never seen me in her life!

Cov. I have the same story to tell.

Clé. Has aught like the perfidy of this ungrateful Lucile ever been seen?

Cov. Or anything, Sir, like that of that jade Nicole?

Clé. After the many ardent sacrifices, sighs and vows which I have paid to her charms!

Cov. After such assiduous homage, attentions and services which I have rendered her in the kitchen!

Clé. The many tears I have shed at her feet!

Cov. The many buckets of water I have drawn from the well for her!

Clé. The warmth I have shown in cherishing her more than my own self!

Cov. The heat I have suffered in turning the spit in her place!

Clé. She flees from me with disdain!

Cov. She turns her back upon me shamelessly!

Clé. It is a perfidy deserving the greatest punishment.

Cov. It is a treachery that merits a thousand slaps in the face.

Clé. Do not you, I pray, attempt ever to speak of her to me.

Cov. I, Sir? Heaven forbid!

Clé. Do not come to excuse to me the conduct of this faithless girl.

Cov. You need not fear.

Clé. No, look you here, all your speeches in her defence will avail nothing.

Cov. Who dreams of such a thing?

Clé. I shall nurse my spite against her, and break off all connection.

Cov. You have my consent.

Clé. This count who visits at her house excites her fancy perhaps; and her mind—I see it well enough—allows itself to be dazzled by rank. But I am bound, for my honour's sake, to prevent the scandal of her inconstancy. I will go, as far as she goes, towards the change to which I see her hastening, and not leave to her all the glory of jilting me.

Cov. That is well said; and as far as I am concerned, I share all your sentiments.

Clé. Assist me in my resentment, and support my resolution against every remainder of affection which might plead for her. Say, I entreat you, all the harm of her that you can. Give me a portrait of her which shall render her contemptible in my sight, and, to disgust me with her, point me out all the faults which you can see in her.

Cov. She, Sir? a pretty mawkin, a well-shaped, pretentious young woman,[29] to be so much enamoured of! I see nothing in her but what is very ordinary; and you will meet a hundred women more worthy of you. First of all, her eyes are small.

Clé. That is true, her eyes are small; but they are full of fire, the most brilliant, the most piercing in the world, and the tenderest which one can see.

Cov. She has a large mouth.

Clé. Yes; but it has charms not to be found in other mouths; and this very mouth, in looking at it, inspires desire, and is the most attractive and amorous in the world.

Cov. As for her figure, she is not tall.

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[29] The original has *pimpesouée*, probably from the old verb *pimper*, to adorn oneself—*pimpant* still exists in modern French—and the old adjective *souef*, Latin *suavis*, sweet, agreeable.

Clé. No; but she is full of ease, and well shaped.

Cov. She affects a carelessness in her speech and movements.

Clé. It is true, but she is full of grace; and her manners are engaging, and have an indefinable charm which twines round one's heart.

Cov. As to her wit . . .

Clé. Ah! she has that, Covielle, of the finest and of the most delicate.

Cov. Her conversation . . .

Clé. Her conversation is charming.

Cov. It is always grave.

Clé. Would you have unrestrained liveliness, and ever profuse gaiety! and is there anything more annoying than these women who giggle at every sally?

Cov. But, after all, she is as whimsical as anyone could well be.

Clé. Yes, she is whimsical, I agree with you there; but everything becomes the fair sex; one allows everything to the fair sex.[30]

Cov. Since that is the case, I see plainly that you are inclined to love her always.

Clé. I? I would sooner die; and I mean to hate her as much as I have loved her.

Cov. But how, if you find her so perfect?

Clé. That is where my revenge shall prove itself all the more; where I shall the better show her the strength of my heart to hate her, to leave her, beautiful, full of attractions, amiable as I may think her. Here she comes.

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[30] It is said that Molière, in delineating Lucile, described his spouse, who played the character. That may be true; but the real passion, which is displayed in Cléonte's answers to Covielle, is, in every way, admirable.

SCENE X.

LUCILE, NICOLE, CLÉONTE, COVIELLE.

Nic. [*To Lucile*] As for me, I was perfectly scandalized at it.

Luc. It can be nothing else, Nicole, than what I tell you. But here he is.

Clé. [*To Covielle*] I will not even speak to her.

Cov. I will do as you do.

Luc. What is it, Cléonte? what is the matter with you?

Nic. What is the matter with you, Covielle?

Luc. What grief possesses you?

Nic. What ill-humour has got hold of you?

Luc. Are you dumb, Cléonte?

Nic. Have you lost your speech, Covielle?

Clé. This is villanous!

Cov. It is Judas-like!

Luc. I see clearly that the meeting just now has disturbed your mind.

Clé. [*To Covielle*] Ah! ah! people are finding out what they have been doing.

Nic. Our reception of this morning has made you alarmed.[31]

Cov. [*To Cléonte*] They have found out the sore.[32]

Luc. Is it not true, Cléonte, that this is the reason of your huff?

Clé. Yes, false girl, it is that, since I am to speak; and I must tell you that you shall not glory, as you think you

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[31] *Prendre la chèvre*, to take the goat, in the original; hence probably the meaning of to rear, to get frightened, to get alarmed.

[32] The original has *on a deviné l' enclouure:* they have guessed the sore, because in shoeing a horse, it was sometimes wounded; and this wound, not always easy to find out, was called *l' enclouure.* The expression has also been used in the fifth Scene of the second Act of *The Blunderer*, (See Vol. I.)

shall, in your faithlessness; that I shall be the first to break with you, and that you shall not have the advantage of driving me away. It will pain me, no doubt, to conquer the love which I have for you; it will cause me some grief; I shall suffer for some time; but I will accomplish it, and I will sooner stab myself to the heart than have the weakness to come back to you.

Cov. [*To Nicole*] As says the master, so says the man.[33]

Luc. There is much ado about nothing! I wish to tell you the reason, Cléonte, which made me avoid you this morning.

Clé. [*Trying to go away from Lucile*] I wish to listen to nothing.

Nic. [*To Covielle*] I wish to tell you the reason that made us pass you so quickly.

Cov. [*Also endeavouring to go, to avoid Nicole*] I wish to hear nothing.

Luc. [*Following Cléonte*] You must know, then, that this morning . . .

Clé. [*Moving away, without looking at Lucile*] No, I tell you.

Nic. [*Following Covielle*] Know then . . .

Cov. [*Moving away, without looking at Nicole*] No, you wretch!

Luc. Listen.

Clé. Not a whit.

Nic. Let me speak.

Clé. I am deaf.

Luc. Cléonte!

Clé. No.

Nic. Covielle!

Cov. Not a bit.

Luc. Stay.

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[33] In the original, *queussi queumi*, a provincial expression.

Clé. Stuff!

Nic. Hear me.

Cov. Nonsense!

Luc. One moment.

Clé. Not one.

Nic. A little patience.

Cov. Fiddle-sticks!

Luc. Two words.

Clé. No; it is finished.

Nic. One word.

Cov. No more dealings.

Luc. [*Stopping*] Very well then! since you will not hear me, keep to your own opinion, and do as you please.

Nic. [*Also stopping*] Since you act thus, take it as you will.

Clé. [*Turning towards Lucile*] Let us know, then, the reason of such a pretty welcome.

Luc. [*Going in her turn, to avoid Cléonte*] It no longer pleases me to tell it.

Cov. [*Turning towards Nicole*] Well, just let us learn this story.

Nic. [*Also going, to avoid Covielle*] I will no longer tell it to you.

Clé. [*Following Lucile*] Tell me . . .

Luc. [*Moving away, without looking at Cléonte*] No, I shall say nothing.

Cov. [*Following Nicole*] Relate to me . . .

Nic. [*Moving away, without looking at Covielle*] No, I shall relate nothing to you.

Clé. Pray.

Luc. No, I tell you.

Cov. For mercy's sake.

Nic. Not a whit.

Clé. I pray you.

Luc. Leave me.

Cov. I beseech you.

Nic. Begone from there.

Clé. Lucile!

Luc. No.

Cov. Nicole!

Nic. Not a bit.

Clé. In Heaven's name.

Luc. I will not.

Cov. Speak to me.

Nic. Not at all.

Clé. Clear up my doubts.

Luc. No: I will do nothing of the kind.

Cov. Ease my mind.

Nic. No: I do not choose.

Clé. Well! since you care so little to cure my grief, and to justify yourself for the unworthy treatment which my affection has received from you, this is the last time that you shall see me, ungrateful girl: and I shall go far away from you, to die of grief and love.

Cov. [*To Nicole*] And I, I will follow his steps.

Luc. [*To Cléonte, who is going*] Cléonte!

Nic. [*To Covielle, who is about to follow his master*] Covielle!

Clé. [*Stopping*] Eh!

Cov. [*Also stopping*] Please?

Luc. Whither are you going?

Clé. Where I have told you.

Cov. We are going to die.

Luc. You are going to die, Cléonte?

Clé. Yes, cruel one, since you will it so.

Luc. I! I wish you to die?

Cle. Yes, you wish it.

Luc. Who says so?

Clé. [*Drawing near to Lucile*] Is it not wishing it, when you will not clear up my suspicions?

Luc. Is it my fault? and if you had listened to me, would I not have told you that the adventure of which you complain was caused this morning by the presence of an old aunt, who insists that merely the approach of a man dishonours a girl, who perpetually lectures us on that chapter, and paints us all men as devils whom we should flee from.

Nic. [*To Covielle*] That is the secret of the affair.

Cle. Are you not deceiving me, Lucile?

Cov. [*To Nicole*] Are you not imposing upon me?

Luc. [*To Cléonte*] Nothing is more true.

Nic. [*To Covielle*] That is the affair as it is.

Cov. [*To Cléonte*] Shall we give in to this?

Clé. Ah! Lucile, how quickly you appease things in my heart by a single word from your mouth, and how easily we are persuaded by those whom we love!

Cov. How easily one is wheedled by these confounded animals!

SCENE XI.

MRS JOURDAIN, CLÉONTE, LUCILE, NICOLE, COVIELLE.

Mrs Jour. I am glad to see you, Cléonte; and you are just in good time. My husband is coming; quickly choose the moment to ask him for Lucile's hand.

Clé. Ah! Madam, how sweet these words are, and how they flatter my wishes! Could I receive a more charming command, a more precious favour?

SCENE XII.

CLÉONTE, M. JOURDAIN, MRS JOURDAIN, LUCILE, COVIELLE, NICOLE.

Clé. Sir, I did not wish to depute any one else to prefer a request which I have long meditated. It con-

cerns me sufficiently to undertake it in person; and without farther ado, I will tell you that the honour of being your son-in-law is a glorious favour which I beg of you to grant me.

M. Jour. Before giving you your answer, Sir, I pray you to tell me whether you are a nobleman.

Clé. Sir, most people, on this question, do not hesitate much; the word is easily spoken. There is no scruple in assuming that name, and present custom seems to authorize the theft. As for me, I confess to you, my feelings on this point are rather more delicate. I think that all imposture is unworthy of an honest man, and that it is cowardice to disguise what Heaven has made us, to deck ourselves in the eyes of the world with a stolen title, and to wish to pass for what we are not. I am born of parents who, no doubt, have filled honourable offices; I have acquitted myself with honour in the army, where I served for six years; and I am sufficiently well to do to hold a middling rank in society; but with all this, I will not assume what others, in my position, might think they had a right to pretend to; and I will tell you frankly that I am not a nobleman.

M. Jour. Your hand, Sir; my daughter is not for you.

Clé. How.

M. Jour. You are not a nobleman: you shall not have my daughter.

Mrs Jour. What is it you mean by your nobleman? Is it that we ourselves are descended from Saint Louis?

M. Jour. Hold your tongue, wife; I see what you are driving at.

Mrs Jour. Are we two descended from aught else than from plain citizens?

M. Jour. If that is not a slander?

Mrs Jour. And was your father not a tradesman as well as mine?

M. Jour. Plague take the woman, she always harps upon that. If your father was a tradesman, so much the worse for him; but as for mine, they are impertinent fellows who say so. All that I have to say to you, is that I will have a nobleman for a son-in-law.

Mrs Jour. Your daughter wants a husband who is suited to her; and it is much better for her that she should have a respectable man, rich and handsome, than a beggarly and deformed nobleman.

Nic. That is true: we have the son of our village squire, who is the greatest lout and the most stupid nincompoop that I have ever seen.

M. Jour. [*To Nicole*] Hold your tongue, Miss Impertinence; you always thrust yourself into the conversation. I have sufficient wealth to give my daughter; I wish only for honours, and I will make her a marchioness.

Mrs Jour. Marchioness?

M. Jour. Yes, marchioness.

Mrs Jour. Alas! Heaven preserve me from it!

M. Jour. It is a thing I am determined on.

Mrs Jour. It is a thing to which I shall never consent. Matches with people above one's own position are always subject to the most grievous inconvenience. I do not wish a son-in-law of mine to be able to reproach my daughter with her parents, or that she should have children who would be ashamed to call me their grandmother. If she were to come and visit me with the equipage of a grand lady, and that, through inadvertency, she should miss curtseying to one of the neighbourhood, people would not fail to say a hundred silly things immediately. Do you see this lady marchioness, they would say, who is giving herself such airs? She is the daughter of M. Jourdain, who was only too glad, when she was a child, to play at ladyship with us. She has not always been so high up in the world, and her two grand

fathers sold cloth near the St Innocent gate.[34] They amassed great wealth for their children, for which they are probably paying very dearly in the other world; for people can scarcely become so rich by remaining honest folks. I will not have all this tittle-tattle, and in one word, I wish for a man who shall be grateful to me for my daughter, and to whom I shall be able to say: Sit down there, son-in-law, and dine with me.

M. Jour. These are the sentiments of a narrow mind, to wish to remain for ever in a mean condition. Do not answer me any more: my daughter shall be a marchioness in spite of all the world; and, if you put me in a passion, I shall make her a duchess.[35]

SCENE XIII.

MRS JOURDAIN, LUCILE, CLÉONTE, NICOLE, COVIELLE.

Mrs Jour. Cléonte, do not lose courage as yet. [*To Lucile*] Come with me, daughter, and tell your father plainly that if you cannot have him, you will not marry any one.

SCENE XIV.

CLÉONTE, COVIELLE.

Cov. You have made a nice thing of it with your high-flown sentiments!

Clé. What would you have me to do? I have scruples upon this subject which no example could conquer.

Cov. Are you mad to look at it seriously with a man like that? Do not you see that he is crazy? and would it cost you aught to accommodate yourself to his fancies?

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[34] There was no gate in Paris called thus. It was probably the gate of the well-known cemetery of the Saints-Innocents.

[35] See in the Introductory Notice the conversation between Sancho Panza and Teresa.

Clé. You are right; but I did not think that one had to give proof of noble birth to become the son-in-law of M. Jourdain.

Cov. [*Laughing*] Ah! ah! ah!

Clé. What are you laughing at?

Cov. At a thought that comes into my head of playing a trick upon our man, and of obtaining for you what you wish.

Clé. How?

Cov. The idea is altogether amusing.

Clé. What is it, then?

Cov. There was a little masquerade performed some time ago, which would fit in marvellously here, and which I propose to employ in the trick [36] that I wish to play upon our ridiculous individual. All this smacks a little of comedy; but, with him, we may risk anything; we have no need to take much trouble, and he is just the man to play his part in it to perfection, and to take for granted all the tales to which we shall treat him. I have the actors and the dresses quite ready; just let me manage it.

Clé. But tell me . . .

Cov. I will let you into the whole of it. Let us withdraw; here he comes.

SCENE XV.

M. JOURDAIN, *alone.*

What the deuce is it all? They do nothing but reproach me with my great lords; and I myself can see nothing more beautiful than to keep company with great lords; there is only honour and civility with them; and I would have given two fingers of my hand, to have been born a count or a marquis.

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[36] The original has *bourle*, a trick, a joke, from the Italian *burla*; the adjective *burlesque* is still used.

SCENE XVI.

M. JOURDAIN, A LACQUEY.

Lac. Sir, here is the count, and a lady whom he is handing in.

M. Jour. Eh! good Heavens! I have some orders to give. Tell them that I am coming in a minute.

SCENE XVII.

DORIMÈNE, DORANTE, A LACQUEY.

Lac. Master says he will be here in a minute.

Dor. It is well.

SCENE XVIII.

DORANTE, DORIMÈNE.

Dori. I am not sure Dorante, but I am taking another strange step in allowing you to bring me to a house where I know nobody.

Dor. What place then, Madam, would you have my love choose to entertain you, since, to avoid scandal, you do not wish to use either your house or mine.

Dori. But you do not mention that I am insensibly induced every day to receive too many protestations of your passion. I may defend myself as much as I like from them; you are tiring my resistance, and you have a civil kind of obstinacy, which is gently leading me on to whatever you please. It began by frequent visits, then came declarations, which led the way for serenades and entertainments, to be followed by presents. I have opposed all this; but you will not be repelled, and inch by inch you are gaining upon my resolutions. As for me, I can no longer answer for anything, and I believe that in the end you will drive

me to matrimony, from which I have held myself so much aloof.

Dor. Upon my word, Madam, you ought to have been there already: you are a widow, and your own mistress; I am my own master, and love you better than my life: what is there to prevent you from completing my happiness from this day forward?

Dori. Great Heavens! Dorante, it requires many qualities on both sides to live happily together, and the two most sensible people in the world often have a difficulty of forming a union with which they shall be satisfied.

Dor. You are jesting, Madam, to imagine so many difficulties; and the experiment which you have tried concludes nothing for others.

Dori. In short, I am always coming back to this; the expenses which I find you launch into for me, make me uneasy for two reasons: one, that they bind me more than I could wish; and the other, that I am sure, no offence to you, that you cannot make them without incommoding yourself; and I do not wish for that.

Dor. Ah! Madam, they are mere trifles, and it is not by that . . .

Dori. I know what I say, and, amongst others the diamond which you have forced upon me is of a value . . .

Dor. Eh! Madam, I pray, do not put so much value upon a thing which my love thinks unworthy of you, and allow me . . . Here is the master of the house.

SCENE XIX.

M. JOURDAIN, DORIMÈNE, DORANTE.

M. Jour. [*After having made two bows, finding himself too close to Dorimène*] A little farther away, Madam.

Dori. How?

M. Jour. One step, if you please.

Dori. What then?

M. Jour. Fall back a little for the third.

Dor. Madam, M. Jourdain knows how to be genteel.

M. Jour. Madam, this is a great honour to me, to be sufficiently fortunate, to be so happy, to have the felicity, that you have had the goodness of granting me the favour, of doing me the honour of honouring me with the favour of your presence; and if I had also the merit of meriting a merit like yours, and that Heaven . . . envious of my happiness . . . had accorded me . . . the advantage of finding myself worthy . . . of . . .

Dor. M. Jourdain, that will do. This lady does not like elaborate compliments, and she knows that you are a man of wit [*in a whisper, to Dorimène*]. He is an inoffensive citizen, sufficiently ridiculous, as you see, in all his manners.

Dori. [*In a whisper, to Dorante*] It is not very difficult to perceive it.

Dor. Madam, this is my best friend.

M. Jour. You are doing me too much honour.

Dor. An out and out gallant man.

Dori. I have a great esteem for him.

M. Jour. I have done nothing yet, Madam, to deserve this favour.

Dor. [*In a whisper, to M. Jourdain*] Whatever you do, take particular care not to mention the diamond, which you have given her.

M. Jour. [*In a whisper, to Dorante*] May I not even ask her if she likes it?

Dor. [*In a whisper, to M. Jourdain*] Not for worlds, and take great care you do not! It would be ill-mannered of you; and to act gallantly, you must act as if it were not you who had made her that present. [*Aloud*]

M. Jourdain, Madam, says he is enchanted to see you at his house.

Dori. He honours me much.

M. Jour. [*In a whisper, to Dorante*] How obliged I am to you, Sir, for speaking thus to her for me.

Dor. [*In a whisper, to M. Jourdain*] I have had a terrible trouble to make her come here.

M. Jour. [*In a whisper, to Dorante*] I do not know what thanks to give you.

Dor. He says, Madam, that he thinks you the most charming person on earth.

Dori. It is a great favour he does me.

M. Jour. Madam, it is you who do the favours, and . . .

Dor. Let us see about the dinner.

SCENE XX.

M. JOURDAIN, DORIMÈNE, DORANTE, A LACQUEY.

Lac. [*To M. Jourdain*] Every thing is ready, Sir.

Dor. Then let us sit down, and have the musicians in.

SCENE XXI.

Entry of the Ballet.

Six cooks, who have prepared the dinner, dance together, and compose the third interlude; after which they bring in a table covered with several dishes.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

DORIMÈNE, M. JOURDAIN, DORANTE, THREE MUSICIANS, A LACQUEY.

Dori. How now! Dorante! this is altogether a most magnificent repast.

M. Jour. You are jesting, madam, and I wish it were more worthy of your acceptance. [*Dorimène, M. Jourdain, Dorante, and the three musicians sit down at the table*]

Dor. M. Jourdain is right, Madam, in what he says; and he obliges me by doing so well the honours of his house to you. I agree with him that the repast is not worthy of you. As it is I who ordered it, and as I have not, on that head, the knowledge of some of our friends, you have not here a very studied affair, and you will find many incongruities of good cheer, and many barbarisms of good taste. If Damis had had a hand in this, everything would have been done properly; there would have been elegance and erudition everywhere, and he would not have failed to exaggerate to you himself every item of the repast which he was giving you, and to force you to agree as to his great capacity in the way of gastronomy; to hold forth to you about a fancy bread with golden edges,[37] crusty all round, daintily crackling under your teeth; about a wine, strong-bodied and deep coloured, with a tartness which does not predominate; about a loin of mutton garnished with parsley; about a loin of Norman veal,[38] as long as this, white, delicate, and which tastes, under the teeth, like real almond paste; about partridges of a surprising flavour; and, for his master-piece,[39] about a jelly-

[37] The original has *pain de rive a biseau doré.*

[38] *Veau de rivière* because the calves were reared in Normandy, on the banks of the Seine.

[39] The original has *opéra* which was often employed in Molière's time for "master-piece."

broth, followed by a young fat turkey, with young pigeons at the four corners, and crowned with bleached onions and chicory.[40] But as for me, I acknowledge my ignorance; and, as M. Jourdain has very well said, I should wish that the feast was more worthy of being offered to you.

Dori. I only respond to this compliment by eating as I do.

M. Jour. Ah! what beautiful hands!

Dori. The hands are but middling, M. Jourdain; but you are alluding to the diamond which is very beautiful.

M. Jour. I, Madam? Heaven preserve me from alluding to it; it would not be gallant on my part; and the diamond is of very little consequence.

Dor. You are very fastidious.

M. Jour. You are too good . . .

Dor. [*After having given a sign to M. Jourdain*] Come, pour some wine to M. Jourdain, and to these gentlemen, who will do us the favour to sing us a drinking song.

Dori. It gives a marvellous relish to good cheer to mix music with it; and I find myself admirably entertained here.

M. Jour. Madam, it is not . . .

Dor. M. Jourdain, let us listen to these gentlemen; what they will tell us will be worth much more than all that we could say.

First Drinking Song.

First and Second Musicians together, with glasses in their hands.

A small drop, Phillis, to commence the round.
Ah! how agreeable and charming a glass looks in your hands!
You and the wine, you lend each other arms,

[40] *Un dindon . . . cantonné de pigeonneaux* is the expression used. *Cantonné*, cantoned, is a heraldic term.

And I feel my love for both increase,
Between it, you and I, my fair one, let us swear, let us swear,
An eternal friendship.

How by wetting your lips, it receives fresh charms!
And how we see your lips embellished by it!
Ah! both inspire me with envy,
And with you and it, I intoxicate myself with long draughts.
Between it, you and I, my fair one, let us swear, let us swear,
An eternal friendship.

Second Drinking Song.

Second and Third Musicians together.

Let us drink, dear friends, let us drink;
Fleeting time invites us to it.
Let us profit by life
As much as we can.

When we have passed the black gulf,
Good bye to wine and love.
Let us make haste to drink,
For we cannot always drink.

Let us leave arguing to fools!
On the true happiness of life;
Our philosophy
Places it in the bottle.

Wealth, knowledge and glory,
Do not do away with carking care;
And it is only in drinking,
That we can be happy.

All three together.

Come on, come on: wine everywhere: pour out, men, pour out; Pour out, pour out always, until we say enough.

Dori. I think no one could sing better; and it is altogether charming.

M. Jour. I see here, Madam, something more charming still.

Dori. Indeed! M. Jourdain is more gallant than I thought.

Dor. How so, Madam! for whom do you take M. Jourdain.

M. Jour. I wish she would take me for what I could name.

Dori. What? Again?

Dor. [*To Dorimène*] You do not know him.

M. Jour. She shall know me when it pleases her.

Dori. Oh! I shall run away.

Dor. He has always got his repartee at hand. But you do not see, Madam, that M. Jourdain eats every morsel which you touch.

Dori. M. Jourdain is a man who charms me.

M. Jour. If I could charm your heart, I would be . . .

SCENE II.

MRS JOURDAIN, M. JOURDAIN, DORIMÈNE, DORANTE, MUSICIANS, LACQUEYS.

Mrs Jour. Ah! ah! I find good company here, and I see plainly that I was not expected. It is for this pretty affair then, husband, that you were so anxious to send me out to dine with my sister! I find a play down below, and here I find a dinner fit for a wedding. That is how you spend your substance; and it is thus that

you feast the ladies in my absence, and give them music and comedy, while you send me out of the way.

Dor. What do you mean, Mrs Jourdain? and what fancies are yours, to take it into your head that your husband spends his substance, and that it is he who gives this entertainment to this lady? Know, pray, that it is I; that he is only lending me his house, and that you ought to be somewhat more careful in what you say.

M. Jour. Yes, impertinent woman, it is the count who provides all this for this lady, who is a lady of quality. He does me the honour of borrowing my house, and of wishing me to be with him.

Mrs Jour. That is all stuff: I know what I know.

Dor. Take a better pair of spectacles, Mrs Jourdain.

Mrs Jour. I have no need of spectacles, Sir, and I see clearly enough. I have had a scent of this for some time, and I am not a fool. It is very base in you, who are a great lord, to lend a hand, as you do, to the follies of my husband. And you, Madam, for a lady of quality, it is neither handsome nor honest in you, to sow dissension in a family, and to allow my husband to be in love with you.

Dori. What does all this mean? Indeed, Dorante, it is too bad in you to expose me to the silly visions of this foolish woman.

Dor. [*Following Dorimène, who goes out*] Madam . . . Madam! where are you running?

M. Jour. Madam. . . . Count, make my excuses to her, and endeavour to bring her back.

SCENE III.

MRS JOURDAIN, M. JOURDAIN, LACQUEY.

M. Jour. Ah! impertinent woman that you are, these are your nice doings! You come to affront me before everyone; and you drive people of quality from my house?

Mrs Jour. I do not care about their quality.

M. Jour. I do not know what hinders me, you cursed woman, from splitting your head with the fragments of the repast which you have come to disturb.

[*The Lacqueys take the table away.*

Mrs Jour. [*Going*] I do not care a bit for all this. I am defending my rights, and I shall have all the women on my side.

M. Jour. You do well to get out of the way of my fury.

SCENE IV.

M. JOURDAIN, *alone.*

She came back at a most unlucky time. I was in the humour for saying pretty things; and never did I find myself so witty. But what is this?

SCENE V.

M. JOURDAIN; COVIELLE, *disguised.*

Cov. Sir, I do not know whether I have the honour of being known to you.

M. Jour. No, Sir.

Cov. [*Holding his hand about a foot from the ground*] I have seen you when you were not taller than this.

M. Jour. Me?

Cov. Yes. You were the prettiest child in the world, and all the ladies took you in their arms to kiss you.

M. Jour. To kiss me ?

Cov. Yes. I was a great friend of the late gentleman, your father.

M. Jour. Of the late gentleman, my father ?

Cov. Yes. He was a very respectable gentleman.

M. Jour. How say you ?

Cov. I say that he was a very respectable gentleman.

M. Jour. My father ?

Cov. Yes.

M. Jour. You have known him well ?

Cov. Indeed I have.

M. Jour. And you have known him to be a gentleman ?

Cov. Undoubtedly.

M. Jour. Then I do not know what the world means !

Cov. How ?

M. Jour. There are silly people who would tell me that he was a tradesman.

Cov. He, a tradesman ? It is downright slander, he never was one. All that he did, is that he was extremely obliging, and very polite; and as he was a very great judge of stuffs, he went and chose them everywhere, had them carried to his house, and gave them to his friends for money.

M. Jour. I am delighted to know you, so that you may bear this testimony, that my father was a gentleman.

Cov. I will maintain it before the whole world.

M. Jour. You will oblige me. What business brings you here ?

Cov. Since I knew your late father, a respectable gentleman as I have told you, I have travelled all over the world.

M. Jour. All over the world ?

Cov. Yes.

M. Jour. I fancy it must be very far to that country.

Cov. Indeed it is. I have come back from all my

long travels only within the last four days; and from the interest which I take in everything that relates to you, I have come to announce to you the best news in the world.

M. Jour. Which?

Cov. You know that the son of the Grand Turk is here?

M. Jour. I? No.

Cov. How is that? He has the most magnificent retinue; everyone goes to see him, and he has been received in this country as an important nobleman.

M. Jour. Indeed, I did not know that.

Cov. What is of advantage to you, is that he is in love with your daughter.

M. Jour. The son of the Grand Turk?

Cov. Yes; and he wishes to be your son-in-law.

M. Jour. My son-in-law, the son of the Grand Turk!

Cov. The son of the Grand Turk, your son-in-law. As I went to see him, understanding his language perfectly, we were conversing together; and after some talk, he said to me, *Acciam croc soler onch alla moustaph gidelum amanahem varahini oussere carbulath;* which means; have you not seen a handsome young lady, who is the daughter of M. Jourdain, a Parisian gentleman?

M. Jour. The son of the Grand Turk said that of me?

Cov. Yes. As I answered him that I knew you particularly, and that I had seen your daughter; Ah! said he to me, *marababa sahem!* which means: Ah! how enamoured I am of her!

M. Jour. *Marababa sahem* means: Ah! how enamoured I am of her?

Cov. Yes.

M. Jour. Upon my word, you do well to tell me; for, as for me, I should never have thought that *marababa*

sahem meant: Ah! how enamoured I am of her! It is an admirable language, this Turkish!

Cov. More admirable than you would think. Do you know at all what *cacaracamouchen* means?

M. Jour. *Cacaracamouchen?* No.

Cov. That means, My dear soul.

M. Jour. *Cacaracamouchen* means: My dear soul?

Cov. Yes.

M. Jour. That is something marvellous! *Cacaracamouchen,* My dear soul. Who would ever think so? That is something that puzzles me.

Cov. In short, to finish my mission, he comes to ask the hand of your daughter; and in order to have a father-in-law that shall be worthy of him, he wishes to make you *mamamouchi,*[41] which is an office of dignity in his country.

M. Jour. *Mamamouchi?*

Cov. Yes, *mamamouchi;* that means in our language, Paladine. In short, Paladines are those ancient . . . Paladines. There is nothing more noble in the world; and you will be on a level with the greatest lords of the earth.

M. Jour. The son of the Grand Turk honours me much, and I pray you to bring him here that I may tender him my thanks.

Cov. Why! he is just coming here.

M. Jour. He is coming here?

Cov. Yes; and he brings everything with him for the ceremony of investing you with your dignity.

M. Jour. That is very prompt.

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[41] Nearly all the Turkish of Covielle, which is no Turkish at all, is taken from Rotrou's comedy, *The Sister.* There are, however, a few corrupt Turkish words among them. The word *mamamouchi,* created by Molière, is still used in French.

Cov. His passion will brook no delay.

M. Jour. The only thing that perplexes me in this affair is, that my daughter is an obstinate girl who has her head full of a certain Cléonte, and she swears that she shall marry no one but him.

Cov. She will change her mind when she shall see the son of the Grand Turk; and the most marvellous adventure in this case is, that the son of the Grand Turk resembles this Cléonte, with perhaps a slight difference. I have just seen him; he has been pointed out to me; and the love which she has for the one might easily pass to the other, and. . . . I hear him coming; here he is.

SCENE VI.

CLÉONTE, *disguised as a Turk;* THREE PAGES, *carrying Cléonte's jacket;* M. JOURDAIN, COVIELLE.

Clé. *Amboussahim oqui boraf, Jordina, salamalequi.*[42]

Cov. [*To M. Jourdain*] That means: M. Jourdain, may your heart be all the year like a rose tree in flower. These are the prepossessing ways of speaking in these countries.

M. Jour. I am his Turkish Highness' most humble servant.

Cov. *Carigar camboto oustin moraf.*

Clé. *Oustin yoc catamalequi basum base alla moran.*

Cov. He says: May Heaven give you the strength of a lion, and the cunning of a serpent.

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[42] The last word is the Arabic *salàm aleïqui*, may salvation be on your head; in familiar French, there exists the word *salamalec*, a very deep bow.

M. Jour. His Turkish Highness honours me too much, and I wish him all sorts of prosperity.

Cov. *Ossa binamen sadoc babally oracaf ouram.*

Clé. *Bel-men.*[43]

Cov. He says you are to go with him quickly to prepare yourself for the ceremony, so that he may see your daughter afterwards, and conclude the marriage.

M. Jour. So many things in two words?

Cov. Yes. The Turkish language is like that, it says much in few words.[44] Go quickly where he wishes you.

SCENE VII.

COVIELLE, *alone.*

Ah! ah! ah! Upon my word, this is very funny. What a dupe! If he had learned his part by heart, he could not play it better. Ah! ah!

SCENE VIII.

DORANTE, COVIELLE.

Cov. I beg of you, Sir, to be good enough to assist us in an affair that is going on in this house.

Dor. Ah! ah! Covielle, who would have known you? How you are got up!

Cov. You see. Ah! ah!

Dor. What are you laughing at?

Cov. At something Sir, that well deserves it.

Dor. What?

---

[43] *Bel-men* is perhaps the Turkish *bilmen*, I do not know.

[44] This remark of Covielle is taken from Rotrou's comedy, *The Sister*, where a roguish servant also takes six lines to express the meaning of *vâre hec.*

Cov. I could give you many chances, Sir, to guess the trick of which we are making use with M. Jourdain, to induce him to give his daughter to my master.

Dor. I cannot guess the stratagem; but I can guess that it will not fail to produce its effect, since you have taken it in hand.

Cov. I know, Sir, that the animal is not unknown to you.

Dor. Tell me what it is.

Cov. Take the trouble to draw a little aside to make room for what I perceive coming along. You will be able to see a part of the story, while I tell you the rest.

SCENE IX.

TURKISH CEREMONY.[45] THE MUFTI, DERVISHES, TURKISH ASSISTANTS OF THE MUFTI, *singing and dancing.*

First Entry of the Ballet.

Six Turks enter gravely two by two, to the sound of instruments. They carry three carpets, which they lift very high, after having formed several figures with it, while dancing. The singing Turks pass beneath these carpets, and range themselves on both sides of the stage. The mufti, accompanied by the dervishes, closes up the procession. Then the Turks lay the carpets on the floor, and kneel down upon them. The mufti and the dervishes remain standing in the midst of them; and, while the mufti invokes Mahomet, making many contortions and grimaces; without uttering a single word, the assistant Turks prostrate themselves on the ground, singing, Alli, then raise their hands to heaven, singing, Allah; which they continue to do until the end of the invocation, after which they all rise, singing, Alla eckber; and two dervishes go and fetch M. Jourdain.

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[45] The music for this ceremony was by the celebrated Lulli, who acted the part of the mufti.

SCENE X.

THE MUFTI, DERVISHES, TURKS *singing and dancing,* M. JOURDAIN *dressed in Turkish costume, his head shaved, without turban or sabre.*

Mufti. [*To M. Jourdain.*]

If you know,
You answer;
If you do not know,
You be silent, silent.
I am the Mufti,

Who are you, you?
Not understand,
You be silent.

[*Two dervishes retire with M. Jourdain.*

SCENE XI.

THE MUFTI, DERVISHES, TURKS, *singing and dancing.*

Mufti. Say, Turk, who is that one? An Anabaptist? an Anabaptist?

Turks. No.

Mufti. A Zwinglian?

Turks. No.

Mufti. A Copht?

Turks. No.

Mufti. A Hussite? A Moor? A Contemplative man?

Turks. No, no, no.

Mufti. No, no, no. Is he a Pagan!

Turks. No.

Mufti. A Lutheran?

Turks. No.

Mufti. A Puritan?

Turks. No.

Mufti. A Brahmin? A Moffina? A Zurina? [46]

Turks. No, no, no.

Mufti. No, no, no. A Mahometan? A Mahometan?

Turks. Yes, by Allah!

Mufti. What is his name? What is his name?

Turks. Jourdain, Jourdain.[47]

Mufti. [*Jumping and looking on all sides*] Jourdain? Jourdain?

Turks. Jourdain, Jourdain.

Mufti. Mahomet, for Jourdain,
I pray, night and morning.
I wish to make a paladine
Of Jourdain, of Jourdain.
Give the turban, and give the scimitar,
With the galley, and the brigantine
To defend Palestine.
Mahomet, for Jourdain,
I pray, night and morning.
[*To the Turks*] Will he be a good Turk, Jourdain?

Turks. Yes, by Allah.

Mufti. Ha la ba, ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da.[48]

Turks. Ha la ba, ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da.

SCENE XII.

Second Entry of the Ballet.

Singing and Dancing Turks.

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[46] These two last words belong to no known sect.

[47] The whole of this ceremony is written in the *lingua franca*, the language spoken in the Levant. Some of the words used are not correctly spelt. We give the beginning of the original:—*The Mufti.* Se ti sabir, ti respondir; se non sabir tazir, tazir. Mi star muphti, ti qui star, ti? Non intendir? tazir, tazir.

[48] These words have no sense, but in correcting them we easily get the Turkish words *Allah, baba, hou, Allah, baba,* God, my father, God, God, my father.

SCENE XIII.

THE MUFTI, DERVISHES, M. JOURDAIN.

Singing and Dancing Turks.

The Mufti comes back with his state turban, which is enormously large, and decorated with four or five rows of lighted candles: he is accompanied by two dervishes who carry the Koran, and who have pointed caps, also decorated with candles.

Two other dervishes bring in M. Jourdain, and make him kneel down, the hands on the ground, so that his back, on which is placed the Koran, may serve as a desk to the Mufti, who makes a second burlesque invocation, knitting his eye-brows, and opening his mouth, without saying a word; then speaking vehemently, sometimes softening his tone, sometimes raising it with such an enthusiasm, as to make one tremble, holding his sides with his hands, as if to make the words come out, beating from time to time on the Koran, and turning over the leaves precipitately, after which, lifting his hands to heaven, the Mufti cries in a loud voice, Hou.[49] *During this invocation, the Turkish assistants, bowing down and rising alternately, also sing* Hou, hou, hou.

M. Jour. [*After the Koran has been taken from his back*] Ouf.

Mufti. [*To M. Jourdain*] You are not a rogue?

Turks. No, no, no.

Mufti. Are not a cheat?

Turks. No, no, no.

Mufti. [*To Turks*] Give a turban?

Turks. You are not a rogue?
No, no, no.
Are not a cheat?
No, no, no.
Give a turban.[50]

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[49] *Hou*, the Arab for him, is one of the names which the Mussulmans give to God.

[50] Ti non star furba—No, no, no.—Non star forfanta?—No, no, no.—Donar turbanta.

Third Entry of the Ballet.

The dancing Turks place the turban on the head of M. Jourdain to the sound of the instruments.

Mufti. [*Handing a sabre to M. Jourdain.*]
You be noble, not a fable.
Take the sabre.[51]

Turks. [*Drawing their sabres.*]
You be noble, not a fable,
Take the sabre.

Fourth Entry of the Ballet.

The dancing Turks give M. Jourdain several strokes with the sabre, keeping time with the music.

Mufti. They shall give, they shall give,
The bastonnade.[52]

Turks. They shall give, they shall give,
The bastonnade.

Fifth Entry of the Ballet.

The dancing Turks give M. Jourdain several strokes with the stick, keeping time to the music.

Mufti. Not to have shame
Is the utmost insult.[53]

Turks. Not to have shame
Is the utmost insult.

The mufti commences a third invocation. The dervishes support him under his arms with respect; after which the singing and dancing Turks, jumping round the mufti, retire with him, taking M. Jourdain with them.

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[51] Ti star nobile, non star fabbola—Pigliar schiabbola.

[52] Dara, dara, bastonnara.

[53] Non tener honta;—Questa star l'ultima affronta.

ACT V. SCENE I.

MRS JOURDAIN, M. JOURDAIN.

Mrs Jour. Have mercy upon us, good Heaven! What is this? What a figure! Are you going to carry a *momon*[54] and is this a time to go out masquerading? Speak, what is all this? Who has dressed you out in this fashion?

M. Jour. Listen to the impertinent woman! to speak in this manner to a *mamamouchi!*

Mrs Jour. What is that?

M. Jour. Yes, you will have to show me a little more respect now. I have just been made a *mamamouchi.*

Mrs Jour. What do you mean with your *mamamouchi?*

M. Jour. *Mamamouchi,* I tell you. I am *mamamouchi.*

Mrs Jour. What sort of animal is that?

M. Jour. *Mamamouchi,* that means, in our language, paladine.

Mrs Jour. *Baladin!*[55] Are you of an age to dance in the ballet?

M. Jour. What ignorance! I say paladine: it is a dignity with which I have just been invested, with great ceremony.

Mrs Jour. What ceremony, then?

M. Jour. *Mahameta per Jordina.*

Mrs Jour. What does that mean.

M. Jour. *Jordina,* means Jourdain.

Mrs Jour. Well! What, Jourdain?

M. Jour. *Voler far un paladina de Jordina.*

Mrs Jour. What?

M. Jour. *Dar turbanta con galera.*

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[54] See Vol. I., page 55, note 34.

[55] Madam Jourdain is not acquainted with the word "paladine," but knows *baladin,* a ballet-dancer.

Mrs Jour. What does it mean, that?

M. Jour. *Per deffender Palestina.*

Mrs Jour. What is it you wish to say?

M. Jour. *Dara, dara, bastonnara.*

Mrs Jour. What is all this gibberish?

M. Jour. *Non tener honta, questa star l'ultima affronta.*

Mrs Jour. But what is it, all this?

M. Jour. [*Singing and dancing*] *Hou la ba, ba la chou, ba la ba, ba la da.* [*He falls to the ground.*

Mrs Jour. Alas! good Heavens! my husband is gone mad!

M. Jour. [*Getting up and walking away*] Peace, insolent woman. Show respect to a *mamamouchi*.

Mrs Jour. [*Alone*] Where could he have lost his senses? I had better run and prevent his going out. [*Perceiving Dorimène and Dorante*] Ah! ah! it wanted nothing but this.[56] I see nothing but grief on all sides.

SCENE II.

DORANTE, DORIMÈNE.

Dor. Yes, Madam, you shall witness the most amusing thing that could be seen; and I do not believe that it would be possible to find in the whole world another man so mad as this one. And besides, Madam, we must try to forward Cléonte's love affair, and to support all his masquerade. He is a very gentlemanly man, and one who deserves that we should interest ourselves in him.

Dori. I think a great deal of him, and he is worthy of a good fortune.

Dor. In addition to all this, we have here, Madam, a

[56] In the original *voici justement le reste de notre écu*, "here is just the remainder of our crown," meaning "this completes our misfortune."

ballet that is owing to us, and which we must take care not to lose; and we must see whether my idea shall not succeed.

Dori. I have noticed some magnificent preparations, but they are things, Dorante, which I can no longer allow. Yes, I will make an end of your profusion: and to put a stop to all the expenses which I see you make for me, I have made up my mind to be married quickly to you. That is the real secret; and all these things finish with marriage.

Dor. Ah! Madam, is it possible that you can have taken such a sweet resolution for my sake?

Dori. It is only to prevent you from ruining yourself; and without this, I see plainly, that, before long, you will not possess a penny.

Dor. How obliged I am to you, Madam, for the care which you take to preserve my estate! It is entirely yours, as well as my heart, and you shall do with it as you please.

Dori. I shall use them both well. But here comes your man; he has a nice figure.

SCENE III.

M. JOURDAIN, DORIMÈNE, DORANTE.

Dor. We come to do homage, Sir, this lady and myself, to your new dignity, and to rejoice with you about the marriage of your daughter with the son of the Grand Turk.

M. Jour. [*After having bowed in the Turkish fashion*] Sir, I wish you the strength of the serpent and the cunning of the lion.

Dori. I am very glad to be among the first, Sir, to come to congratulate you upon the high degree of honour which you have reached.

M. Jour. Madam, I wish you all the year your rose-tree in flower. I am infinitely obliged to you for taking an in-

terest in the honours that have come to me; and I have much joy in seeing you returned here, in order to tender you my humble excuses for the foolish behaviour of my wife.

Dori. Do not mention it; I can excuse this kind of feeling in her: your heart must be precious to her; and it is not at all strange that the possession of a man like you must inspire her with some alarm.

M. Jour. The possession of my heart is a thing which you have entirely acquired.

Dor. You see, Madam, that Mr Jourdain is not one of those people who are blinded by prosperity, and that even in his greatness, he knows to value his friends.

Dori. It is the sign of a perfectly generous heart.

Dor. But where is his Turkish Highness? As your friends we should like to pay our respects to him.

M. Jour. Here he comes; and I have sent for my daughter to give him her hand.

SCENE IV.

M. JOURDAIN, DORIMÈNE, DORANTE, CLÉONTE, *dressed as a Turk.*

Dor. [*To Cléonte*] Sir, we have come to pay our compliments to your Highness, as friends of this gentleman, your father-in-law, and to assure you respectfully of our humble devotion.

M. Jour. Where is the dragoman, to tell him who you are, and to make him understand what you say? You shall see how he answers you; he speaks Turkish marvellously. [*To Cléonte*] Hullo! where the deuce is he gone to? *Strouf, strif, strof, straf.* This gentleman is *grande segnore, grande segnore, grande segnore,* and this lady, a *granda dama, granda dama.* [*Seeing that he cannot make himself under-*

stood] This gentleman, he, French *mamamouchi*, and Madam, French female *mamamouchi*. I cannot speak more clearly. Good! here comes the interpreter.

SCENE V.

M. JOURDAIN, DORIMÈNE, DORANTE, CLÉONTE *dressed as a Turk*, COVIELLE *disguised*.

M. Jour. Where have you been? We do not know how to say anything without you. [*Pointing to Cléonte*] Just say this lady and gentleman are people of quality, who have come to pay their respects to him, as my friends, and to assure him of their devotion. [*To Dorimène and Dorante*] You shall see how he will answer.

Cov. *Alabala crociam acci boram alabamen.*

Clé. *Catalequi tubal ourin soter amalouchan.*

M. Jour. [*To Dorimene and Dorante*] Do you see?

Cor. He says, May the rain of prosperity at all times water the garden of your family.

M. Jour. I told you well enough that he speaks Turkish.

SCENE VI.

LUCILE, CLÉONTE, M. JOURDAIN, DORIMÈNE, DORANTE, COVIELLE.

M. Jour. Come, daughter, draw near, and give your hand to this gentleman, who does you the honour of asking you in marriage.

Luc. How now, father, how you are dressed out. Is it a comedy you are playing?

M. Jour. No, it is not a comedy; it is a very serious affair; one as full of honour for you as you could wish. [*Pointing to Cléonte*] This is the husband whom I give you.

Luc. To me, father?

M. Jour. Yes, to you. Come, give him your hand; and thank Heaven for your good fortune.

Luc. I do not wish to marry.

M. Jour. But I wish it, I, your father.

Luc. I shall do nothing of the kind.

M. Jour. Ah! what noise! Come, I tell you. Here, your hand.

Luc. No, father; I have told you there is no power which shall force me to take another husband than Cléonte, and I would sooner resolve to every extremity than to . . . [*Recognising Cléonte*] It is true you are my father, I owe you entire obedience; and it is for you to dispose of me according to your will.

M. Jour. Ah! I am delighted to find you so promptly returned to your duty; and it pleases me much to have a daughter so obedient.

SCENE VII.

MRS JOURDAIN, CLÉONTE, M. JOURDAIN, LUCILE, DORANTE, DORIMÈNE, COVIELLE.

Mrs Jour. How now? What is all this? They say that you wish to give your daughter in marriage to a mummer.[57]

M. Jour. Will you hold your tongue, you impertinent woman? You are always coming to mix your extravagances in everything; there is no possibility of teaching you to be reasonable.

Mrs Jour. It is you whom there is no teaching to be sensible, and you go from one folly to another. What is your intention? What do you mean to do with all this company?

[57] The original has *carême-prenant*. See page 292, note 20.

M. Jour. I wish to marry our daughter to the son of the Grand Turk.

Mrs Jour. To the son of the Grand Turk?

M. Jour. [*Pointing to Covielle*] Yes, pay him your respects through the dragoman, whom you see there.

Mrs Jour. I have nothing to do with the dragoman; and I will tell him well enough myself, and to his face, that he shall not have my daughter.

M. Jour. Once more, will you hold your tongue?

Dor. What, Mrs Jourdain, you oppose yourself to an honour like this? You refuse his Turkish Highness for a son-in-law?

Mrs Jour. Good Heavens! Sir, concern yourself with your own affairs.

Dorim. It is a great honour, which you should not reject.

Mrs Jour. Madam, I also beg of you not to trouble yourself with what does not concern you.

Dor. It is the friendship we have for you which makes us take an interest in your prosperity.

Mrs Jour. I will willingly dispense with your friendship.

M. Jour. Here is your daughter who consents to the wishes of her father.

Mrs Jour. My daughter consents to marry a Turk?

Dor. Undoubtedly.

Mrs Jour. She can forget Cléonte?

Dor. What does one not do to become a grand lady?

Mrs Jour. I would strangle her with my own hands if she played a trick like that.

M. Jour. There is a lot of cackle! I tell you that this marriage shall take place.

Mrs Jour. And I tell you that it shall not take place.

M. Jour. Ah! what noise!

Luc. Mother !

Mrs Jour. Go, you are a jade.

M. Jour. [*To Mrs Jourdain*] What ! you quarrel with her for obeying me !

Mrs. Jour. Yes ! she belongs to me as well as to you.

Cov. [*To Mrs Jourdain*] Madam !

Mrs Jour. What do you wish with me, you ?

Cov. One word.

Mrs Jour. I do not wish your one word.

Cov. [*To M. Jourdain*] Sir, if she will but listen to one word in private, I promise you to make her consent to your wishes.

Mrs Jour. No.

M. Jour. [*To Mrs Jourdain*] Hear him.

Mrs Jour. No, I shall not hear him.

M. Jour. He will tell you . . .

Mrs Jour. I do not wish you to tell me anything.

M. Jour. Look at the great obstinacy of the woman ! Will it do you any harm to listen ?

Cov. Do but hear me, afterwards you shall do as you please.

Mrs Jour. Very well ! What ?

Cov. [*In a whisper to Mrs Jourdain*] For the last hour we have been making signals to you. Do not you see that all this is done to accommodate ourselves to the fancies of your husband ; that we are deceiving him under this disguise ; and that it is Cléonte himself who is the son of the Grand Turk ? . . .

Mrs Jour. [*In a whisper to Covielle*] Ah ! ah !

Cov. [*In a whisper to Mrs Jourdain*] And that it is I, Covielle, who am the dragoman ?

Mrs Jour. [*In a whisper to Covielle*] In that case I surrender.

Cov. [*In a whisper to Mrs Jourdain*] Pretend to know nothing of the matter.

Mrs Jour. [*Aloud*] Yes, it is all over. I consent to the match.

M. Jourd. Ah! Every one becomes reasonable. [*To Mrs Jourdain*] You would not hear him. I know well enough that he would explain to you what the son of the Grand Turk was.

Mrs Jour. He has explained it to me properly, and I am satisfied with it. Let us send for the notary.

Dor. That is well said. And so that you may have your mind altogether at ease, Mrs Jourdain, and may do away from this day with all the jealousy that you may have conceived about your husband, this lady, and I, we will make use of the same notary to get married.

Mrs Jour. I also consent to this.

M. Jour. [*In a whisper to Dorante*] It is to hoodwink her.

Dor. [*In a whisper to M. Jourdain*] We must amuse her with this feint.

M. Jour. Good, good. [*Aloud*] Let them go and fetch the notary.

Dor. In the meantime, while he is coming, and draws up the contracts, let us see our ballet, and let us give the entertainment to his Turkish Highness.

M. Jour. Well thought of. Let us go and take our seats.

Mrs Jour. And Nicole.

M. Jour. I give her to the dragoman, and my wife to whosoever will take her.

Cov. Sir, I am obliged to you. [*Aside*] If it be possible to find a bigger fool, I will go and publish it in Rome. [*The comedy finishes by a ballet, which had been prepared*]

BALLET OF THE NATIONS.

FIRST ENTRY.

[*A man comes to hand round the books of the ballet, who immediately is worried by a multitude of people of different provinces, who cry to have some music, and by three troublesome fellows, who are dogging his footsteps.*]

DIALOGUE OF THE PEOPLE,

Who ask books to the accompaniment of music.

All. To me, Sir, to me pray, to me, Sir; a book, if you please, to your humble servant.

A Fashionable Gentleman.[58] Distinguish us, Sir, from amongst the folks that shout: Some books here, the ladies beg of you.

Another. Hullo! Sir, Sir, have the kindness to throw some to our side.

A Fashionable Lady. Good Heavens! how little honour is paid to people of importance in this house!

Another. They have no books or seats, except for *grisettes.*[59]

A Gascon.[60] Ah! you man with the books, just give me some. My lungs are already tired out. Do not you see that everyone laughs at me, and that I am scandalised to see in the hands of the rabble what is being refused to me by you.

Another. He! zounds, you Sir, consider who one may be. A book, I pray you, for the Baron of Asvarat. Upon my word, I think that the coxcomb has not the honour of knowing me.

A Swiss. You, mister giver away of paper,[61] what means this way of acting; I am crying my very throat to pieces,

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[58] In the original, *homme du bel air.*

[59] This word was used, in Molière's time, to designate "citizen's daughters."

[60] The Gascons speak in their dialect, which consists chiefly of using a *b* for a *v*, as *libres* for *livres*, *bous* for *vous*, *boyez* for *voyez*, and also using *v* for *b*, as *varon* for *baron*; they also accent all *e's*, as *jé, qué, mé.*

[61] The Swiss uses his dialect, of which we give the two first lines: "*Mon'siur le donneur dé papieir, que veul dire sti façon de fifre.*"

without being able to obtain a book. Upon my word, you Sir, I think that you are drunk.

An Old Chattering Citizen. Of all this, plainly speaking, I am very ill-satisfied; and it is far from nice that our daughter, so well made and so pretty, the object of so many lovers, should not have, according to her wish, a book of the ballet, to read up the subject of the entertainment about to be given; and that all our family should so stylish have dressed themselves to be placed at the top of the hall where the interlopers [62] are generally placed. Of all this, plainly speaking, I am very ill satisfied, and it is far from nice.

Old Chattering Female Citizen. It is quite true, it is a shame; the blood rushes to my face; and this poetaster, who overlooks the principals, understands his business very badly. He is a brute—no better than a horse—a downright animal, to take so little notice of a girl who is the principal ornament of the neighbourhood of the Palais-Royal, and with whom, only a few days ago, a count opened the ball. He understands his business badly; he is a brute—no better than a horse—a downright animal.

Fops, male and female, together. Ah! what a noise! what a row! what chaos! what a medley! what confusion! what strange uproar! what disorder! what tumult! One is being dried up here. One can no longer bear it.

Gascon. Zounds, I am entirely yours.

Another. I am bursting with rage, hang it!

Swiss. Ah! how hot it is in this room!

Gascon. I am choking!

Another. I am losing my breath!

Swiss. Upon my word, I would like to be outside.

Old Chattering Citizen. Come, my dear, follow my steps I pray you, and do not leave me. They take too little notice of us; and I am tired of this tumult. All this row, this confusion, is too much for me. If ever the inclination takes me to return, any day of my life, to comedy or ballet, I hope they may maim me. Come, my dear, follow

62 The original has *les gens de l'entriguet*, of which the meaning is only conjectural.

my steps I pray you, do not leave me: and they take too little notice of us.

Old Chattering Female Citizen. Come along my pet, my son, let us get back to our domicile. And let us depart from this hole where one cannot sit down. They will be astonished enough when they'll find us gone. Too much confusion reigns in this room; and I would sooner be in the midst of the market. If ever I come back to a similar feast, I will allow them to slap my face half-a-dozen times. Come along, my pet, my son, let us get back to our domicile, and depart from this hole where one cannot sit down.

All. To me, Sir, to me, pray, to me, Sir; a book if you please, to your humble servant.

SECOND ENTRY.

The three troublesome fellows dance.

THIRD ENTRY.

Three Spaniards [singing].[63]

I know that I am dying with love, and I court grief. Though dying with desire, I fade with so much grace, that what I desire to suffer is more than what I suffer; and the severity of my grief does not exceed my desire for it. I know, &c., &c.

Fate treats me with so forbearing a pity, that it assures me life in the danger of death. To live of so terrible a stroke is the prodigy of my deliverance. I know, &c., &c.

[*Eight Spaniards dance.*

First Spaniard (singing). Ah! how foolish to complain of love, so harshly! of the little boy who is gentleness itself! Ah! what folly! ah! what folly!

Second Spaniard [singing]. Grief torments him who abandons himself to grief; and no one dies of love, unless it is the one who does not know how to love.

Both Spaniards. To die of love is sweet when one is

[63] The original is in Spanish.

repaid; and if we enjoy it to-day, why will you trouble death.

First Spaniard (singing). Let the lover rejoice and take my advice; for when one desires, everything is to find the means.

The Three together. Come, let us have feasting and dancing. Let us be gay, gay, gay; grief is nothing but a fancy.

FOURTH ENTRY—ITALIANS.

An Italian female musician sings the first recital in the following words.

Having[64] armed my breast with sternness, I revolted against Cupid; but I was conquered, with the swiftness of lightning, by looking at two fair eyes. Ah! how little can a heart of ice resist a dart of fire!

My torture is, however, so dear to me, and my wound so sweet, that my pain causes me to be happy, and that to cure me would be tyranny. Ah! the more violent the love, the more charms has it, and causes the more pleasure.

After the musician has sung this air, two Scaramouches, two Trivelins, and a Harlequin, represent, in the Italian manner, to the accompaniment of music, night to be falling.[65] *An Italian musician joins the female musician, and sings with her the following words:—*

Musician. The glorious time which is flying past, takes also our pleasures away; in the school of love one must profit by the opportunity.

Female Musician. As long as our blooming age smiles upon us, which, alas, too promptly leaves us.

Both. Let us sing, let us enjoy ourselves in the beautiful days of our youth; a thing lost is never recovered.

Female Musician. A fair eye enchains many hearts; its wounds are sweet; the pain it causes is happiness.

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[64] The original is in Italian.

[65] The falling night was represented by the actors wrapping themselves in dark cloaks, passing slowly across the stage, keeping time to slow music.

Female. But when icy old age comes, the stagnant heart has no longer any fire.

Both. Therefore let us sing and enjoy ourselves in the beautiful days of our youth; a good thing lost is never recovered.

After the Italian dialogues, the Scaramouches and Trivelins perform a merry dance.

FIFTH ENTRY—FRENCH.

Two Musicians from Poitou dance and sing the following words:—

First Minuet. Ah! how beautiful it is in these groves, what a glorious day does Heaven send us.

Another Musician. The nightingale, beneath this verdant foliage, warbles to the echoes the song of his sweet return. This beauteous spot, these glorious woods, this beauteous spot invites us to love.

Second Minuet. [*Both together*] Behold, dear Climène, 'neath this old oak, these love-sick birds cooing. Nothing obstructs them in their desires; their hearts are filled with their sweet flames; how happy they are! We both might likewise, if you so wish it, be as happy as they.

Six other Frenchmen come afterwards, beautifully dressed in the Poitou costume, three men and three women, accompanied by eight flutes and hautboys, and dance some minuets.

SIXTH ENTRY.

The whole finishes up by a medley of the three nations, and the applause expressed in dancing and music by the whole of the spectators on the scene, who sing the following two verses:—

What charming spectacle, what pleasures are we enjoying,
The gods themselves have none so sweet as these.

APPENDIX.

A, Page 279.

Ravenscroft, in *The Citizen turned Gentleman*, has imitated as follows the sixth Scene of the second Act of Molière's *Citizen who apes the Nobleman*. Lucia is the name of the Citizen's daughter.

Enter LUCIA.

Lucia. Sir, Here's a servant sent to you from the next house, to inform you that there are some persons sick, and to desire they may not be disturbed with your Musick.

Jord. The Music has been gone a good while.

Luc. The Neighbours say 'tis fitter for you to exercise your Musick, Dancing, and Fencing in the Schools.

Jord. A company of fools, they'll teach a Gentleman what to do, will they?

Luc. Your gentility is troublesome to the whole Neighbourhood; they have often complain'd of the disturbance you make with Musick, Dancing, and Fencing.

Jord. Pish, a man shan't learn good breeding for them I warrant you, 'tis a sign they want it, they are so rude to talk so: What's a Gentleman but his Liberty?

Luc. Everybody much wonders what you mean by learning to dance at these years.

Jord. It's a greater wonder they are not so wise as to know, 'tis never to late to learn.

Luc. And to speak French.

Jour. It is altogether spoke at Court.

Luc. The Court, Sir, is no fit place for you, nor you no fit man for it.

Jord. I not fit for the Court! I was born a Courtier, only I was spoil'd in the bringing up.

Luc. My Grandfather, Sir, brought you up in his own way.

Jord. Your Grandfather! alas poor old silly bit, I cannot but laugh to think what an Ass he was to imagine that I would stand sneaking in my Shop all my life with my cap in my hand, crying, What do you

lack, Gentleman, choice of good Silkes: I'd have you to know *Lucia*, I have no such Mechanic Spirit in me. Now he is dead, I defie *Pater-Noster-Row*, and all within my Lord Mayor's Jurisdiction.

Luc. My Grandfather, Sir, was held a wise man.

Jord. A wise man, and an Alderman, ha, ha, ha. A rich man you mean.

Luc. No, Sir, I mean a wise man.

Jord. Alas, *Luce*, you are a fool, you know not what you say.

Luc. Very well.

Jord. Very well! ha, ha, ha, why, what is it you say?

Luc. That the Court——

Jord. I speak not now of the Court, I ask, if you know, what it is you say?

Luc. And I tell you, Sir, I say that the Court——

Jord. Pish, the Girl's a fool; I say again I talk not now of the Court, but ask you if you know what this is you speak to me and I to you?

Luc. What is it? 'tis English.

Jord. True, but what else?

Luc. Nothing else, 'tis every word English.

Jord. Was there ever such a Dunce? what are these words?

Luc. What are these Words?

Jord. Yes: What?

Luc. Letters makes Syllables, syllables words, words sentences, and sentences a discourse.

Jord. And is this all you know?

Luc. Yes.

Jord. God help your head, what a fine fellow shou'd I be; were I as ignorant as yourself.

Luc. Where lies my ignorance? what was it I said, say you?

Jord. 'Twas Prose, you fool.

Luc. Prose!

Jord. Yes Prose, all that is prose is not verse, and all that is not verse is not prose; La you there now: Do you know what it is you do, when you say *V?*

Luc. I say *V.*

Jord. Pish—but what do you do then? Come, say *V.*

Luc. Well, Sir, *V.*

Jord. Well; what did you do then?

Luc. I did as you bid me.

Jord. Invincible stupidity, you open'd your mouth, thrust your lips out at length forward, let your underjaw fall almost to meet the upper, and strongly sent out your breath—*V*—see there—*V*—as it were make a mouth at once—*V*—I cou'd puzzle you too, with asking you how many the five vowels are, and tell you as much of every one of them—this 'tis to be a Virtuoso.—Hah—this fencing-master comes not yet—Boy, run to th' door, and when you see him coming, bring me word. [*Boy Exit.*

Luc. These exercises of fencing and dancing in my opinion were fitter for my brother, he is not above twenty years old.

Jord. Your Brother—puh—he can ne'er be a Gentleman. I was born a Citizen myself, and his Mother was a Citizen born, he was not allied to gentility on either side, forty or fifty pounds a year will maintain him in his native quality—but for you daughter, because you are a gentlewoman by your Mother's side; I have provided better; you shall be married to the *Suffolk* knight that will be here anon; the Articles of Marriage are agreed upon by your Uncle who is his townsman. The writings are already drawn and sent up with the settlement of your Joynture, and provision for younger Children; if he comes time enough you shall be married to-day.

Luc. To-day?

Jord. Yes, to-day, for I long to have a Gentleman and Knight for my Son-in-law.

B, Page 283.

Foote, in *The Commissary*, has imitated the sixth Scene of the second Act of Molière's play. Mr Gruel is the name of the Master of Philosophy.

Enter Mr GRUEL.

Zachary Fungus. Mr Gruel, your servant; I have been holding forth in your praise.

Gruel. I make no doubt, Mr Fungus; but to your declamation or recitation (as Quintilian more properly terms it), I shall be indebted for much future praise, inasmuch as the reputation of the scholar does (as I may say) confer, or rather as it were reflect a marvellous kind of lustre on the fame of the master himself.

Z. Fun. There, Isaac, did'st ever hear the like? He talks just as if it were all out of a book. What wou'd you give to be able to utter such words?

I. Fun. And what shou'd I do with them? Them holiday terms wou'd not pass in my shop; there's no buying and selling with them.

Gruel. Your observation is pithy and pertinent. Different stations different idioms demand; polished periods accord ill with the mouths of mechanics; but as that tribe is permitted to circulate a baser kind of coin, for the ease and convenience of inferior traffic, so it is indulg'd with a vernacular or vitious vulgar phraseology, to carry on their interlocutory commerce. But I doubt, Sir, I soar above the region of your comprehension.

I. Fun. Why, if you would come down a step or two, I can't say but I shou'd understand you the better.

Z. Fun. And I too.

Gruel. Then to the familiar I fall: if the gentleman has any ambition to shine at a vestry, a common hall, or even a convivial club, I can supply him with ample materials.

I. Fun. No, I have no such desire.

Gruel. Not to lose time; your brother here (for such I find the gentleman is), in other respects a common man like yourself—

Z. Fun. No better.

Gruel. Observe how alter'd by means of my art; are you prepar'd in the speech on the great importance of trade.

Z. Fun. Pretty well, I believe.

Gruel. Let your gesticulations be chaste, and your muscular movements consistent.

Z. Fun. Never fear—

[*Enter Jenny and whispers Mrs Mechlin.*

Mrs Mechlin, you'll stay.

Mrs Mechlin. A little business; I'll return in an instant.

[*Exit Mrs Mechlin.*

Gruel. A little here to the left, if you please, Sir; there you will only catch his profile—that's right—now you will have the full force of his face; one, two, three; now off you go.

Z. Fun. When I consider the vast importance of this day's debate; when I revolve the various vicissitudes that this soil has sustained; when I ponder what our painted progenitors were, and what we, their civilized successors, are; when I reflect that they fed on crab-apples and chesnuts——

Gruel. Pignuts, good Sir, if you please.

Z. Fun. You are right; crab-apples and pig-nuts; and that we feast on green pease and on custards; when I trace in the recording historical page, that their floods gave them nothing but frogs, and now know we have fish by land-carriage, I am lost in amazement at the prodigious power of commerce. Hail, Commerce! daughter of industry, consort to credit, parent of opulence, full sister to liberty, and great-grandmother to the art of navigation——

I. Fun. Why, this gentlewoman has a pedigree as long as your wife's, brother Zac.

Z. Fun. Prithee, Isaac, be quiet—art of navigation—a—a—vigitation—Zooks, that fellow has put me quite out.

Gruel. It matters not; this day's performance has largely fulfilled your yesterday's promise.

Z. Fun. But I han't half done, the best is to come; let me just give him that part about turnpegs. For the sloughs, the mires, the ruts, the impassable bogs, that the languid but generous steed travell'd through; he now pricks up his ears, he neighs, he canters, he capers through a whole region of turnpegs.

C, Page 294.

Foote, in *The Commissary* (Act ii., Scene 1), has imitated the third Scene of the third Act of Molière's *The Citizen who Apes the Nobleman*. Zachary Fungus is M. Jourdain and his brother Isaac takes the part of Mrs Jourdain.

Z. Fun. Do you know, Isaac, in what the art of fencing consists?

I. Fun. How should I?

Z. Fun. Why, it is short; there are but two rules: the first is to give your antagonist as many thrusts as you can; the second, to be careful and receive none yourself.

I. Fun. But how is this to be done?

Z. Fun. Oh, easy enough; for, do you see, if you can but divert your adversary's point from the line of your body, it is impossible he ever should hit you; and all this is done by a little turn of the wrist, either this way or that way. But I'll show you. John, bring me a foil. Mrs Mechlin, it will be worth your observing. Here, brother Isaac——

[*Offers him a foil.*

I. Fun. Not I.

Z. Fun. These bourgeois are so frightful. Mrs Mechlin, will you, ma'am, do me the favour to push at me a little? Mind, brother, when she thrusts at me in carte, I do so; and when she pushes in tierce, I do so; and by this means a man is sure to avoid being killed. But it may not be amiss, brother Isaac, to give you the progress of a regular quarrel; and then you will see what sort of a thing a gentleman is . . . . Draw, Sir. Now push, Mrs Mechlin. [*They fence*] There I parry tierce, there I parry carte, there I parry——. Hold, hold, have a care; zooks! Mrs Mechlin.

I. Fun. Ha, ha, ha! I think you have met with your match; well push'd, Mrs Mechlin.

Z. Fun. Ay, but instead of pushing in tierce, she push'd me in carte, and came so thick with her thrusts that it was not in nature to parry them.

PSYCHÉ.

TRAGÉDIE-BALLET.

PSYCHE.

A TRAGEDY-BALLET IN FIVE ACTS.

(THE ORIGINAL IN VERSE.)

JANUARY 17TH, 1671.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

SINCE the death of Cardinal Mazarin, representations of operas were no longer in vogue; and in the beginning of Louis XIV.'s reign, it was thought that no audience could endure music for three hours. Tragedies were attempted, with songs and dances in the interludes; but Lulli and Quinault first showed that all emotions could be expressed by music. In 1670, the King wished a play to be written, in which tragedy, music, and splendid stage-display should be united, and Molière was entrusted with the composition of it. In the preface of the bookseller to the reader, we see what share he had in *Psyché*—for so was the tragedy called—and what the great poet Pierre Corneille, then sixty-five years old, wrote of it. All the words that were sung were written by Quinault, and the music was by Lulli. *Psyché* was first represented at the Tuileries, on the 17th of January 1671, before Louis XIV., the Dauphin, Monsieur, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, and the whole court, and was afterwards repeated several times before the same high-born audience. It was acted, with somewhat diminished splendour, in the theatre of the Palais-Royal, on the 24th of July of the same year, and had thirty-eight consecutive representations.

The first idea of *Psyché* is to be found in *The Golden Ass*, a romance of the second century of the Christian era, written in Latin, by Apuleius, a Greek. An old woman relates the following story to a young damsel, who is a prisoner of "savage robbers." It is the fifth episode of the fourth, fifth, and sixth books, and is called *Cupid and Psyche*. We give it in an abbreviated form :—

"Once upon a time, in a certain city, there lived a king and a queen, and they had three fair daughters. The transcendent loveliness of the younger baffled the power of human language, and the inhabitants of the country worshipped her, as if she had been Venus herself. This incensed the Goddess, and she sent for her winged son Cupid, and implored him to punish the contumacious beauty, and to inspire her heart with ardent love for a miserable grovelling outcast. Psyche, in spite of her matchless loveliness, found no suitors, and her father, suspicious of the enmity of the Celestials, consulted the ancient oracle of Apollo, which said that the maid should be left on a rock, in bridal dress arrayed, to find as bridegroom 'a wicked, cruel, viperous elf.' She proceeded to the lofty rock, and was left there. Suddenly the mild breath of Zephyrus blew a gentle breeze, and, tenderly lifting her adown the mountain height, laid her in the flowery lap of the valley below, where there was a spacious extensive palace, not formed by human

hands, wherein she entered, and was waited upon by invisible beings, and entertained with songs and music by invisible musicians. Psyche had retired to rest, when, at the dead of night, a gentle murmuring sound fell upon her ears. Before the dawn of day, the invisible spouse of Psyche had left her and fled far away, and the voices as before came to render homage to their mistress, and hail the new-made bride. By dint of supplications and remonstrances she obtained permission from her husband—who remained always invisible—to see her sisters, but he strictly enjoined her to keep the invisibility of his form a profound secret. The sisters came, and Psyche gave them valuable presents, which only made them very envious. At last they pressed her so often, that she betrayed her husband's secret. They then told her that her own life was in danger, that her husband was a serpent, and advised her to hide a lamp and sharp knife, and when he was asleep, completely to cut off his head. Now when her husband came, and was overwhelmed with sound sleep, Psyche arose, intending to fulfil her purpose, but the rays of the light showed that her spouse was no other than the beautiful God of love, Cupid himself. She stood entranced, when a drop of scalding oil spirted on Cupid's right shoulder. Up sprang the scalded deity, and in spite of Psyche's repentant entreaties, immediately flew away. She wished to drown herself; but the gentle river tossed her unhurt and safe upon a tuft of green grass. The forlorn young wife was wandering all over the country, in search of her recreant husband; her two sisters, as a reward for their perfidy, had been dashed to death against the rocks. Her prayers to Ceres and Juno to grant her assistance were ineffectual, as these goddesses did not like to offend Venus, who was incensed against her, because Cupid had fallen in love with Psyche, instead of avenging his mother. At last the wretched young wife falls into Venus's hands, who immediately flew violently upon her, and, rending open the bosom of her dress, and tearing her clothes in a great many places, shook her by the head, pulled out her hair by the roots, and otherwise grievously ill-used her. Then she commanded her to separate an enormous heap of mixed seeds of wheat, barley, millet, poppy, vetches, lentils, and beans, in which she is assisted by ants who perform the task for her. Another day Venus told her to fetch some wool of a flock of savage sheep, grazing on the brink of whirling eddies. A benevolent reed showed her a grove, where, on the branches of the bushes, she found the golden wool which she needed. Another day she is sent with a crystal flagon to fill it with icy water of the highest spring, on the topmost summit of craggy and distant mountains. An eagle came, seized the flagon in its beak, and flapping its pinions as it steered its course, had it filled, and returned with it to Psyche. Then Venus sent her with a box to Proserpine, in the deadly abode of Pluto, to request some of the beauty of the goddess of the infernal regions, were it only sufficient to last a short winter's day. She started with two barley-cakes and two pieces of money; the cakes to be given to Cerberus, the coins to Charon, and finally returns to the bright light of day with the box which Proserpine had given her. But irresistible curiosity seized her. She wished to take to herself a morsel of divine beauty, were it only for the sake of fascinating her own beautiful lover. She opened the box, from which immediately arose an infernal, somniferous, truly Stygian vapour, which made her fall down with limbs collapsed, and motionless as a corpse. But Cupid, who had recovered from the effects of his burn, flew away from his mother's palace, and cutting through the air with more than ordinary rapidity, very soon reached Psyche, whom he relieved from the obnoxious vapour; thence darted to the abode of Jupiter, before whom he pleaded the pardon of Psyche submissively. The father of gods and men granted it, saying: The good service that I render thee now thou mayest one day requite, if peradventure a maiden of more than common beauty chance to fall in thy way. He then ordered Mercury to find Psyche, and bring her up to Heaven, gave her a cup of ambrosia, to make her immortal,

affianced Cupid to her, and in due time she was brought to bed of a daughter, whom we call Pleasure."

It is clear that Apuleius, in this fable, wished to represent allegorically the career of the human soul, through scenes of mortal tribulation, to a state of celestial beatitude after death. But he also desired to teach, I suppose, that we, mortals, ought not to endeavour to fathom the mystery of happiness; that we should not scrutinize too much men's actions, but accept with gratitude that which the gods in their wisdom have provided for us!

In the thirteenth century, Denys Piramus, the author of *Partenopeus of Blois*, treated the story of Psyche from a chivalric point of view. The Spanish dramatist Calderon composed on the same subject an *auto sacramentale*, in which Eros represents the Saviour, Psyche the soul of the faithful aspiring to go to Him, and the marriage of the two lovers the union of God and man in the Eucharist. The great painter Raphael has also immortalised the Greek story by a series of twelve pictures, and by thirty-two drawings, which have been engraved.

La Fontaine published in 1669 his tale, *The Loves of Psyche and Cupid*; and among the three friends to whom the author pretends that he read his work, one of them, Gélaste, who is said to stand for Molière, defends laughter and comedy against tragedy.

Molière had already sketched the plan of his play, written the Prologue, the first Act, and the first Scene of the second and third Acts, when Louis XIV. expressed his will to have *Psyché* finished before Lent. Molière, therefore, took Pierre Corneille, then sixty-five years old, to assist him, and the latter wrote the other scenes in a fortnight. Quinault wrote the words of the songs; and Lulli, the composer of the music, added the Italian verses of the first interlude.

The tragédie-ballet *Psyché* is not unworthy of the illustrious men who had a hand in it. The grand scene of the second Act between the king and his daughter is generally considered very heart-stirring; and it is not impossible that Molière may have written it under the impression of some loss which he deeply felt. Some commentators suppose that his eldest son died about that time; but this is impossible, for the child died in the same year in which he was born (1664).[1] The appearance of the two princes in the infernal regions possesses almost a Shakspearian grandeur. Psyche, declaring her love to Cupid, is one of the most tender and natural speeches of the French stage; and as a whole, everything Corneille has written in this tragedy bears the impress of his lofty genius, and of his masterly handling of verse.

The difference between the influences which envy works in the characters of Psyche's two sisters, Aglaura and Cydippe, is also finely

[1] Eud. Soulié, *Recherches sur Molière.*

delineated, and reminds one of the brother and sister of Clarissa Harlowe.

The author of the pamphlet *Histoire de la Guérin* (See Introductory Notice to the *Impromptu of Versailles*, Vol. II., page 291) says that Baron, who had quarrelled with Madame Molière during the performance of *Mélicerte*, (see Introductory Notice to *Mélicerte*, Vol. IV., page 3), and had left Molière and his troupe, made his re-appearance as Cupid in *Psyché*. He was only eighteen years old ; but Molière's wife is rumoured to have changed her hatred of the youthful actor into a feeling of warm affection and love, to which Baron is accused of having responded. I have already said that the scandalous gossip from behind the wings ought hardly to deserve any credence.

In 1678, seven years after the *Psyché* of Molière and Corneille, an opera was brought out, of which the words were by Fontenelle, and the music by Lulli. It was only a transformation of the original play, with the classical ending, and with several of the songs of the old *tragédie-ballet*.

The book of the ballet of *Psyché* has, by some commentators of Molière, been held as having been written by himself. We dare not decide that question ; but we do not print it, because the chief difference between the interludes given in the book, and those as produced by us, is, that in the first, each of the principal divinities only declaims a *récit*, whilst in the latter, they sing also a song.

Thomas Heywood, the English dramatist, wrote a play, *Love's Mistress; or, The Queen's Masque*, which was published in 1636. The second title was added from its having been acted at court. It is the story of Cupid and Psyche, based upon Apuleius ; and Apuleius himself appears as the presenter, and explains the meaning of the allegory, as it goes on, to his collocutor Midas. There is in this play a contention between Apollo and Pan, in which the clown, the champion of the latter divinity, sings a song, and states that the God of Verse is not like Pan, nor like a dripping-pan, a frying-pan, a pudding-pan, or a warming-pan. Midas, who is the umpire of the contest—probably on account of his long ears—adjudges the victory to Pan, whom "all the year we follow, but *semel in anno videt Apollo*."

Thomas Shadwell wrote also a *Psyche*, which is chiefly taken from Molière's play of the same name, with some additions. It was brought out at the theatre, Dorset Garden, in February 1673, splendidly set out with new scenes, machinery, dances, and costly dresses, and was very successful. It was the first piece Shadwell wrote in verse ; hence, says Langbaine, "most of the Crambo-poets were up in arms against it."

We have given in the Appendix the first half of the fifth Act of Shadwell's play as a specimen.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THIS work was not all done by one hand, M. Quinault wrote the words which were set to music, except the Italian complaint. M. Molière drew the plan of the piece, and regulated the disposition, in which he regarded beauty and pomp of spectacle more than exact regularity. As for the versification, he had not time to do it. The Carnival approached; and the pressing orders of the King, who wished to have this magnificent entertainment represented several times before Lent, obliged him to allow a little assistance. Thus only the prologue, the first act, the first scene of the second, and the first of the third acts were put into verse by him. M. Corneille employed a fortnight on the rest; and, by these means his Majesty was served, in the time he commanded.[2]

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[2] It is supposed that this preface of the bookseller was written by Molière himself.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER.

VENUS.

CUPID.

ZEPHYR.[3]

ÆGIALE, PHÆNE, } *Graces.*

THE KING, *father to Psyche.*

PSYCHE.

AGLAURA, CYDIPPE, } *Psyche's sisters.*

CLEOMENES, AGENOR, } *in love with Psyche.*

LYCAS, *Captain of the Guards.*

A RIVER GOD.

TWO SMALL CUPIDS.

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[3] This part was played by Molière himself; and small as it was, he managed to give it a certain individuality.

PSYCHE.

(*PSYCHÉ*).

PROLOGUE.

The scene represents in front of the stage a rustic spot, and at the back, a rock with an opening in the middle, through which the sea appears in the distance.

Flora is seen in the midst of the stage, accompanied by Vertumnus, god of the flowers and trees, and by Palemon, god of the streams. Each of these gods conducts a troop of divinities; one has in his train dryads and sylvans, the other river-gods and naïads.

Flora sings the following lines to invite Venus to descend to the earth :—

War has ceased; the most powerful of kings interrupts his exploits to give peace to the world.[4] Descend, mother of Cupid, come and bestow upon us glorious days.

Vertumnus and Palemon, with the divinities by which they are accompanied, join their voices to that of Flora, and sing the following words :—

Chorus of divinities of the earth and the streams, composed of Flora, nymphs, Palemon, Vertumnus, sylvans, fauns, dryads and naïads.

We taste profound peace; the sweetest games are here below. We owe this rest, so full of charms, to the greatest king in the world. Descend, mother of Cupid, and bestow upon us glorious days.

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[4] Peace was signed at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 2d of May 1668.

Then follows an entry of the ballet, composed of two dryads, four sylvans, two streams, and two naïads; after which Vertumnus and Palemon sing the following dialogue:—

Ver. Surrender, cruel fair ones, it is now your turn to sigh.

Pal. Behold the queen of beauty, who comes to inspire love.

Ver. A beauteous object, ever severe, can never be loved well.

Pal. Beauty may be first to please, but gentleness ends by charming.

The two together. Beauty may be first to please, but gentleness ends by charming.

Ver. Let us suffer love to wound us; let us languish, since we must.

Pal. What is the use of a heart without tenderness? Can there be a greater fault?

Ver. A beauteous object, ever severe, can never be loved well.

Pal. Beauty may be first to please, but gentleness ends by charming.

Flora answers the dialogue of Vertumnus and Palemon by this minuet; and the other divinities join their dances to it.

Is it wise, in the flower of life, is it wise, not to love? Let us hasten to taste the pleasures here below, unceasingly. The wisdom of youth is to know how to enjoy its pleasures. Love charms those whom he disarms; love charms; let us all yield to him. Vain would be our efforts to resist his darts; with whatever chains a lover may burden himself, liberty has nothing half so sweet.

Venus descends from the heavens in a great machine, with her son Cupid, and two little Graces called Ægiale and Phœne; and the divinities of the earth and streams begin to unite their voices, and continue by their dances to testify their joy at her arrival.

Chorus of all the divinities of the earth and streams.

We taste profound peace; the sweetest games are here below. We owe this rest, so full of charms, to the greatest king in the world. Descend, mother of Cupid, and bestow upon us glorious days.

Ven. [*In her machine*] Cease, cease for me those songs of joy; such rare honours do not belong to me; and the homage which your goodness now addresses to me, ought to be reserved for sweeter charms. It is too old a method to come and pay your court to me; everything has its turn, and Venus is no longer in fashion. There are other new-born attractions to which incense is offered. Psyche, Psyche, the fair one, now-a-days takes my place. Already the whole universe hastens to adore her; and it is too much that, in my disgrace, I still find some one who deigns to honour me. People do not hesitate between the merits of us both; everyone has been bold enough to leave my side, and of the numerous crowd of favourite Graces, whose cares and friendship followed me everywhere, there remains nothing to me but two of the smallest, who accompany me out of pity. Allow these sombre abodes to lend their solitude to my troubled heart, and let me, amidst their shadows, hide my shame and grief.

Flora and the other divinities retire, and Venus, with her retinue, descends from the machine.

Æg. We do not know how to act, goddess, in this grief, beneath which we see you bowed down. Our respect tells us to keep silent, while our zeal tells us to speak.

Ven. Speak; but if you, by your attentions, aspire to please me, leave all your counsels for another time; and do not speak of my anger, unless it be to tell me that I am right. It was there, it was there, that the most poignant offence was given that my divinity could ever receive; but, if the gods have any power, I shall have my revenge.

Ph. You have more sense and wisdom than we have to judge what may be worthy of you; but, as for me, I should have thought that a great goddess ought to have put herself less in a rage.

Ven. And this [5] is the very reason of my great anger. The more exalted my rank, the more glaring becomes the insult; and did I not hold such a supreme degree, the resentment of my heart would be less violent. I, the daughter of the god who launches the thunderbolts; mother of the god who inspires love; I, the most ardently wished-for by Heaven and earth, and who was born but to charm; I, who have seen so many vows offered at my altars by everything that breathes, and who, by immortal rights, have held the sovereign empire of beauty at all times; I, whose eyes have induced two great deities to concede to me the prize of being the most beautiful, I behold my victory and my rights disputed by a puny mortal! The ridiculous excess of a mad obstinacy goes so far as to oppose to me a little girl! I have continually to listen to a rash judgment between her features and mine; and from the height of the Heavens in which I shine, I have to hear prejudiced mortals exclaim: She is more beauteous than Venus!

Æg. That is how people do; it is men's style; they are impertinent in their comparisons.

Ph. In the age in which we live now, they cannot praise without at the same time outraging some of the greatest names.

Ven. Ah! how well the insolent sternness of these three words avenge Juno and Pallas, and consoles their hearts for the brilliant glory which the famous apple conferred upon my charms! I see them applauding themselves about my uneasiness, affecting at each moment a malicious laugh, and with a stare, searching out anxiously my confusion in my eyes. Their triumphant joy, in the midst of such an outrage, seems to come and tell me, as an insult to my anger: Boast, boast, Venus! of the traits of your countenance! In the judgment of one only you vanquished us; but, in the judgment of all, a simple mortal has the advantage over you. Ah! this blow finishes me; it pierces my heart; I can no longer suffer this unparalleled severity;

[5] This speech of Venus is an imitation of the one which the same goddess utters in Apuleius' *Golden Ass.*

the raptures of my rivals are, in addition to my poignant sorrow, too much. My son, if ever I had any influence with you, and if ever I were dear to you, if your heart be capable of feeling the resentment which troubles the heart of a mother who so tenderly loves you, then employ, employ now the effort of your power to sustain my interests; and, by your darts, make Psyche feel the darts of my revenge. To make her heart miserable, take one of your darts most calculated to please me, the most poisonous of those which you launch forth in your anger. Make her become enamoured to madness of the vilest, basest, and most horrible mortal, so that she may suffer the most cruel torture of loving and not being beloved.

Cup. Nothing but complaints about Cupid are heard in this world; everywhere a thousand sins committed are imputed to me, and you would not believe the harm and the nonsense that are told of me every day. If to serve your anger . . .

Ven. Go, do not oppose the wishes of your mother; do not apply any arguments, except to look out for the most opportune moments to bring a sacrifice to my outraged glory. Depart, for all response to my solicitations; and see me not again until I am avenged.

Cupid flies away, and Venus retires with the Graces. The scene changes to a large town, with palaces and houses, of different architecture, on both sides of the stage.

ACT I. SCENE I.

AGLAURA, CYDIPPE.

Agl. There are ills, sister, which silence embitters; let us, therefore, give speech to your grief and mine, and lay bare the burning resentment of our hearts to each other. We are sisters in misfortune; and yours and mine are so intimately connected, that we can mix the two into one, and, in our righteous indignation, bewail, in common

plaint, the cruelties of our fate. What mysterious fatality, sister, subjects the whole universe to the charms of our youngest sister, and why, of the various princes whom accident brings to this spot, does it not throw one into our chains? What! to see from every part all hearts eager to yield to her, and pass by our attractions without wishing to be stayed by them! What fate has befallen our eyes, and what have they done to the gods, that they think them not worthy to enjoy any homage amidst all these tributes of glorious sighs, the proud advantage of which causes others to triumph? Can there be for us, sister, a more signal disgrace than to see all hearts despise our charms, and to behold the happy Psyche insolently rejoicing in a crowd of lovers bound to her steps!

Cyd. Ah! sister, it is an adventure to make us lose our senses, and all the other ills of nature are nothing in comparison.

Agl. As for me, it often brings the tears to my eyes. It takes away all pleasure, all rest; against misfortune like this, my constancy is without arms. This grief, for ever present to my mind, keeps before my eyes the disgrace of our charms, and the triumph of Psyche. At night, the thought of it is eternally recurring, and prevails over all else. Nothing can drive away this cruel image; and no sooner comes sweet slumber to free me from it, than some dream immediately recalls it to my senses, and awakens me with a start.

Cyd. This is my martyrdom, sister; in your words I see myself; and you have just said what passes within me.

Agl. But once more, let us argue a little upon this affair. In what lies her powerful charms? And by what, tell me, has she acquired the honour of that grand secret of pleasing by her slightest looks? What do they see in her to inspire so much passion? What right of beauty gives her

the empire over all hearts? She has some charms, some of the brilliancy of youth; we are agreed upon that; I do not gainsay it. But if we concede to her a great deal on the score of age, are we entirely without charms? Are our figures such as to be sneered at? Have we not some fine features and some attractions, complexions, eyes, air, and build to fasten some lovers in our chains. Sister, do me the favour of speaking frankly. Am I made in such a manner, tell me, that my merit should give way to hers? And do you find that she outshines me in dress?

Cyd. What? you, sister. Not at all. Yesterday, at the hunt, near her, I looked at you for a long time, and, without wishing to flatter you, I thought that you were by far the handsomer. But I say, sister, without wishing to flatter me, are they visions which I take into my head, when I think myself made to merit the glory of some conquest?

Agl. You, sister, you have, without disguising aught, everything to inspire an amorous flame. Your slightest actions shine with charms which touch my heart, and were I other than woman, I should be your lover.

Cyd. Whence comes it, then, that she obtains the victory over us; that at the first glance all hearts lay down their arms, and that by no tribute of sighs and vows the least honour is paid to our charms?

Agl. All ladies, with one voice, think very little of her attractions: and I think, sister, that I have discovered the cause of the number of lovers whom she holds beneath her sway.

Cyd. As for me, I guess it; and it is to be presumed that some mystery must be concealed underneath this. This secret of inflaming everybody is not a common effect of nature; the art of Thessalia has something to do with this;[6]

[6] Thessalia was renowned in classical times for its magicians.

and no doubt, some charm has been given to her to make herself beloved.

Agl. My belief is founded upon a more solid basis; and the charm which she possesses for gaining all hearts is simply an air at all times devoid of sternness caressing looks seconded by her mouth, a smile full of sweetness, which holds out a welcome to everyone, and which promises you nothing but kindness. Our glory now-a-days is no longer kept up; and we are no longer in the age of that noble haughtiness, which, by a dignified attempt at illustrious cruelties, wished to test the constancy of a lover. We have, indeed, come down, in the present age, from all this noble pride which suited us so well; and, unless we absolutely throw ourselves at men's heads, we are reduced to hope no longer for anything.[7]

Cyd. Yes, that is the secret of the affair; and I see that you understand the matter better than I. It is because we keep too much to our decorum that no lover wishes to come to us, sister; and we are too anxious to maintain the honour of our sex and of our birth. Men now-a-days love those who smile upon them; hope, more than love, is what attracts them; and it is through this that Psyche robs us of all the lovers whom we see beneath her empire. Let us follow, let us follow the example, and accommodate ourselves to the times; let us lower ourselves, sister, to make advances, and care no longer about that sad propriety which deprives us of the fruits of our best years.

Agl. I approve of the idea, and we have the material on which to make the first trial, in the two princes who have recently arrived. They are charming, sister; and altogether their appearance has . . . Have you noticed them?

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[7] This speech of Aglaura, says Petitot, one of the commentators of Molière, is a proof that the manners of the age had, perhaps, undergone a great change since the first representation of *The Pretentious Young Ladies* (1659).

Cyd. Ah! sister, they have both an air which my heart. . . . . They are two perfect princes.

Agl. I think that one might try to win their affection without having need to be ashamed.

Cyd. I think that a fair princess might, without shame, yield them her heart.

Agl. Here they are both, and I admire their air and their appearance.

Cyd. They in no way belie what we have just said.

SCENE II.

CLEOMENES, AGENOR, AGLAURA, CYDIPPE.

Agl. Whence comes it, princes, whence comes it, that you run away thus? Have you taken fright in seeing us appear?

Cle. We were given to understand, Madam, that the princess Psyche might be here.

Agl. Have these spots no attraction for you, unless you see them adorned by her presence?

Ag. These spots may have many sweet charms; but we are impatiently seeking Psyche.

Cyd. Something very pressing, no doubt, must make you both so anxiously seek for her?

Cle. The motive is sufficiently powerful, since, in one word, our whole happiness depends upon it.

Agl. It would be too much for us to inquire into the secret which these words may conceal.

Cle. We do not pretend to make a mystery of it: in spite of us, it would soon be revealed; and when a secret is connected with love, it does not last long, Madam.

Cyd. Without going any farther, princes, this means, that you both love Psyche?

Ag. Both subject to her sway, we are going, in concert, to declare our passion to her.

Agl. It is a novelty, no doubt, sufficiently strange, to find two rivals so closely united.

Cle. It is true that the thing is rare, but not altogether impossible to two trusty friends.

Cyd. Is there no fair one except her in these spots, and can you not divide your affections?

Agl. Among those of noble blood, have you seen none but her, who might be deserving of your passion?

Cle. Does one argue at the moment one becomes smitten? Do we choose those whom we would love? And do we look what right the one to whom we give all our soul has to charm us?

Ag. Without the power to select, one follows, in such an ardour, something which attracts us; and, when love touches a heart, there are no reasons to give.

Agl. In truth, I pity the sad confusion into which I see that your hearts are rushing. You love one whose provoking charms will mix some grief with the hope which they excite in you; and her heart will not perform all that her eyes may promise you.

Cyd. The hope which now calls you into the ranks of her lovers will find some disappointment in the gentleness which she displays; and the sudden changes of her unequal temper are calculated to bring some very sad moments.

Agl. A clear discernment of your worth makes us pity the fate to which this passion leads you; and you might both find, if you wished it, a more stable heart, with as many attractions.

Cyd. By a choice much sweeter by half, you might save your friendship from the clutches of love; and such rare merit is found in you, that a tender counsel would fain prevent, out of pity, what your heart prepares for itself.

Cle. This generous advice shows a kindness for us which touches our hearts. But Heaven, Madam, has reduced us to the misfortune of not being able to profit by it.

Ag. Your distinguished pity tries in vain to divert us from a passion of which we both fear the effect; but what our friendship has been unable to accomplish, Madam, nothing can accomplish it.

Cyd. The power of Psyche must be . . . Here she comes.

SCENE III.

PSYCHE, CYDIPPE, AGLAURA, CLEOMENES, AGENOR.

Cyd. Come, sister, to enjoy what is being prepared for you.

Agl. Let your charms hold themselves in readiness to receive here the new triumph of an illustrious conquest.

Cyd. These princes have both so thoroughly felt your darts, that their lips are ready to acquaint you with it.

Ps. I did not think myself the cause of their stay amongst us; and I should have believed quite another thing in seeing them speak to you.

Agl. Having neither beauty nor birth to deserve their affection and attention, they have at least favoured us with the honour of their confidence.

Cle. [*To Psyche*] The confession we are about to make, Madam, to your divine charms is, no doubt, a rash avowal; but so many hearts, near death, are obliged, by similar declarations, to incur your displeasure, that you are compelled not to punish them with the bolts of your anger. You behold in us two friends, which a sweet sympathy of disposition has united from infancy; and these tender bonds have been more closely tightened by a hundred rivalries of esteem and gratitude. The rigorous assaults of hostile fate, the contempt for death, and the sight of tortures, have, by

the distinguished instances of reciprocal services, consolidated the splendid ties of our friendship. But, whatever trials it may have undergone, its greatest triumph is in this day; and nothing could more plainly show its proved constancy, than to see it preserved in the midst of love. Yes, notwithstanding so many charms, its signal constancy has submitted all our desires to the laws which it imposes upon us; and now it comes, with a gentle and complete deference, to refer the success of our passion to your choice; and, to give a greater weight to our rivalry, which, for reasons of state, might make the scale incline to the choice of one of us, this same friendship offers, without any repugnance, to unite our two states with the fate of the most fortunate one.

Ag. Yes, of these two states, Madam, which we offer to unite according to your choice, we wish to make a support to our love in order to obtain you. That, for this happiness, we should both sacrifice ourselves with the king, your father, has nothing difficult for our amorous hearts; and it is simply making a necessary gift to the most fortunate one, of a power for which the unhappy one, Madam, will no longer have any use.

Ps. The choice which you offer me, princes, is sufficient to satisfy the desires of the proudest heart; and you both adorn it in such a manner, that nothing more precious could be offered. Your love, your friendship, your supreme virtue, everything enhances with me the offer of your heart; and I see a merit in it, which itself opposes what you wish of me. It is not to my own heart that I must defer, to enter into such bond; my hand, for its bestowal, awaits the commands of a father, and my sisters have claims which go before mine. But, if I were left to my own absolute desires, you might both at the same time have too great a share in them; and the whole of my esteem, balanced between you, could not determine upon selecting either of you. I could well

enough respond to the ardour of your suit by my gentlest affection; but, amid so much merit, two hearts are too much for me alone, one heart between you two is not enough. I should be embarrassed in my fondest wishes by the sacrifice which your friendship makes; and by seeing with too much pity the fate to which the other was drifting. Yes, princes, of all those whose love has followed your example, I should eagerly prefer you both; but I should never have the heart to be able to prefer one of you to the other. My tenderness would make too great a sacrifice to him whom I should choose; and in the wrong I should do the other, I would impute to myself the most barbarous injustice. Yes, you have both shown too much grandeur of soul to make one of you unhappy; and you ought to seek in an amorous flame the means of being both happy. If your hearts consider me sufficiently worthy to allow me to dispose of you, I have two sisters capable of pleasing, who could well make your lot sufficiently happy; and friendship renders their persons sufficiently dear to me to wish you their husbands.

Cle. Can a heart whose love is so extreme, alas! consent to be given away by her whom it loves? We concede to your divine charms, Madam, a supreme power over our hearts; dispose of them even for death; but have the goodness not to dispose of them for any one else but for yourself.

Ag. It would be too great an outrage on the princesses, Madam; and the remains of another flame are an unworthy portion for their charms. It requires the constant purity of a first love to aspire to that honour to which your goodness invites us. Each one of them deserves a heart that has not sighed except for her.

Agl. It seems to me, without wishing to be angry, that before defending yourselves from this proposal, princes, you ought to have waited until people had explained themselves about you. Think you that we have so easy and tender a

heart? And when there is question of giving you to us, do you know whether we are willing to take you?[8]

Cyd. I think that we have sufficiently lofty sentiments to refuse a heart which has to be solicited; and that we wish to owe the conquest of our lovers solely to our own merits.

Ps. I thought, sisters, that it would have been a sufficiently great glory for you, if the possession of so much merit . . .

SCENE IV.

PSYCHE, AGLAURA, CYDIPPE, CLEOMENES, AGENOR, LYCAS.

Ly. [*To Psyche*] Ah! Madam!

Ps. What is the matter?

Ly. The king . . .

Ps. Well?

Ly. Requires your presence.

Ps. What am I to expect from this so great trouble?

Ly. You shall know it but too soon.

Ps. Alas! you cause me to fear for the king!

Ly. Fear only for yourself; it is you who are to be pitied.

Ps. Praise be to Heaven; thus vanishes my fright to know that I have to fear but for myself. But tell me, Lycas, the reason of your emotion.

Ly. Allow me to obey him who sends me here, Madam; it is better that you should learn from his lips that which grieves me so much.

Ps. Well, let us go and learn in what they fear my feebleness so much.

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[8] Compare Arsinoe's remarks in *The Misanthrope*, Act v., Scene 6, (See Vol. III., page 347); and also those of Armande in *The Blue Stockings*, Act i., Scene 2, (See Vol. VI.)

SCENE V.

AGLAURA, CYDIPPE, LYCAS.

Agl. If your order does not extend to us, tell us what great misfortune your grief hides from us.

Ly. Alas! this great misfortune, already bruited about the court, behold it yourself, princess, in the oracle which the fates have rendered to the king. These are the very words, Madam, which grief has engraved on my heart:[9] "Let there be no thought of wishing to conclude the marriage of Psyche; but let her be quickly conducted in sombre funeral state to the top of a mount; and let her there, abandoned by all, wait constantly for her husband, a monster who poisons the sight, a serpent that spreads its venom all round, and in its rage troubles heaven and earth." After so severe a decree, I leave you to judge between yourselves if all the gods could, by more cruel or sensible strokes, have explained their displeasure more fully.

SCENE VI.

AGLAURA, CYDIPPE.

Cyd. What do you feel, sister, at this sudden misfortune, into which we see Psyche plunged by rigorous fate?

Agl. But you, yourself, what do you feel?

Cyd. To tell no lie about it, I feel that, in my heart, I am not grieved at it.

Agl. I feel something in my own which is not unlike joy. Come, destiny sends us an evil, which we may regard as a blessing.

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[9] This oracle is taken from Apuleius, and has a double meaning, because all that is said about the monster may be emphatically applied to Cupid.

FIRST INTERLUDE.

The scene is changed to horrible rocks, and shows a dreadful gaping cavern in the distance. This is the desert in which Psyche is to be exposed, to obey the oracle. A troop of afflicted people come to bewail her misfortune. A part of this afflicted troop show their pity by touching complaints and mournful songs; the others express their grief by a dance full of every mark of the most violent despair.

Wailings in Italian,[10] *sung by an afflicted female, and two afflicted men.*

Woman. Mix your tears with mine, hard rocks, and you frightful tigers, bewail the severe fate of an object whose crime it is to possess too many charms.

First Man. Alas! what grief!

Second Man. Alas! what martyrdom!

First Man. Cruel death!

Second Man. Severe fate!

All three. To doom to die such beauty! ye Heavens! ye stars! what cruelty!

Woman. Answer to my complaints, deep caverns, hidden rocks! respond to my plaints, ye echoes of these woods! May a mournful sound burst forth from the depth of these forests!

First Man. Alas! what grief!

Second Man. Alas! what martyrdom!

First Man. Cruel death!

Woman and Second Man. Severe fate!

All three. To doom to die such beauty! ye Heavens! ye stars! what cruelty!

Second Man. Who of you, ye gods, wishes to destroy, with so much fury, such innocent beauty! Pitiless Heaven, will ye outdo hell in cruelty by such rancour?

First Man. Inhuman cruelty!

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[10] All the interludes are by Quinault, with the exception of this one, the words of which are by Lulli, the author of the whole of the music in this piece. It is possible that Molière translated these words into French for the *libretto* of the *Ballet des ballets*, published in 1671.

Second Man. Severe god.

The Two Men. Why so much severity against an innocent heart? Unheard-of sentence, to cut off such beautiful days when they give birth to so much love!

Woman. How vain are useless tears, and superfluous cries, as a help against an irreparable ill! When Heaven has given absolute commands, human effort must altogether cease.

Amidst these wailings eight afflicted persons enter, dance a ballet, and by their attitudes express their grief.

ACT II. SCENE I.

THE KING, PSYCHE, AGLAURA, CYDIPPE, LYCAS, SUITE.

Ps. The reason of your tears, my lord, is very dear to me; but it is giving way too much to your kindness towards me, to allow the tenderness of a father to penetrate as far as the eyes of a great monarch. The tribute which we behold you pay to nature, my lord, does too much injury to the rank which you hold; and I must therefore decline to accept its touching favours. Let your grief take less empire over your wisdom; and cease to honour my fate with tears, which, coming from the heart of a king, show weakness.

King. Ah! daughter! let my eyes indulge in tears. My mourning is reasonable, even if it be extreme; and when one is about to lose for ever what I am losing, wisdom itself, believe me, may weep. In vain the pride inseparable from the diadem enjoins us to be insensible to these cruel reverses; in vain reason comes to our aid to command us to behold with dry eyes the death of those whom we love; the effort to do so is barbarous in the sight of the world, and is rather accounted brutality than supreme virtue. I will not,

in this adversity, encase my heart with insensibility, and hide the grief that moves me. I renounce the vanity of this fierce harshness, which is called firmness; and by whatever name is designated this poignant grief of which I feel the smart, I will display it, daughter, to the eyes of all, and show in the heart of a king that of a man.

Ps. I do not deserve this great grief. Oppose, oppose some resistance to the rights which it usurps in your heart, of which a thousand events have shown the power. What! are you to renounce for my sake, my lord, this royal constancy, of which you have shown such famous proofs, under the strokes of misfortune!

King. Constancy is easy in a thousand cases. All the revolutions to which inhuman fate may expose us; the loss of greatness, persecutions, poisonous envy, and the darts of hatred, have nothing which, if needs must, the resolves of a mind in which reason holds a somewhat sovereign sway, may not brave. But what makes our hearts succumb beneath some rigors, and the burden of bitter grief, are the harsh blows of those cruel destinies, which rob us for ever of those who are dear to us. Against such strokes, reason offers no available arms; and these are the bolts most to be feared, which the angry gods can launch at us.

Ps. My lord, a consolation still remains to you. Your marriage has received more than one gift from the gods; and, by a plainly shown favour, they deprive you of nothing, by taking me away from you, but what they have taken care to make good. There still remains to you wherewith to assuage your grief. This decree of Heaven, which you call cruel, leaves still to a father's affection the two princesses, my sisters, on whom to lavish all its sweets.

King. Ah! faint relief to my ills! Nothing, nothing offers itself to me which consoles me for your loss. My eyes see only my misfortunes; and in a fate so dire, I

look but to what I lose, and see not what remains to me.

Ps. Better still than I, you know, my lord, that to the will of the gods we must submit our own; and in this sad farewell I can but say to you, what you could so much better say to others. These gods are sovereign masters of the gifts which they deign to bestow upon us; and leave them in our hands only as long as it pleases them. When they take them back again, we have no right to murmur at the favours which their hands will no longer bestow upon us. My lord, I am a gift which they granted to your affection; and, when by this decree, they wish to take me back again, they deprive you of nothing but what you hold of them; and you ought to yield me without a murmur.

King. Ah! seek a better foundation for the consolations which your heart offers to me; and do not make a weapon of the fallacy of this argument, to overwhelm altogether this poignant grief, of which I suffer the torments. Think you in this to give me a powerful reason not to complain of the decree of Heaven? And cannot you perceive a destroying sternness in the proceedings of the gods, with which you wish me to be satisfied? Behold the condition in which these gods force me to yield you up, and then look at the one in which my wretched heart received you; by this you will know that they are about to take from me much more than what they gave me. I received from them in you, daughter, a gift which my heart did not ask from them; I found little attraction enough in it then, and saw them, without joy, increase my family. But my heart, as well as my eyes, have made a sweet habit of this gift; it has taken me fifteen years of cares, of watching, and of study to render it precious to me; I have clothed it with the amiable richness of a thousand brilliant virtues; and,

by assiduous cares, I have instilled into it the most beautiful treasures which wisdom could furnish ; I have attached to it all my soul's tenderness ; I have made it the charm and the joy of my heart, the consolation of my wearied senses, the sweet hope of my old age. They take all this from me, these gods ! And you wish me to have no cause of complaint about this horrible decree of which I suffer the blow ! Ah ! their power plays too rigorously with the tenderness of our hearts. To take away their gift, did they need to wait until I had made it my all-in-all ? Or rather, if they had the design to take it back, would it not have been better never to have given me anything ?

Ps. My lord, fear the anger of these gods against whom you dare to inveigh.

King. After this blow, what can they do to me ? They have placed me in a condition no longer to fear aught.

Ps. Ah ! my lord, I tremble at the crimes I cause you to commit ; and I ought to hate myself . . .

King. Let them at least allow my legitimate complaints ; it is sufficient effort on my part to obey them ; let it be sufficient for them that my heart yields to the barbarous respect which we must have for them, without pretending to allay the grief with which the horrible decree of so stern a fate fills me. My just despair does not know how to restrain itself. I will, I will indulge my grief for ever ; I will always feel the loss which I sustain ; of Heaven's sternness I will always complain ; I will, unto death, incessantly bewail what the whole universe cannot make good to me.

Ps. Ah ! my lord, I beseech you, spare my weakness ; I have need of fortitude in the state in which I am. Do not increase the excess of my grief by the tears of your tenderness. Alone they are severe enough, and my fate and your grief are too much for my heart.

King. Yes, I ought to spare you my inconsolable grief. Now is the fatal moment to tear myself from you ; but how can I pronounce this horrible word ? I must, however ; Heaven makes it my law ; relentless fate obliges me to leave you in this ominous spot. Farewell ; I go. . . . Farewell.[11]

SCENE II.

PSYCHE, AGLAURA, CYDIPPE.

Ps. Follow the king, sisters ; you will dry his tears, and assuage his grief ; and you would overwhelm him with alarm if you were to expose yourselves also to my misfortunes. Preserve for him what remains. The serpent which I expect might be fatal to you, include you in my lot, and deal me a second death-blow in you. Heaven has condemned me only to its poisonous breath ; nothing can succour me ; and I have no need of an example to die.

Agl. Do not envy us this cruel advantage of uniting our tears with your sorrows, of mingling our sighs with your last sighs. Grant this last pledge of our tender friendship.

Ps. It is risking yourself uselessly.

Cyd. It is to expect a miracle in your favour, or to accompany you as far as the mount.

Ps. What is there still to hope after such an oracle ?

Agl. An oracle is never without vagueness. The more one thinks to understand it, the less one does ;[12] and perhaps, after all, you ought to expect nought but glory and happiness from it. Suffer us, sister, to behold this mortal fear happily dispersed, by a favourable issue, or let us at least die with you, if Heaven shows itself relentless to our supplications.

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[11] All that follows was written by Pierre Corneille, with the exception of the first Scene of the third Act, which is by Molière.

[12] This sentence is from Corneille's *Horace* (iii. 3.)

Ps. Rather listen to the voice of nature, sister, which calls you near the king. You love me too much; duty murmurs at it; you know its indispensable law. A father ought to be still dearer to you than I. Become both the supports of his old age; you owe him each a son-in-law and nephews. A thousand kings vie with each other in reserving for you their tenderness; a thousand kings vie with each other in offering you their love. The oracle claims me alone; and alone also I will die, if I can, without flinching; or not have you both as witnesses of that, which in spite of myself, nature has instilled into me.

Agl. To share your fate, is it to worry you?

Cyd. I dare say something more, sister, is it displeasing to you?

Ps. No; but in one word, it is embarrassing me, and perhaps redoubling Heaven's anger.

Agl. You will it so, and we depart. May this same Heaven, more just and less severe, vouchsafe you the lot which we wish you, and which our sincere affection hopes for you in spite of the oracle, and notwithstanding yourself.

Ps. Farewell. This hope, sister, and these wishes, none of the gods shall ever fulfil.

SCENE III.

PSYCHE, *alone.*

At last, alone and left to myself, I can face the hideous change, which from the height of my extreme glory, precipitates me down to the tomb. This glory was unparalleled; its fame spread from one pole to another; Every king seemed born to love me; all their subjects, taking me for their goddess, began to accustom me to the incense

which they unceasingly offered to me; their sighs pursued me everywhere, at no cost of mine; my soul remained free while captivating many; and I, amidst so many vows, was queen of every heart, and mistress of mine own. O Heaven! have you imputed this insensibility as a crime to me? Do you display so much severity to me, for having rendered to their love nothing but esteem? If you imposed this law upon me to make a choice in order not to displease you, since I could not do so, why did you not do so for me? Why did you not inspire me with that which, in so many others, is inspired by merit, love, and . . . But what do I behold here . . .

SCENE IV.

CLEOMENES, AGENOR, PSYCHE.

Cle. Two friends, two rivals, whose only care is to expose their lives to save yours.

Ps. Can I listen to you, when I have driven two sisters hence? Think you, princes, to defend me against Heaven? To give yourselves up to the serpent which I must here await, this is a despair which ill becomes great hearts; and to die because I die, is to overwhelm a loving soul which has but too many griefs.

Ag. A serpent is not invincible; Cadmus, who loved nothing, vanquished the one which Mars sent; we love, and Cupid knows how to make everything possible to the heart that follows his standards, to the hand of which he himself guides all the darts.

Ps. Would you have him serve you in favour of an ungrateful being whom all his arrows have not been able to touch; to forego his revenge at the moment of its bursting forth, and help you to shield me from it? Even if you shall

have served me, when you have given me back my life, what recompense do you expect of one who cannot love?

Cle. It is not with the hope of so charming a reward that we feel ourselves animated; we seek but to satisfy the dictates of an affection which dares not presume that, whatever it may do, it can be capable of pleasing you, and worthy of inflaming you. Live, fair princess, and live for another; we shall behold this with a jealous eye, we shall die of it, but of a death more sweet than if we had to see yours; and, if we should not die in saving your life, whatever love you may prefer in our sight to ours, we would indeed die of grief and love.

Ps. Live, princes, live, and think no longer to avert my fate or to share its decree. I believe I have told you, Heaven wants me only; Heaven has condemned me only. I fancy I can hear already the destroying hisses of its minister that draws near; my terror depicts and shows him to me at every moment; and overmastered, as it has, all my feelings, it figures him to me on the summit of this rock. I am falling with weakness, and my dejected heart sustains with difficulty a last remnant of courage. Farewell, princes; fly, that it may not poison you.

Ag. Nothing has as yet shown itself to our eyes that surprises them; and when you imagine your end so near, if your strength leaves you, we both have hearts and arms which hope has not abandoned. A rival may perhaps have dictated this oracle; gold may have influenced the one who rendered it. It would not be a miracle if a human being had answered for a speechless god; and, in every country we have but too many examples that there are, as elsewhere, wicked men in the temples.

Cle. Let us oppose, to the base ravisher to whom sacrilege delivers you unworthily, a love which Heaven has chosen as the champion of the only fair one for whom we desire to

live. If we dare not presume to possess her, permit us, in her danger, at least to follow the dictates of our ardour and the duty of our passion.

Ps. Carry them to my other selfs,[13] princes, carry them to my sisters, these duties, these extreme devotions with which your hearts are filled for me ; live for them, while I die; bewail the dire rigour of my fate, without giving it new causes of grief in your behaviour. These are my last wishes ; and the commands of the dying have been, at all times, accepted as sovereign laws.

Cle. Princess . . .

Ps. Once more, princes, live for them. As long as you love me, you should obey. Do not reduce me to wishing to hate you, and to look upon you as rebels, through your very faithfulness to me. Go, leave me to die alone in this spot, where I find no longer a voice, except to bid you farewell! But I feel that I am being lifted up, and the air opens a way for me, whence you shall no longer hear this dying voice. Farewell, princes ; farewell for the last time. See whether you can any longer entertain a doubt about my fate. [*Psyche is lifted up into the air by two Zephyrs.*

Ag. We are losing sight of her. Let us both go to seek on the height of this rock, the means, prince, of following her.

Cle. Let us go and seek the means of not surviving her.

SCENE V.

CUPID, *in the air.*[14]

Go and die, rivals of a jealous god, whose anger you deserve for having had your hearts alive to the same charms.

[13] The original has *d'autres moi-mêmes.*

[14] This Cupid was probably played by a son of the actor La Thorillière. (See Introductory Notice to *The Impromptu of Versailles*, Vol. II., page 290.) In the following acts, Baron played this part.

And you, Vulcan, cast a thousand brilliant ornaments wherewith to adorn a palace, in which Cupid shall dry Psyche's tears, and surrender his arms to her.

SECOND INTERLUDE.

The scene is changed to a magnificent court, adorned with columns of lapis lazuli, and enriched by golden figures, forming a gorgeous and dazzling palace which Cupid has prepared for Psyche. Six Cyclops, with four Fairies, perform an entry of a ballet, in which, keeping time to music, they finish four large silver vases, which the Fairies have brought. This entry is interrupted by the recital of Vulcan, which he repeats twice.

First Couplet.

Make haste, prepare these spots for the most amiable of gods; let every one be interested for him; forget nothing of what is wanted. When Cupid presses, one cannot be too quick.

Cupid does not like postponing; work, make haste, strike; increase your blows: let the desire of pleasing him make your labours of the sweetest.

Second Couplet.

Serve him well, this charming god; he is pleased with great attention. Let every one be interested for him; forget nothing of what is wanted. When Cupid presses, one cannot be too quick.

Cupid does not like postponing; work, make haste, strike; increase your blows. Let the desire of pleasing him make your labours of the sweetest.

ACT III. SCENE I.

CUPID,[15] ZEPHYR.

Ze. Yes, I think I have acquitted myself very gallantly of the commission which you have given me. From the summit of the rock, I have brought this beauty, gently through mid-air into this fair enchanted palace, where, in full liberty, you can dispose of her fate. But you surprise me, by the great change which you have made in your appearance; this figure, these features, and this dress, altogether conceal who you are; and I give it to the sharpest to recognise Cupid in you this day.

Cup. Neither do I wish to be known; my heart only I wish to reveal to Psyche, nothing but the beautiful transports of this ardent passion with which her sweet charms have inspired it; and, to express their amorous langour, and to conceal who I may be from the eyes of her who commands me, I have taken the form which you now behold.

Ze. You are a great master in everything; it is by this that I recognise it. Beneath disguises of various natures, we have seen the love-sick gods endeavour to relieve the sweet wound which hearts receive from your fiery arrows; but you have the superiority over them in good sense; and this is just the very figure to command a happy success with the amiable sex, to whom we offer up our devotions. Yes, the assistance derived from the shape is very great; and, apart from all rank or wit, whosoever finds the means of making such an appearance never sighs in vain.

Cup. I have resolved, dear Zephyr, always to remain thus; and no one will find anything to gainsay in that, to

[15] It is most likely that Baron played Cupid in this and the following acts, otherwise the remarks of Zephyr about the great change in the appearance of Love would be out of place.

the eldest of all the love gods. It is time to leave off this long infancy which tries my patience; it is time that henceforth I should become grown-up.

Ze. Very good. You cannot do better; the more so as you are entering upon an adventure which has nothing childish in it.

Cup. This change will, no doubt, vex my mother.

Ze. I anticipate some little anger at this. Although disputes about age should have no place among immortals, your mother, Venus, has in this the temper of all fair ones, who do not like grown-up children.[16] But where I think her most offended, is in the proceeding you are engaged in; and it is avenging her strangely to love the fair one whom she wished to punish! This hatred, to which it was her desire that the power of a son, whom even the gods fear, should lend itself . . .

Cup. Let us leave this, Zephyr, and tell me if you do not think Psyche the fairest maid in the world? Is there aught on earth, is there aught in the Heavens, that could dispute with her the glorious title of beauty without a rival? But I see her, dear Zephyr, standing astonished at the splendour of this spot.

Ze. You can show yourself, to finish her martyrdom, to disclose to her her glorious destiny, and to tell each other, between yourselves, all that sighs, lips, and eyes can convey. As a discreet confidant, I know what I have to do not to interrupt an amorous interview.[17]

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[16] Apuleius makes Venus say, "Ought I not to be very happy to be called a grandmother in the flower of my age?"

[17] Molière wrote this Act himself.

SCENE II.

PSYCHE, *alone.*

Where am I? and in a spot which I imagined desolate, what skilful hand has built this palace, which art and nature have adorned with the rarest collection that the eyes may for ever go on admiring? Everything smiles, shines, and dazzles in these gardens, in these rooms, the splendid belongings of which contain nought but what enchants and pleases; and in which, wherever my affrighted looks turn, I behold nought but gold and flowers 'neath my steps. Can Heaven have made this pile of marvels for the abode of a serpent? And when, by their sight, it amuses and suspends the matchless cruelty of my relentless fate, does it wish to show its repentance thereat? No, no; it is the blackest, the severest stroke of its hatred, so fruitful in cruelties, which, by a sternness fresh and without parallel, displays the choice it has made, of everything the most beautiful on earth, only for me to leave it with the greater regret. How ridiculous is my expectation,[18] if by this it thinks to assuage my grief! Each moment that my death is postponed is a fresh misfortune; the longer it delays, the oftener I die. Do not make me languish any longer; come to take your victim, you monster, who are to tear me asunder! Am I to seek you, and am I to stimulate your fury to devour me? If Heaven will my death, if my life be a crime, then dare, in short, to seize upon the little life which remains to me. I am weary of murmuring against a legitimate punishment; I am weary of sighing; come, so that I may finish, and die.

[18] What can Psyche's expectation be, unless, as Moland suggests, that she, after having upbraided Heaven with its cruelty, hopes for some alleviation of her lot, some repentance of stern Fate.

SCENE III.

CUPID, PSYCHE, ZEPHYR.

Cup. Behold him, this serpent, this pitiless monster, which a wondrous oracle has prepared for you, and who may, perhaps, not be so horrible as you imagined him to yourself.[19]

Ps. You, my lord, can you be this monster with whom the oracle has threatened my sad days; you, who rather seem a god who, by a miracle, has vouchsafed to come to my aid!

Cup. What need of aid in the midst of an empire in which everything that breathes awaits but your glances to submit to their laws, where you have to fear no other monster but me?

Ps. How little fear a monster like you inspires! And if there be any poison, how little occasion one would have to venture upon the least complaint against a favourable attack of which every heart would fear the cure! Scarce do I behold you, but my terrors cease, and let the image of my death vanish into air; and I feel rushing through my chilled veins an indefinable fire which I knew not before. I have felt esteem and good-will, friendship, gratitude; innocent sorrows have caused me to feel the power of compassion: but I have never felt yet what I feel now. I know not what it is; but I know that it delights me; that I conceive not the slightest alarm at it. The more I fix my eyes on you, the more I feel myself charmed. All which I felt before did not produce the same effect; and if I knew what it is to love, my lord, I would tell you that I

[19] As we have seen in the Introductory Notice to this play, Cupid is invisible to Psyche in Apuleius' tale; Molière represents him as a young, handsome mortal, having left behind him his wings, his bow and arrows, his torch, and all his god-like attributes.

love you. Do not turn from me those eyes which poison me, those tender, piercing, but yet amorous eyes, which seem to share in the emotion which they evoke. Alas! the more dangerous they are, the more pleased am I to gaze upon them. By what command of Heaven, which I cannot understand, do I say to you more than I ought; I, whose modesty might at least have waited until you explained to me the trouble in which I see you? You sigh, my lord, as I sigh; your senses appear stunned as well as mine. It is for me to keep silence, for you to tell me so; and yet it is I who say it.[20]

Cup. You always had so hard a heart, Psyche, that you must not be surprised if, to repair the injury, Love, at this moment, repays himself with usury for what ought to have been given to him. The moment has come when your lips must breathe sighs so long repressed; when, tearing you away from this sullen humour, a multitude of transports, as sweet as they are unknown, come all together to touch your heart, as intensely as they ought to have done during the many fine days of which this unfeeling soul has profaned the flight.

Ps. Is it then so great a crime not to love?

Cup. Do not you suffer a great punishment from it?

Ps. It is punishing sweetly enough.

Cup. It is choosing its legitimate penalty, and, on this

[20] Tradition states that these beautiful lines, in which the passion of love is so well described, were written by Corneille, then sixty-five years old, and at that time enamoured of Madame Molière, who represented Psyche. It further mentions that, a year later, he paid her fresh homage in putting some lines, about the power that Cupid possesses in the hearts of old men, into the mouth of Martian, in the tragedy of *Pulcheria*. It is difficult to say at the present time if Corneille was ever in love with Molière's wife; but *Pulcheria* was acted, not at the Palais-Royal, but at the Theatre du Marais, and the part of the heroine was played by Mademoiselle Dupin.

glorious day, is rendering itself justice for a want of love, by an excess of love.

Ps. Why have I not been punished sooner? I place all the happiness of my life in it. I ought to blush at it, or say it more softly; but the punishment has too many charms. Allow me that, aloud, I say it and re-say it; I would say it a hundred times, and not blush at it. It is not I who speak; and the astonishing empire, the gentle violence of your presence, take possession of my voice the moment I wish to speak. In vain my modesty is secretly offended by it, in vain my sex and propriety dare prescribe me other laws; your eyes themselves choose my answer for me, and my lips, enslaved by their mighty power, consult me no longer about what I owe to myself.

Cup. You may believe, fair Psyche, you may believe what they tell you, these eyes which have no jealousy; let yours vie with them in informing me of all that passes within you. You may believe in this heart which sighs, and which, as long as yours will respond to it, will tell you more in one sigh than a hundred looks could tell. It is the sweetest, the strongest, and the surest language of all.

Ps. The understanding was due to our hearts to make them equally satisfied. I have sighed, you have understood me; you sigh, I understand you. But leave me no longer in doubt, my lord, and tell me, if, by the same route, Zephyr has conducted you hither after me, to tell me what I am now listening to. When I arrived, were you expected? And when you speak to him, are you obeyed?

Cup. In these sweet regions I bear sovereign sway, as you bear it over my heart; Cupid protects me; and it is for his sake that Eolus has placed Zephyr at my disposal. It is Cupid himself who, to see my devotions rewarded, has dictated this oracle, which, by threatening your charming existence, has rid you of a crowd of lovers, and delivered

me of the eternal obstacle of so many eager sighs, which were not worthy of being addressed to you. Do not ask me which is this province, nor the name of its prince : you shall know it when the time comes. I wish to win you ; but it is by my attentions, by assiduous care and constant devotion, by the amorous sacrifices of all that I am, of all that I can do, without the dazzle of my rank pleading for me, without making a merit of my power ; and, although I am sovereign in this happy spot, I will not owe you, Psyche, to anything but my love. Come, and admire its wonders, princess, and prepare your eyes and your ears for its delights. In it you shall behold woods and meadows contend by their charms with gold and precious stones ; you shall hear nothing but sweet concerts ; a hundred fair ones shall attend on you, who shall adore without envying, and shall sue at every moment, with subjected and delighted souls, for the honour of your commands.

Ps. My will does but wait upon yours. I could not have any other ; but, after all, your oracle separates me from two sisters and the king, my father, whom my imaginary death reduces, all three, to bewail me. To dissipate the error by which their bowed-down hearts find themselves filled with mortal grief, suffer my sisters to be witnesses of my glory and of your devotions. Lend them, as you have done to me, the wings of Zephyr, which may facilitate, as they have done to me, access to your empire. Show them in what spot I breathe ; make them admire the success of my loss.

Cup. You do not yield all your heart up to me, Psyche ; this tender recollection of a father and two sisters robs me in part of the sweets which I claim all in all for my passion. Have no eyes but for me, who have none but for you ; think of nought but of loving me, think of nought

but of pleasing me; and, when such cares venture to distract you . . .

Ps. Can one be jealous of the affections of relatives?

Cup. I am so, my Psyche; I am so of all nature. The sun's rays kiss you too frequently; your tresses have too much of the dallyings of the wind; the moment it toys with them, I murmur at it. Even the air which you breathe with too much pleasure passes between your lips: Your dress encircles you too closely; and when you sigh, I know not what makes me uneasy, and fear, amongst your sighs, some errant ones. But you wish for your sisters; go, depart, Zephyr; Psyche wills it, I cannot refuse it.[21]

SCENE IV.

CUPID, PSYCHE.

Cup. When you shall show them this happy dwelling, make them a hundred gifts from among these treasures. Lavish caresses upon caresses on them; and exhaust the tenderness of relationship if you can, to abandon yourself afterwards entirely to my love. I shall not intrude my unwelcome presence. But do not give them too long interviews: whatever amiability you have for them must be robbed from mine.

Ps. Your love grants me a grace which I shall never abuse.

Cup. Let us, meanwhile, go and see these gardens, this palace, in which you shall see nothing but what will pale before your own brilliancy. And you, little Loves, and you, young Zephyrs, who have no souls [22] but tender sighs, now vie

[21] This passage is imitated from Théophile de Viau's tragedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe* (Act iv. Scene 1), played in 1621.

[22] Here presents itself a trifling difficulty in the translation. The original copy of *Psyche*, which I have consulted, has *ames*, souls, without the circumflex accent; so has Lemerre, in the faithful reprint of the first

with each other in showing what you feel in beholding my princess.

THIRD INTERLUDE.

An entry of the ballet of four Cupids, and four Zephyrs, twice interrupted by a dialogue, sung by a Cupid and a Zephyr.

CUPID, PSYCHE.

Ze. Amiable youth, follow tenderness; join to fine days the sweets of love. It is to surprise you, that they tell you, that you should avoid their sighs, and fear their desires. Allow them to teach you what their pleasures are.

Together. Every one is bound to love in his turn; and the more charms one possesses, the more one owes to Love.

Ze. A young and tender heart is made to surrender; it will not avail to turn away from it.

Together. Every one is bound to love in his turn; and the more charms one possesses, the more one owes to Love.

Cup. Why defend one's self? What boots it to delay? One day lost, is lost without retrieve.

Together. Every one is bound to love in his turn; and the more charms one possesses, the more one owes to Love.

Second Verse.

Ze. Love has his charms. Let us yield him our arms. His cares and his tears are not without sweets. To follow him, a heart abandons itself to a hundred ills. To taste his pleasures, one must suffer almost death. But not to love, is not to live.

Together. If love entails so many cares and griefs, one happy moment repays a thousand ills.

Ze. There is fear, there is hope; there is mystery needed; but nothing good is ever obtained without trouble.

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edition of Molière's plays; Moland has *âmes*. But Taschereau and Louandre, in their editions of our author, have *armes*, arms, which seems to me to make better sense. However, I have followed the original copy.

Together. If love entails so many cares and griefs, one happy moment repays a thousand ills.

Cup. What can be better than to love and to please? It is a charming care, a lover's task.

Together. If love entails so many cares and griefs, one happy moment repays a thousand ills.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The scene changes to another magnificent palace, intersected at the back by a vestibule, across which is seen a charming and magnificent garden, decorated with several vases, with orange and other trees, laden with all kinds of fruits.

AGLAURA,[23] CYDIPPE.

Agl. It is incredible, sister, I have beheld too many marvels; futurity will have a great difficulty in conceiving them; the sun who sees all, and who shows us all, has never seen the like. They vex my mind; this brilliant palace, this pompous train, are so much odious display, which fills me with shame as much as with vexation. How niggardly Fortune treats us, and how blindly, in her indiscreet prodigality, she lavishes, nay, exhausts, combines all her efforts to heap together so many treasures for the share of a younger sister!

Cyd. I enter into all your feelings; I have similar vexations; and everything that displeases you in this charming spot wounds me also; all that you take as a mortal insult overwhelms me, as it does you, and leaves me with bitterness in the heart and a blush on the brow.

Agl. No, sister, there are no queens who, in their own state, speak as sovereigns, as Psyche speaks in these

[23] Aglaura's speech is imitated from Apuleius.

regions. With promptitude she is obeyed; and an amorous studiousness fathoms her desires from her very eyes. A thousand fair ones press around her, and to our jealous glances seem to say: Whatever our attractions may be, she is still more beautiful; and we, who serve her, are yet more fair than you. She pronounces; they execute; no one gainsays, no one cavils. Flora, who attends her every step, strews with lavish hands around her her sweetest gifts; Zephyr flies at the commands which she gives; and his mistress and he, enchanted by her charms, forget to love each other, in their eagerness to wait upon her.

Cyd. She has gods in her service; soon she will have altars; and we command but paltry mortals, whose audacity and caprice, revolting secretly each moment against us, oppose murmurs or artifice to our desires.

Agl. It was little that at our court all hearts, vying with each other, would have preferred her to us; it was not enough that, night and day, she should be idolized there by a host of lovers; when we were consoling ourselves to see her in her grave by the unforeseen decree of the oracle, she wishes to display the miracle of her fresh destiny to our very face, and to choose our eyes to witness that which we desire the least.[24]

Cyd. What vexes me most, is this lover so perfect and so worthy to please, who is captive beneath her sway. If we could choose amongst all the monarchs, is there one, from among so many kings, who bears such marks of nobleness? To find one's self favoured beyond one's wishes, is often nothing but a happiness which makes one wretched; there are no pompous trains nor superb palaces but what leave some door open to incurable evils, but to have a lover of consummate worth, and to see one's self dearly beloved

[24] This, again, is taken from Apuleius.

by him, is a happiness so great, so elevated, that its grandeur cannot be expressed.

Agl. Let us speak no longer of it, sister, we should die with vexation. Let us rather think about revenge, and let us find the means of breaking this adorable understanding between him and her. Here she comes. I have some blows ready to strike her with, which she will with difficulty avoid.

SCENE II.

PSYCHE, AGLAURA, CYDIPPE.

Ps. I have come to say farewell to you; my lover sends you back, and is no longer able to endure that you should debar him for one moment from the joy which he takes in seeing himself the only one to attend upon me. In a simple glance, in the least word, his love finds charms of which I am robbing him, in favour of my own blood, in bestowing them on my sisters.

Agl. The jealousy is sufficiently fine drawn; and these delicate feelings well deserve the idea that he who has so much warmth for you, surpasses the ordinary run of lovers. I speak to you thus, for want of knowing him. You do not know his name, nor those who gave him birth: our minds are alarmed at it. I hold him to be a great prince, and of a supreme power, far above that of the diadem; his treasures, lavishly strewn beneath your steps, are such as to make abundance itself ashamed; you love him as much as he loves you; he charms you, and you charm him; your happiness would be extreme, sister, if you knew whom you loved.

Ps. What does it matter to me? I am beloved by him. The more he sees me, the more I please him. There are no pleasures that could delight the heart but what antici-

pate my wishes; and I do not see how yours need be alarmed, when everything serves me in this palace.

Agl. What matters it that everything serves you here, if this lover for ever conceals from you who he is? We are alarmed only in your interest. In vain everything smiles upon you, in vain everything pleases you here, true love conceals nothing; and he who persists in hiding himself feels something within with which he might be reproached. If this lover should become fickle, for often in love variety is sufficiently sweet; and I make bold to say it between ourselves, for great as is the brilliancy with which these features shine, there may be others elsewhere as beautiful as you; if, I say, another object should draw him beneath another sway; if, in the position I see you, alone in his hands, and defenceless, he resorts to violence, on whom is the king to avenge you for this change, or for this insolence?

Ps. Sister, you make me shudder. Just Heaven! could I be unfortunate enough . . .

Cyd. Who knows but what the bonds of Hymen may already . . .

Ps. Proceed not; it would kill me.

Agl. I have but one word more to say to you. This prince who loves you, and who commands the winds, who gives us the wings of Zephyr as a car, and with fresh pleasures loads you every moment, mixes perhaps with all his love a little of imposture, when he to your eyes breaks the order of nature; perhaps this palace is nothing but an illusion, and these gilded wainscoatings, this heap of riches, with which he buys your tenderness, may vanish in a moment, when he shall have become tired of your caresses. You know as well as we what may be done by magic.

Ps. What cruel alarms I feel in my turn!

Agl. Our friendship looks but to your good!

Ps. Farewell, sisters; let us finish the conversation. I love, and I fear that he may become impatient. Now go; and to-morrow, if I can, you shall see me more happy, or more overwhelmed by the most mortal grief.

Agl. We will tell the king what fresh glory, what excess of happiness is being showered upon you.

Cyd. We will relate to him the surprising and marvellous history of so sweet a change.

Ps. Do not make him uneasy, sister, by your suspicions; and when you depict to him so charming an empire . . .

Agl. We both know well enough what to withhold or what to tell, and have no need of any lessons on that score.

[*Zephyr carries the two sisters of Psyche away in a cloud, which comes down to the earth, and in which he bears them rapidly away.*]

SCENE III.

CUPID, PSYCHE.

Cup. At last you are alone, and I can tell you again, without having your two importunate sisters for witnesses, what sway these lovely eyes have gained over me, and what excess there is in the joys inspired by sincere affection, the moment it joins two hearts. I can explain to you the love-sick ardour of my ravished soul, and swear to you that, subjected to you alone, it has no other aim in its delights than to see this ardour met by a similar ardour; to conceive no other wish than to mould my devotions to your desires, and to take all my pleasures in whatever pleases you. But how comes it that a sombre cloud seems to dim the lustre of these beautiful eyes? Is there aught you wish for in these spots? Do you disdain the homage of the devotion offered to you here?

Ps. No, my lord.

Cup. What is it then? and whence comes my misfortune? I hear fewer sighs of love than of grief; I perceive the faded roses in your complexion mark a secret sorrow; hardly are your sisters gone, than you sigh with regret. Ah! Psyche, when the passion of two hearts is the same, have they different sighs? And when one loves sincerely, and beholds what one loves, can one think of relatives?

Ps. It is not that which afflicts me.

Cup. Is it the absence of a rival, and of a beloved rival, which causes me to be neglected?

Ps. How little have you penetrated into a heart entirely yours! I love you, my lord, and my heart is annoyed at the unworthy suspicion which you have formed. You do not know your own worth, if you fear not to be beloved. I love you; and, since I first saw the light, I have shown myself proud enough to disdain the devotion of more than one king. And, if I am to open my whole heart to you, I have found no one but you who was worthy of me. Nevertheless I have some grief which in vain I would conceal from you; a carking care mixes with all my affection, from which I cannot separate it. Do not ask me the cause: perhaps, knowing it, you would punish me for it; and if I still dare to aspire to anything, I am at least sure not to incur it.

Cup. What! are you not afraid that I, in my turn, shall be annoyed that you so little know your worth; or do you pretend not to know how absolute your sway is over me? Ah! if you doubt it, be undeceived. Speak!

Ps. I shall have the affront of seeing myself refused.

Cup. Think better of me; the trial is easy. Speak, everything holds itself in readiness for your commands. If, to believe me, you require oaths, I swear by your lovely eyes, those masters of my soul, those divine authors of my

love; and if it be not enough to swear by your lovely eyes, I swear by the Styx, as the gods swear.

Ps. I dare to fear a little less, after this assurance. My lord, I here behold pomp and abundance; I adore you, and you love me; my heart is delighted at it, my senses charmed by it; but, amidst this supreme happiness, I have the misfortune not to know whom I love: dissipate this ignorance, and allow me to know so perfect a lover.

Cup. Psyche, what have you said?

Ps. That this is the happiness to which I aspire: and if you do not grant it to me. . . .

Cup. I have sworn it, I am no longer the master of it: but you do not know what you ask. Let me keep my secret. If I make myself known, I lose you, and you lose me. The sole remedy is to retract it.

Ps. Is that my sovereign sway over you?

Cup. You are all-powerful, and I am entirely yours. But if our flame seems sweet to you, do not place an obstacle to its charming continuation; do not force me to flight: that is the least misfortune that could result to us from the wish that has seduced you.

Ps. My lord, you wish to test me; but I know what I ought to believe. Pray, inform me of the whole extent of my glory, and do not conceal from me for what illustrious choice I have rejected the devotion of so many kings.

Cup. Do you wish it?

Ps. Let me beseech you.

Cup. If you knew, Psyche, the cruel destiny you draw upon yourself by this . . .

Ps. You render me desperate, my lord.

Cup. Reflect well upon it; I can still keep silent.

Ps. Do you take oaths not to fulfil them?

Cup. Well then! I am the god, the most powerful of the gods, absolute on earth, absolute in the Heavens; on the

waters, in the air, my power is supreme : in one word, I am Cupid himself, who with one of my own darts had wounded myself for you ;[25] and, without the violence, alas ! which you have done to me, and which has just changed my love into anger, I should have become your husband. Your wishes are satisfied, you know now whom you have loved ; you know the lover whom you have charmed ; behold, Psyche, what it has brought you to. You yourself force me to leave you ; you yourself force me to deprive you of all the effect of your victory. Your lovely eyes may perhaps never behold me again. This palace, these gardens, disappearing with myself, will make your new-born glory vanish. You would not trust to me ; and as the fruit of your cleared-up doubts, Fate, beneath whom Heaven trembles, more mighty than my love, than all the gods together, shall show you her hatred, and drives me hence.

Cupid disappears ; and at the same moment that he flies away, the magnificent garden vanishes also. Psyche remains alone in the midst of a vast plain, and on the desolate banks of a great river, in which she wishes to throw herself. The river-god appears, seated on a mass of reeds and water plants, and leaning on a large urn, from which issues a thick jet of water.

SCENE IV.

PSYCHE, THE RIVER GOD.

Ps. Cruel destiny, dire anxiety ! fatal curiosity ! Horrible solitude ! what have you done with all my happiness ? I loved a god, I was adored by him ; my

[25] This idea is from Apuleius. The difference between the treatment of the fable of Psyche as put down by the Latin author and the French one, will be easily perceived. The opera, *Psyché*, which was given in 1678, followed the original classical idea (see Introductory Notice).

happiness increased at every moment, and I behold myself alone, all in tears, in the midst of a desert, where, to overwhelm me altogether, confused and despairing, I feel the love grow stronger, when I have lost the lover. The recollection of him charms and poisons me; its sweetness tyrannizes over a wretched heart which my passion has condemned to the most poignant grief. Oh Heaven! when Cupid abandons me, why does he leave me the love which he gave me? Source of all good inexhaustible and pure, master of men and of gods, dear author of the ills which I endure, are you for ever vanished from my sight? I myself have banished you from it: in an excess of love, in an extreme happiness, my heart became disturbed by an unworthy suspicion. Ungrateful heart! yours was a flame but badly kindled; and one cannot wish, the moment one loves, but what the cherished object also wishes. Let me die, it is the only thing left for me to do, after the loss which I have sustained. For whom, great gods! could I wish to live? and for whom could I form desires? Stream, whose waters bathe these dreary sands, bury my crime in your waves, and to put an end to evils so deplorable, let me insure my rest in your bed.

The God. Your death would sully my waters,[26] Psyche; Heaven forbids it you; and perhaps after such profound grief, another fate awaits you. Flee rather from the implacable anger of Venus: I see her coming to look for you and to punish you; the love of the son has evoked the hatred of the mother. Fly, I shall know how to detain her.

Ps. I am prepared for her avenging fury; what could they have in store for me but what would be too sweet? She who seeks death fears neither gods nor goddesses, and may brave all their anger.

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[26] This idea is again borrowed from Apuleius, though the reason which the river-god gives for his refusal is different.

SCENE V.

VENUS, PSYCHE, THE RIVER GOD.

Ven. Proud Psyche, you dare then await me, after having usurped my honours on earth; after your seductive features have received the incense which ought to have been offered only to mine? I have seen my temples deserted, I have seen all mortals, seduced by your charms, idolize your sovereign beauty, offer you marks of respect undreamt of until then, and not at all considering that there was another Venus; and after this I see you still bold enough not to fear your just punishments, and to look me in the face, as if my resentment were but a small matter!

Ps. If by some mortals I have been adored, is it a crime in me to have had charms with which their thoughtless souls allowed their eyes to be charmed which had not beheld you? I am what Heaven has made me; I have nothing but the beauties which it has been good enough to lend me. If the devotions that were offered to me ill satisfied you, you had but to present yourself to force all hearts to carry them back to you; but to hide no longer from them this perfect beauty which, to bring them back to their duty, has but to show itself, to make itself adored.

Ven. You ought to have defended yourself better. These marks of respect, this incense ought to have been refused; and the better to undeceive them, you ought, before their very eyes, to have given them up to me. You cherished the mistake for which you ought to have had nothing but horror; you have done even more; your arrogant humour, despising a thousand kings, has, in its extravagant ambition, carried its choice as far as Heaven.

Ps. I have carried my choice as far as Heaven, goddess?

Ven. Your insolence is matchless. To disdain all the kings on earth, is that not aspiring to the gods?

Ps. If Cupid had hardened my heart for all of them, and reserved me entirely for himself, can I be blamed for that? and must I see you to-day wishing to overwhelm me with eternal grief as the price of so sweet a passion?

Ven. Psyche, you ought to have known better what you were, and who this god was.

Ps. Has he given me the time and the opportunity, he who made himself master of my whole heart at the first moment?

Ven. Your whole heart allowed itself to be charmed by him, and you loved him the moment he said to you I love.

Ps. Could I do otherwise than love the god who inspires love, and who spoke to me for himself? He is your son: you know his power, you are acquainted with his worth.

Ven. Yes, he is my son, but a son who annoys me, a son who badly renders me what he knows to be my due; a son who causes me to be abandoned, and who the better to flatter his unworthy amours, since you love him, no longer wounds any one who comes to implore my assistance at my shrines. You have made of him a rebel against me: I will be revenged, and signally, on you; and I shall teach you whether a mortal ought to allow a god to sigh at her knees. Follow me; you shall see, to your cost, to what mad confidence in yourself this ambition carried you. Come, and prepare yourself with as much patience as you have shown presumption.

FOURTH INTERLUDE.

The scene represents the infernal regions. A sea of fire, the waves of which are in a perpetual state of agitation, is seen. This horrible sea is bordered by ruins in flames, and in the midst of the seething waves, through a frightful orifice, appears the infernal palace of Pluto. Eight

furies come out of it, and form an entry of the ballet, in which they rejoice about the rage they have excited in the soul of the gentlest of all divinities. A sprite interferes with his perilous leaps in their dances, while Psyche, who has passed into the infernal regions by the orders of Venus, repasses, in the boat of Charon, with the casket which she has received from Proserpine for the goddess.[27]

ACT V. SCENE I.

PSYCHE, *alone.*[28]

Terrible windings of the infernal waves, black palaces where Megæra and her sisters hold their court, eternal fires of light, amidst your Ixions, amidst your Tantaluses, amidst so many tortures that know no intervals, are there, in your horrible dwelling, penalties equal to the labours to which Venus condemns my love? There is no satiating her; and since I have found myself subjected to her laws, since she has given me up to her resentment, I need, in these cruel moments, more than one soul, more than one life to fulfil her commands. I would suffer all with joy, if, amidst the rigours which her hatred displays, my eyes could behold again, were it but for one moment, that dear, that adorable lover. I dare not name him; my lips, too criminal by having required too much of him, have become unworthy of him; and in this cruel affliction, the most fatal suffering, with which an ever-recurring death overwhelms me at each moment, is that of not seeing him. If his anger were still to last, no misfortune would ever equal mine; but if he took

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[27] Between the fourth act and the fourth interlude, a certain time is supposed to have elapsed, during which Psyche has undergone the different trials to which Venus exposed her. She has now just acquitted herself of the last. See the Introductory notice to this play.

[28] See Appendix, Note A.

pity on a heart which adores him, whatever I had to suffer would be no suffering at all. Yes, ye Fates, if his just anger were but appeased, all my misfortunes would be at an end: to render me insensible to the fury of the mother, I need but one look of the son. I will no longer doubt it, he shares my sufferings; he sees what I suffer, and he suffers with me. Whatever I endure pains him; it becomes a law of love for him. In spite of Venus, in spite of my crime, it is he who supports me, it is he who reanimates me in the midst of the perils which they make me undergo; he preserves the affection with which his passion inspires him, and takes care to endow me with new life each time I must die. But what do these two shades want with me, whom I behold advancing towards me through the bad light of these gloomy regions?

SCENE II.

PSYCHE, CLEOMENES, AGENOR.

Ps. Cleomenes, Agenor, is it you whom I behold? Who has deprived you of life?

Cle. The most righteous grief that could have furnished us with grounds for despairing; that funeral pomp, where you expected the utmost harshness of the most dismal fate, and the most signal injustice.

Ag. On that very rock where Heaven in its anger promised you, instead of a spouse, a serpent, which should suddenly devour you, we held ourselves in readiness to repulse its rage, or to die with you. You know it, princess; and when you disappeared in mid-air from our sight, we both, carried away by love and grief, threw ourselves from the height of that rock, to follow your charms, or rather to taste the amorous joy of offering to the monster a first prey for you.

Cle. Happily deceived in the meaning of the oracle, we have found out in this spot the miracle, and have known that the serpent ready to devour you was the god of love; and who, though a god adoring you himself, could not endure that mortals like us should dare to adore you.

Ag. As a reward for having followed you, we here taste a sufficiently pleasant death. What had we to do with life, if we could not belong to you? We here behold again your loveliness, which neither of us would have looked upon again above. Happy if we but see the slightest of your tears honour the misfortunes which you have caused us!

Ps. Can I have any tears left, when misfortunes have been carried to the highest degree? Let us unite our sighs in so dire a calamity; sighs do not exhaust themselves; but you, princes, will sigh for an ungrateful creature. You did not wish to survive my miseries; and whatever grief may overwhelm me, it is not for you that I die.

Cle. Did we deserve it, we, whose whole passion has but wearied you with the story of our sorrows?

Ps. You might have deserved, princes, my entire affection, had you not been rivals. Those incomparable qualities which attended the addresses of the one and the other, rendered you both too amiable for either of you to be scorned.

Ag. You might, without being unjust or cruel, have refused us a heart reserved for a god. But see Venus once more. Fate calls us back, and forces us to bid you farewell.

Ps. Does she not leave you time to tell me where, in these regions, you dwell?

Cle. In ever verdant groves, where one breathes by love, the moment one has died of love. By love one is born again there, with love one sighs there, beneath the

gentlest laws of his happy sway ; and eternal night dares not drive away the day, with which he himself endows the phantoms which he inspires, and of which he makes a court in the infernal regions themselves.

Ag. Your envious sisters, descended after us to destroy you, have destroyed themselves ; and as a reward for a suggestion which cost them their lives, each, by turns, suffers by the side of Ixion, by the side of Tituos ; sometimes the wheel, and sometimes the vulture. Cupid, through the Zephyrs, took swift vengeance for their envenomed and jealous malice ; these winged ministers of his righteous anger, under the pretext of conducting them once more to you, plunged them both to the bottom of a precipice,[29] where the horrible spectacle of their torn bodies displays but the least and first punishment for these counsels, whereof the cunning causes the ills which you suffer.

Ps. How I pity them !

Cle. You alone are to be pitied. But we have stayed too long to converse with you ; farewell. May we live in your remembrance ! May you soon have nothing more to fear ! May Cupid transport you shortly to the Heavens, place you there by the side of the gods, and kindling a love which cannot be extinguished, emancipate for ever the lustre of your beauteous eyes to increase the light of these regions !

SCENE III.

PSYCHE, *alone.*

Unhappy lovers ! Their passion still endures ! Though dead, they both still adore me ; me, whose severity so ill received their affections ! It is not so with you ; you who

[29] In Apuleius the two sisters are punished by Psyche herself; but, nothing is said about their fate in the infernal regions.

alone have charmed me, beloved, whom I love still a hundred times more than my life, and who break such beautiful bonds! Flee no longer from me, and permit me to hope that one day you will cast your eyes on me; that, by my sufferings I shall gain something to please you, something to recover your plighted faith. But what I have suffered has too much disfigured me to inspire me with such hopes. With eyes dejected, sad, despairing, languid, and faded, how can I prevail, if by some miracle, impossible to foresee, my beauty, which once pleased you, is not restored? I have something here to restore it: this treasure of divine beauty, which Proserpine has placed in my hands to remit to Venus, must contain some charms of which I can take possession; and the splendor of them must be extreme, since Venus, beauty herself, requires them to adorn herself. Would it be so great a crime to abstract a little from them? To make myself pleasing in the eyes of a god who made himself my lover; to regain his heart, and put an end to my torment; is not all this but too legitimate? Let me open it. What vapours dim my brain?[30] And what do I behold coming out of this open box? Cupid, if your pity does not oppose my destruction, I descend to the grave, never again to revive.

[*She swoons. Cupid comes down to her, flying.*

SCENE IV.

CUPID, PSYCHE, [*in a swoon*].

Cup. Your peril, Psyche, dispels my anger, or rather the ardour of my flame has not ceased; and though you have displeased me in the highest degree, I have only interested

[30] This, again, is taken from Apuleius. La Fontaine, in his tale, makes come from the box a thick vapour, which makes Psyche look like an "Ethiopian woman."

myself against my mother's wrath. I have seen all your labours, I have followed all your misery, my sighs have everywhere accompanied your tears. Turn your eyes towards me; I am still the same. What! I say and repeat aloud that I love you, and you do not say that you love me, Psyche! Are your lovely eyes closed for ever? Is their brightness for ever gone from them? O death! could you launch so criminal a dart, and, without any respect for my eternal being, attempt my own life! How many times, ungrateful deity, have I swelled your gloomy empire by the contempt or cruelty of a proud or stern fair one? Even how many faithful lovers, if I must say so, have I sacrificed to you by excess of transports! Go! I will no longer wound souls, I will no longer pierce hearts but with darts dipped in the divine liquid with which immortal flames are nourished by Heaven; and I will no longer launch any except to make, before your very eyes, so many gods of so many lovers. And you, relentless mother, who compelled death to snatch from me all that I held most dear, dread, in your turn, the effect of my anger. You wish to lay down the law to me, you, whom we so often see receive it from me; you, who have a heart as susceptible as any other, you envy mine the delights which your own enjoys! But I shall pierce that self-same heart with strokes that shall be followed by nothing but jealous anxieties; I shall overwhelm you with shameful surprises, and everywhere select, for your sweetest affection, Adonises and Anchiseses who will only hate you.

SCENE V.

VENUS, CUPID, PSYCHE, *still in a swoon.*

Ven. The threat is respectful; and the presumptuous anger of a child who rebels. . . .

Cup. I am no longer a child, and I have been too much so; and my anger is as just as it is impetuous.

Ven. Its impetuosity should be restrained; and you might remember that you owe your being to me.

Cup. And you ought not to forget that you have a heart and charms which depend on my power; that my quiver is the sole support of yours; that without my arrows it is nothing; and that, if the bravest hearts have allowed themselves to be led in triumph by you, you have never made slaves but those whom it has pleased me to enchain. Boast then no more, about those rights of birth which tyrannize over my desires; and if you do not wish to lose a thousand sighs, remember, when you see me, to be grateful; you who hold through my power both your glory and your pleasures.

Ven. How have you defended it, this glory of which you speak? How have you rendered it to me? And when you saw my altars desolate, my temples violated, my honours disparaged, if you have sympathized with so much ignominy, how has the world seen Psyche punished, who robbed me of them? I commanded you to make her charmed with the vilest of all mortals, who should not deign to respond to her enflamed heart, but by eternal repulses, by the most cruel contempt; and you yourself have loved her! You have seduced immortal beings to be against me; it is for you that the Zephyrs hid her from my sight; that Apollo himself, suborned, by a skilfully tuned oracle had so cleverly borne her away from me, that if her curiosity had not, by a blind mistrust, restored her to my vengeance, she would have escaped my irritated heart. Behold the condition to which your love has brought your Psyche; her soul is about to depart; see; and if yours is still enamoured of her, receive her last sigh. Threaten, brave me, while she expires; so much insolence becomes you well; and I

must endure whatever you please to say, I who can do nothing without your darts.

Cup. You can do but too much, relentless goddess! Fate abandons her entirely to your anger: but be less inexorable to the prayers, to the tears of a son at your feet. It ought to be a sufficiently pleasant sight to you to behold with one eye Psyche dying, and with the other this son, with a supplicating voice, only wishing to owe his happiness to you. Give me back my Psyche, give her back all her charms; give her back, goddess, to my tears; give back to my love, give back to my grief, the charm of my eyes and the choice of my heart.

Ven. With whatever love Psyche may inspire you, do not expect to see an end to her misfortunes through me. If Fate abandons her to me, I abandon her to her fate. Importune me no more; and, in this adversity, let her, without Venus, triumph or perish.

Cup. Alas! if I importune you, I would not do so if I could die.

Ven. This is no common grief that forces an immortal to wish for death.

Cup. Perceive, by the excess of my passion, how strong it is. Will you extend no mercy to her?

Ven. I own your passion touches my heart; it disarms me, it abates my rigour. Your Psyche shall see the light again.

Cup. How I will make you everywhere adored!

Ven. Yes, you shall again behold her in her pristine beauty; but I claim the entire deference of your grateful vows; I claim that an unfeigned respect shall leave my affection to choose you another spouse.

Cup. And I, I do not require mercy any longer; I resume all my boldness; I desire Psyche, I desire her love; I desire her to live again, and to live again for me; and

I am indifferent if your tired-out hatred satiate itself on another. Jupiter, who is appearing, will judge between us of my passionate behaviour, and of your anger.

[*After several flashes of lightning and claps of thunder, Jupiter appears in the air, on his eagle.*]

SCENE VI.

JUPITER, VENUS, CUPID, PSYCHE, *still in a swoon.*

Cup. You, to whom alone everything is possible, father of gods, sovereign of mortals, abate the sternness of an unbending mother, who, without me, would have no altars. I have wept, I have prayed, I sigh and threaten; but in vain are sighs and threats. She will not perceive that on my displeasure depends the happy or mournful aspect of the whole world; and that if Psyche loses her life, if Psyche does not belong to me, I am no longer Cupid. Yes, I shall destroy my bow, I shall break in pieces my arrows; I shall even quench my torch, and let Nature languish until it dies; or, if I yet deign to pierce some hearts with these golden points which command obedience, I shall wound you all up there for mortal females, and shall aim none at them but blunted darts that force to hatred, and which will produce nought but rebels, ingrates, and cruel ones.[31] By what tyrannic law should I be bound to keep my weapons ever ready to serve you, and procure for you one conquest after another, if you forbid me to make one for myself?

Jup. [*To Venus*] Daughter, be less severe to him: you hold the fate of his Psyche in your hands; the fatal sister, at your least word, will follow up your anger. Speak, and allow yourself to be overcome by a mother's tenderness, or

[31] The idea of the effects of the different arrows is found in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book I.; Voltaire has also employed it in his comedy of *Nanine* (Act i., Scene 1).

dread an anger which I fear myself. Will you deliver up the world as a prey to hatred, disorder, and confusion: and make a god of bitterness and strife of a god of union, of a god full of sweetness and of joy? Consider who we are, and if we ought to be swayed by passions. The more vengeance pleases men, the more it becomes the gods to pardon.

Ven. I pardon this rebellious son; but do you wish me to submit to the reproach that a miserable mortal, the object of my anger, the proud Psyche, because she is somewhat handsome, should sully my alliance and the bed of my son by a marriage at which I blush?

Jup. Well, then! I will make her immortal, so as to render things equal.

Ven. I have no longer hatred or contempt for her, and admit her to the honours of this conjugal bond. Psyche, come back to life, never to lose it again. Jupiter has made your peace: and I renounce that haughty disposition which opposed your wishes.

Ps. [*Recovering from her swoon*] It is then you, great goddess, who give life again to this innocent heart!

Ven. Jupiter has pardoned you, and my anger ceases. Live, Venus commands it; love, she consents to it.

Ps. [*To Cupid*] I see you again at last, dear object of my flame!

Cup. [*To Psyche*] You are mine at last, delight of my soul!

Jup. Come, lovers, ascend to Heaven, to consummate so distinguished and worthy a union. Come thither, lovely Psyche, to change your destiny. Come to take your place among the gods.

Two large machines descend at the two sides of Jupiter, while he is speaking the last verses. Venus, with her attendants, mount into the one, Cupid and Psyche into the other, and they all go together up into the sky.

The divinities, who had been divided between Venus and her son, unite, seeing them agreed; and all by concerts, songs, and dances, celebrate the nuptials of Cupid. Apollo appears the first, and as the god of harmony, commences to sing, to incite the other gods to rejoice.

Recital of Apollo.

Let us unite, immortal troop; the god of love becomes a happy lover, and Venus has regained her usual gentleness in favour of so charming a son. He is going to taste, after a long torment, a happiness which shall be eternal.

All the divinities sing together the following verses in honour of Cupid.

Let us celebrate this grand day, let us all celebrate so lovely a feast; let our songs to all places spread the tidings; let them re-echo through the heavenly regions. Let us sing, and repeat by turns, that there is no heart so cruel but what sooner or later surrenders to Cupid.

Apollo continues.

The god who invites us to pay him his court, forbids us to be too wise. Pleasures have their turn: it is their sweetest use to finish the cares of day. Night is the inheritance of pleasures and love. It would be a great pity that, in this charming spot, one should have a savage heart. Pleasures have their turn: it is their sweetest use to finish the cares of day. Night is the inheritance of pleasures and love.

Two Muses, who have always avoided to enrol themselves under the laws of Cupid, counsel those fair ones, who have not loved yet, to defend themselves with great care from doing so, according to their example.

Song of the Muses.

Take care, severe fair ones, love causes too much trouble; ever fear to allow yourself to be charmed too much. When one has to sigh with love, all the evil does not consist in becoming enamoured; the martyrdom of saying it costs a hundred times more than to love.

Second Couplet of the Muses.

One cannot love without pains; there are few sweet chains; at every moment one feels alarmed. When one has to sigh with love, all the evil does not consist in becoming enamoured; the martyrdom of saying it costs a hundred times more than love.

Bacchus proclaims that he is not so dangerous as Cupid.

Song of Bacchus.

If at times, following our sweet laws, reason is lost or forgotten, the follies which wine causes begin and finish in one day; but when a heart is drunk with love, it is often for the whole of life.

Entry of the Ballet,

Composed of two Menades and two Ægyptians who attend upon Bacchus.

Momus declares that he has no sweeter employment than to ridicule, and that it is Cupid only whom he dares not attack.

Recital of Momus.

I seek to ridicule, on earth and in the heavens; I subject to my satire the greatest of the gods. There is no one in the universe but Cupid who abashes me. He is the only one whom I now-a-days spare. It is given only to him to spare no one.

Entry of the Ballet,

Composed of four punchinelloes and two grotesque dancers, who attend upon Momus, and join their pleasantry and their gambols to the attractions of this grand entertainment.

Bacchus and Momus, who conduct them, sing in their midst, each a song, Bacchus in praise of wine, and Momus a song lauding the subject and advantages of ridicule.

Recital of Bacchus.

Let us admire the juice of the grape: how powerful is it, what attractions has it! It adds to the sweetness of peace, and in war it performs wonders: but above all in love wine is a great help.

Recital of Momus.

Let us gambol and divert ourselves. Let us jeer, we cannot do better; ridicule is necessary in the sweetest games. Without the pleasure one finds in ridiculing, there are few pleasures without fatigue. Nothing is so pleasant as to laugh, when one laughs at the expense of others. Let us joke, let us spare nothing; let us laugh, nothing is more in fashion; one runs the risk of being a bore by saying too much good. Without the pleasure one tastes in ridiculing, there are few pleasures without fatigue. Nothing is so pleasant as to laugh, when one laughs at the expense of others.

Mars arrives on the stage, followed by his troop of warriors, whom he excites to profit by their leisure time in taking part in the recreations.

Recital of Mars.

Let us leave the whole world in peace; let us seek for sweet amusements. Amongst the most charming games, let us mix the image of war.

Entry of the Ballet.

Followers of Mars, who, dancing, execute with banners and standards a kind of evolution.

Last Entry of the Ballet.

The different troops of the attendants of Apollo, of Bacchus, of Momus, of Mars, after having executed their separate entries, unite,

and form the last entry together, which comprises all the others. A chorus of all the voices, and all the instruments, to the number of forty, accompanies the general dance, and finishes the celebration of the nuptials of Cupid and Psyche.

Last Chorus.

Let us sing the charming pleasures of the happy lovers. Let the whole of heaven hasten to pay their court to them. Let us celebrate this glorious day by a thousand sweet songs of joy; let us celebrate this glorious day by a thousand sweet songs full of love.

In the great hall of the Tuileries, where Psyche has been represented before their Majesties, there were kettledrums, trumpets, and drums mixed with the last songs; and the last song was sung in the following way.

Let us sing the charming pleasures of the happy lovers. Respond to it, ye trumpets, kettledrums, and drums. Be always in accord with the sweet sounds of the bagpipes; be always in accord with the sweet songs of love.

APPENDIX.

A, Page 415.

Thomas Shadwell, in *Psyche* (Act v. Scene 1), has imitated Molière's play of the same name (Act v. Scenes 1-5).

Psyche. Does my too criminal Love deserve this Pain?
Circled with Horror must I here remain?
Through thousand Terrors I have been convey'd,
With dismal Yellings, Shrieks, and Groans dismay'd:
O'er troubled Billows of eternal Fire,
Where tortur'd Ghosts must howl, and ne'er expire:
Where Souls ne'er rest, but feel fresh Torments still,
Where furious Fiends their utmost Rage fulfil,
Tossing poor howling Wretches to and fro,
From raging Fires into eternal Snow;
From thence to Flames, from thence to Ice again.
In these Extremes they encounter equal Pain,
And no refreshing Intervals can gain.
The cursed Fiends still laughing at their Moans,
Hugging themselves to hear their Shrieks and Groans;
Upbraiding them with all their Crimes on Earth.
Each miserable Ghost curses in vain his Birth.
Encompass'd with these Horrors round,
No Beam of Comfort have I found.
Oh, cruel *Venus!* Wilt thou ne'er relent?
Canst thou of Love such an Example make?
Can Love deserve such Punishment?
Oh cruel God! thus to forsake
Me at the Moment when I need him most!
I fear he is for ever lost.
I could endure the Horrors of this Place,
Could I again behold his much lov'd Face.

Pluto. [Sings] *Refrain your Tears; you shall no Prisoner be;*
Beauty and Innocence in Hell are free:
They're Treasons, Murders, Rapes, and Thefts that bring
Subjects to th' infernal King.
You are no Subject of this Place:
A God you must embrace.

From Hell to Heav'n you must translated be,
Where you shall live and love to all Eternity.

Proserpine. Psyche, *draw near: with thee this Present take,*
Which, giv'n to Venus, *soon thy Peace will make:*
Of Beauty 'tis a Treasury divine,
And you're the Messenger she did design:
Lost Beauty this will soon restore,
And all Defects repair.
Mortals will now afresh her Beams adore,
And ease her Mind of Jealousie and Care.
No Beauty that has this can e'er despair.

Pluto. *Here are your Sisters, who your Life once sought:*
Their Malice to this Place has Psyche *brought,*
And against her all these dire Mischiefs wrought.
For ever here they shall remain,
And shall in Hell suffer eternal Pain:
But Psyche *shall a Deity embrace.*

Pros. *Be gone, fair* Psyche!

Pluto. *Be gone, fair* Psyche!

Both. *Be gone, fair* Psyche! *from this Place!*

Chor. of all. *For* Psyche *must the God of Love embrace.*
For Psyche *must the God of Love embrace.*

Aglau. O Mercy, Mercy, Sister! we implore
You 'll intercede for a Reprieve.

Cydip. No more our Malice can fair *Psyche* grieve;
You 'll be a Goddess, we must you adore.

Minos. No Grace for you she shall obtain
For you must here remain.
Yet for her sake we 'll ease you of some pain:
No raging Pangs of Sense here you shall know,
But must eternal Labours undergo;
And with the *Belides* for ever live,
Still shall with Death, but never die;
Each of you must draw Water in a Sieve
To all Eternity.

[*The envious Sisters sink, with all the Devils and Furies, and the Throne of Pluto vanishes.*]

Psyc. In vain, poor Sisters, I deplore your Fate,
Though living you pursued me with your Hate:
'T is a dark Cloud upon my Happiness;
But I 'll strive to forget what 's past redress.
Were 't not for this, my Joys I could not bear:
Immoderate Joy would overthrow,
Were it not ballasted with Care.
My Love! I shall enjoy thee now,
Together we shall happy be,
And live and Love to all Eternity!

Enter the Ghosts of Polynices *and* Nicander.

[*Psyche starts.*

This was a dismal Tragedy!
These are the Princes' Ghosts we see.
Oh! what sad Chance has brought you down to me?

Nicander. We felt th' Extreams of Love and Grief,
Which never cou'd have found Relief:
And Hand in Hand we plung'd into the Deep,
To seek Repose by Death's last Sleep.

Polynices. Since you were lost; to ease us of our Care,
We both obey'd a generous Despair:
For since we could not live for you,
Our miserable Lives we could not bear.
To all th' insipid World we bad adieu,
Since nothing that remain'd could please us there.

Nic. Death we enjoy'd, and heavy Life remov'd,
For we in Death behold your Charms again:
Those Charms, which both in Life and Death we lov'd,
Which we had sigh'd and wept for there in vain.

Psyc. Poor Ghosts! Why would you suffer for my Sake?
In vain too was your Death design'd,
Now I no Recompence can make;
And then by Force I was ungrateful and unkind.
Could I have lov'd, your Merits were so much,
Your equal Greatness and your Virtues such,
I ne'er had fix'd my Choice on one of you,
But must eternally have waver'd betwixt two.

[*She weeps.*

Nic. Who would not willingly resign his Breath,
Who by a glorious Death
The Honour of your Tears might gain?

Poly. I cannot now of Fate complain,
Nor would with tedious Fools above remain:
Nor can your Pity now or Love implore,
Since you from hence must mount above,
And must embrace th' all-pow'rful God of Love,
And at an humble Distance we must you adore.

Nic. Nor can we you of Cruelty accuse,
Who for a God all mortal Kings refuse.

Poly. Farewell: Our Destiny recalls us now,
And we t' immortal happiness should go,
If without you it could be so.

Psyc. Stay, Princes! and declare where, and what 'tis,
This everlasting Place of Bliss?

Nic. In cool sweet Shades, and in immortal Groves,
By Chrystal Rivulets, and eternal Springs;

Where the most Beauteous Queens and greatest Kings
Do celebrate their everlasting Loves.

Poly. In ever peaceful, fresh, and fragrant Bowers,
Adorn'd with never fading Fruits and Flowers;
Where perfum'd Winds refresh their Heat,
And where immortal Choirs their Loves repeat:
Where your great Father we have seen,
Where he afresh enjoys his beauteous Queen.

Nic. Who did for hopeless Loves themselves destroy,
Are there the greatest Hero's far;
Your God with infinite and endless Joy
Rewards their meritorious Despair.

Poly. Each Moment there does far out-go
The happiest Minute earthly Lovers know.
With soft eternal Chains of Love combin'd,
There they are ever youthful, ever kind:
Their endless Pleasure is all Ecstasie,
And not, like earthly Joys, disturb'd with Care;
Each fruitful Minute does new Pleasures bear,
From all unwelcome Interruption free;
Each moment there more pleasure is design'd,
Than mortal Lovers can, when first united, find.

Psyc. 'Tis fit that you those glorious Crowns should wear,
Of Friends and Rivals the unequall'd Pair.

Nic. The splendid Crowns of Lovers we've receiv'd,
But are by Heav'n of you bereav'd.
Strangers to Love we are alone;
Our Love is up to Adoration grown:
Our Hours in Contemplation we'll employ,
Of the transcendent Glory which you share;
Our am'rous Sighs shall turn to holy Pray'r;
While we that Friendship, which you made, enjoy.

Poly. For ever without you we must remain.
And now we must no longer stay,
Lest we contribute to your Pain,
And your immortal Happiness delay.
Farewell for ever, and remember me.

Nic. Farewell for ever, and remember me. [*Ex. Nic. and Pol.*

Psyc. Farewell! Such Friends and Rivals ne'er were found.
How much am I by Love and Honour bound!
[*Ex. Psyc.*

The Scéne changes to the Marsh, which was in the first Act.

Enter PSYCHE.

Psyc. These Lovers must for ever in my Thoughts remain;
And would for ever give me Pain,

Did not the Thoughts of Him my Mind employ,
Who'll banish all my Cares, and will compleat my Joy.
But ah! my Sufferings have transform'd me so,
My decay'd Face and languid Eyes,
My ruin'd Beauty he'll not know;
Or if he does, he will my Looks despise.
But I have here a sacred Treasury,
Which all my Ruins may repair;
Since it can make *Venus* herself more fair,
Is 't an Offence if it be us'd by me? [*She opens the Box.*
Oh! What dark Fumes oppress my clouded Brain!
I go, and never shall return again.
Farewell, my Love, for ever fare thee well. [*She swoons.*

CUPID *descends.*

Cup. Love o'er my Anger has the Victory gain'd;
Thy Pardon is at Length obtain'd:
Thy Dangers and thy Sufferings I've known,
My Love has made them all my own:
With thee I languish'd, with thee did complain,
With thee I sigh'd and wept, and suffer'd all thy Pain.
Why dost thou hide thy conqu'ring Eyes?
Dost thou a Lover and a God despise?
Open thy pretty Eyes, I am still the same,
I still retain my unresisted Flame;
And all my Vows are still paid to thy sacred Name.
She 's dead! she 's dead? O whither art thou gone?
O Tyrant Death! what has thy bold Hand done?
O cruel Mother, whose insatiate Rage
Could thee against such Innocence engage!
Thou hast by this all Ties of Duty broke;
No longer I'll endure thy Yoke:
My filial Duty to Revenge shall turn,
You soon shall feel what to my Pow'r you owe;
With hopeless Love you shall for ever burn,
Your unregarded Pains no Ease shall know:
You still shall rage with Love, and to Despair shall bow.
[*Venus descends in her Chariot.*

Ven. What Insolence is this I hear?
This from a Son I can no longer bear?
Resume your Duty, and put on your Fear.

Cup. Duty to her, who has made Psyche die?
Revenge shall Piety succeed,
Revenge shall make your cruel Heart to bleed.
And by your Torments you shall find that I
Am much the greater Deity.

Ven. Sure the great Thunderer asleep does lie,
Or does not hear this Blasphemy.
Cup. My Pow'r can make the Thund'rer bow;
You all the dire Effects of it shall know.
For thee, dear Psyche, full Revenge I'll take,
And of my Mother first I'll the Example make.
What hellish Rage provok'd you to this Deed?
Whom Monsters would have spar'd, you have made bleed.
Ven. You suffer'd her my Glory t' invade;
And when I call'd Apollo to my Aid,
You did the fraudulent God suborn.
For you he that ambiguous Riddle made,
And promis'd Judgment did to Mercy turn:
And by that Oracle I was betray'd.
Now to deceive me is beyond his Pow'r,
Not all his Art can make her live one Hour;
For none but I cou'd Psyche's Life restore.
Cup. Can you? O do, and punish me;
If there were any Crime, 'twas mine;
For her I'd lose my Immortality.
Oh give me her, I'll all my Pow'r resign.
Here take my Quiver, take my Darts;
You, when you please, shall rule all Hearts:
You shall the pow'r of Love to that of Beauty join.
Ven. Psyche and you have so provok'd my Hate,
Your Pray'rs as soon may alter Fate.
Cup. Behold the all-commanding Deity [*Kneels.*
An humble Suppliant on his Knee!
Look on my Love! can you this Form destroy?
Oh my lov'd Psyche! Oh my only Joy!
Oh give me her! my Duty I'll retain;
Your Son for ever shall your humblest Slave remain.
Ven. I must be gone; you sigh and beg in vain.
Cup. Oh hear my Pray'rs! do not my Tears despise;
Behold the humble Off'rings of my Eyes.
If ever yet true Grief you've felt,
Your marble Heart will at this Object melt.
Ah think what Pity to your Son is due!
Think but what Wonders he has wrought for you!
How many Hearts he has wounded for your sake!
Remember this, and then some Pity take.
Ven. No more for her will I neglected be,
Nor will I be affronted more by thee;
I'll be reveng'd on all your Insolence,
And with eternal Death I'll punish her Offence.
Cup. Oh cruel Murdress! I will take her Part,

And will revenge my self upon your Heart ;
Against your Breast I'll sharpen every Dart.
You in Despair shall languish and decay ;
Those feeble Charms y' have left shall fly away :
Languid shall be your Looks, and weak your Eyes,
Your former Worshippers shall your faint Beams despise.
No Lover more you e'er shall gain,
I will be deaf, whenever you complain ;
Without Love's Pow'r, all Beauty is but vain.
Its seeming Essence Beauty does derive
Only from the Reflection which Love makes,
Like that ——
Which from reflected Light a Colour takes :
The Body does no being to it give.
Tremble at my Revenge, for well you know
What I by my resistless Pow'r can do.

Ven. Farewell, you insolent and daring Boy :
A living Psyche you shall ne'er enjoy.
[*She mounts her Chariot, and flies away.*

Cup. Oh cruel Mother ! do not fly ;
Oh think how great must be that misery
Makes an Immortal Being wish to die !
Spight of myself I must for ever live,
And without her eternally must grieve :
You I conjure by all the heav'nly Race,
By all the Pleasure of each stol'n Embrace ;
By the most ravishing Moment of Delight
You ever had, free from your Husband's Sight,
By all the Joys of Day, and Raptures of the Night,
Return, return.

END OF VOLUME FIFTH.

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